

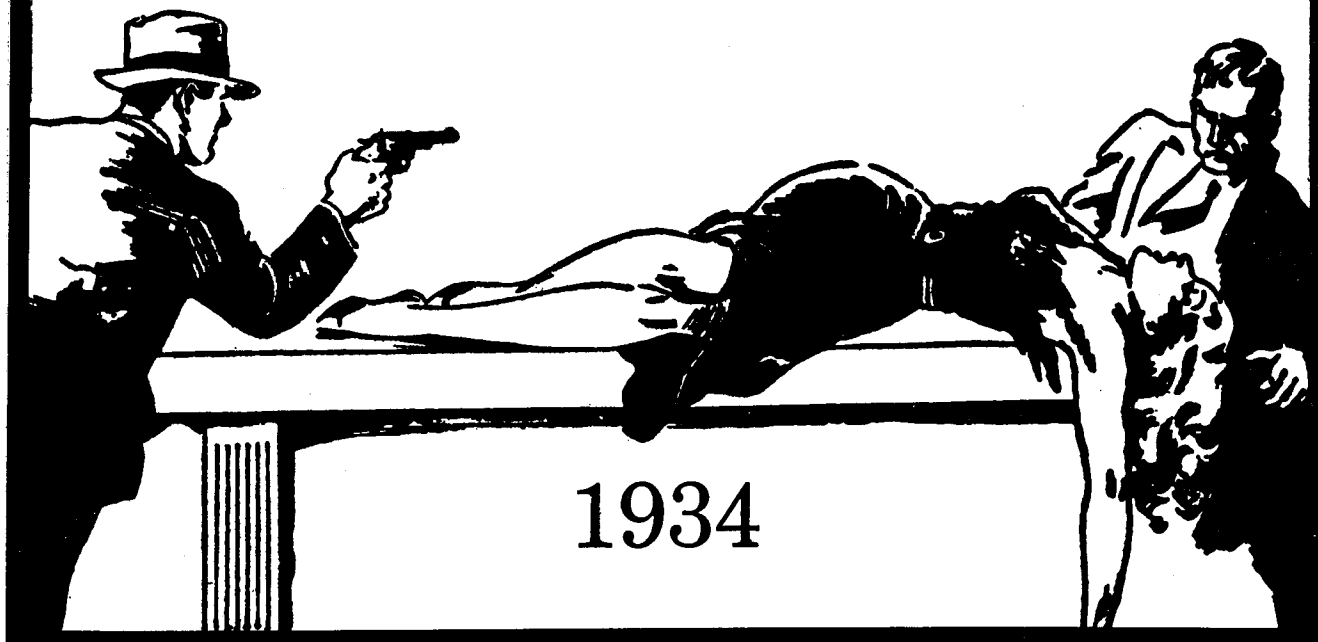
# GUMSHOE

**The Hard-Boiled Detective  
in the Thirties**



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# CLUE BOOK



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## *The Magic Metropolis*

---

San Francisco's character has an elusive quality about it. It doesn't have the dynamic tempo of New York, the monumental grandeur of Washington, the toughness of Chicago, or the old world charm of New Orleans. No, San Francisco is made up of bits and pieces of its past and present. Through the thick fog that envelops the City come the bawdy images from the City's past: the wild dives of the Barbary Coast, the hidden gambling dens of Chinatown and the gaudy brothels of Nob Hill. These images of the past are enhanced by the multi-ethnic make-up of the City's present population, a cast of characters that would make a Hollywood casting director's chest swell with pride.

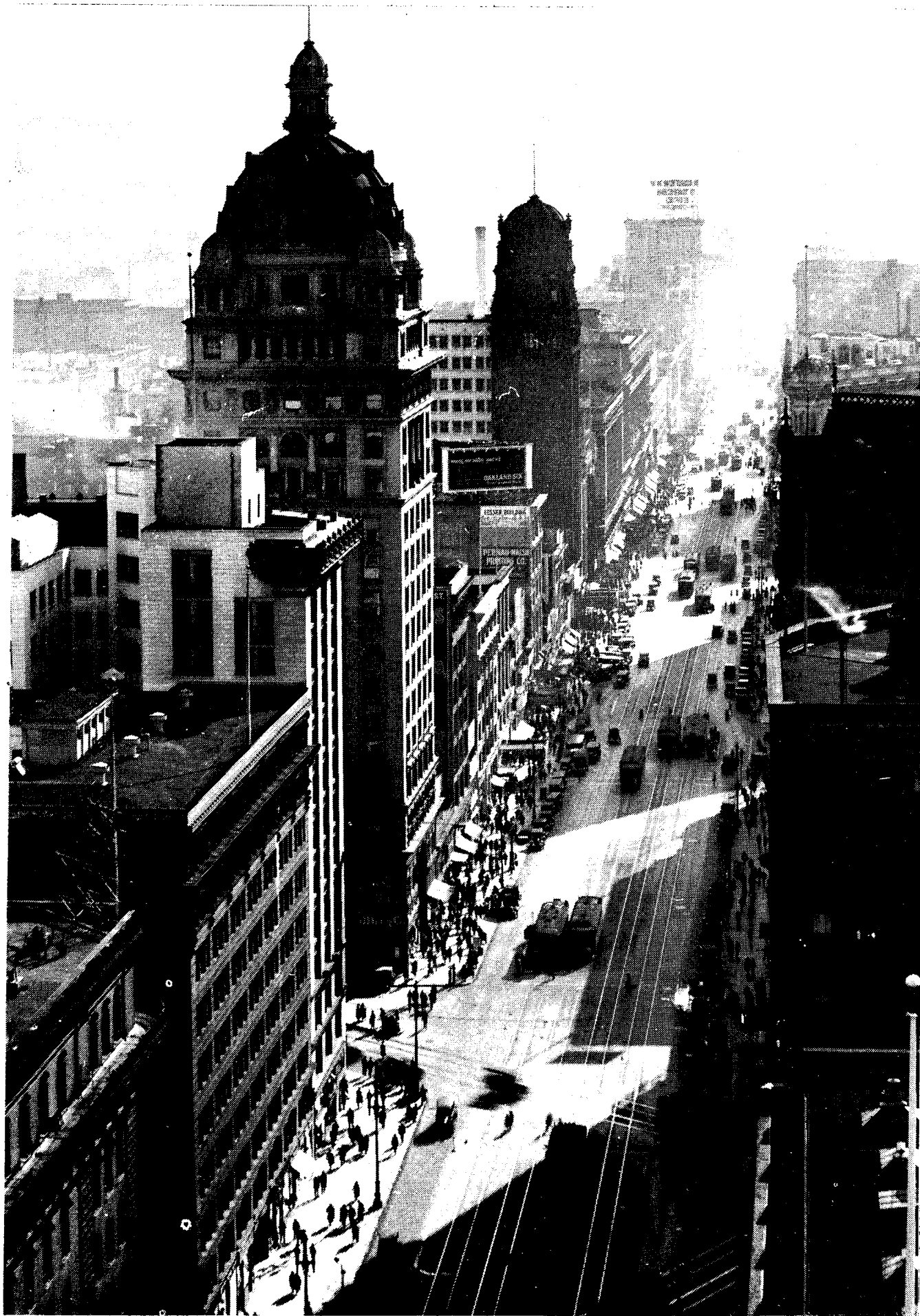
I was born in this city—right atop Potrero Hill—a little over thirty years ago. My father was a cop. Walked a beat in Chinatown for ten years until he was caught between warring tongs and gunned down: I started law school to fulfill mother's dream, but you can't live other people's dreams, and I dropped out of school. I went to work for the DA's office as an investigator. That job lasted until the balance of political power shifted and I was swept out on the coattails of the losers. Three years with the SFPD proved enough—enough paperwork, enough politics and enough incompetence.

I've been an operative with the Continental Detective Agency for over seven years now. I like it. You have a lot of control and usually work alone, but you have the back-up support of a good group. Now that you have joined the Continental Detective Agency, we have a week's worth of assignments for you.

I have a few words of advice. Learn the City. It could mean your life and the life of your client. Be tough. Most of the people we encounter are. But, remember, the most important tool you have is your mind. The only way to solve a case is to think it out. Find that thread of logic. It may be strung through the alleyways of Chinatown, covered with the mud of Nob Hill political power and graft, and heavily guarded by strong-armed thugs, but it's still your job to find and follow it.

Good luck. Keep your eyes open, your thirty-eight loaded, and your back to the wall.

**Read Clue 117**



*Looking Southwest on Market street. Monadnock Building is second building lower left.*

# Tuesday

## July 3, 1934

---

The phone's jarring ring wakes me from my not-too-sound sleep. As I turn on the light I see the time is five-fifty. I pick up the receiver and immediately hear the voice of the Old Man.

"Howard's been shot!"

"What?" I let my head fall back on the pillow as I fight to maintain consciousness.

"Howard Black has been shot and killed!"

"What?" is the only response I can muster, but it isn't enough for the Old Man.

"Damn it! Wake up. I want you to check it out!"

I snap my head up from the comfort of the pillow and fling my legs over the edge of the bed.

"Sorry, Boss. I'm awake now. Tell me what happened." I remove a Lucky from its crumpled pack and light it. The smoke entering my lungs gets my heart pumping and my brain working.

"Howard was on assignment at Scott Hayes' house."

"Of the Emporium Hayeses?"

"Yes!"

"What was he doing there?"

"If you will keep quiet for a moment I will tell you."

"Sorry, Boss."

"Hayes' lawyer came to the office yesterday to engage our services to protect Hayes. He was vague about what danger his client was in. I don't think he really knew what the nature of the danger was, but it was real enough as things turned out. I sent Bannon out in the afternoon and Black relieved him for the night.

"I just got off the phone with the police. I want you to get out to Hayes' mansion and check it out."

The phone clicks as the Old Man's voice is replaced by the dial tone. I put the receiver back on its hook and take another long drag on my Lucky. Howard Black dead. I didn't know Howard very well—only worked with him once, but I knew he wasn't the type to fall asleep on the job. I snuff out my Lucky and reach for the thirty-eight in my night stand and make sure that all six chambers are filled. They are.

It's a quarter past six when I reach the street and hail the first cab that comes my way. My car is in the shop and won't be ready until Friday. From the tone in the Old Man's voice I'd better not take the time to go downtown and get one of the Agency's cars from the garage. The streets are empty as the cab makes its way up California street. Like me, the cabbie isn't in a talkative mood. I lay my head back on the seat and try to prepare myself for what I know is going to be a long day.

Howard had been with the San Francisco office for less than six months. He had transferred from the Denver office. He was a quiet man, kept to himself. Wasn't married, or at least didn't have a wife here. He would stop in at Hunter's after work and have a drink with the rest of us. Would always laugh at the Old Man's stories, like the rest of us, but never told any of his own, unlike the rest of us. Sort of laconic, like Gary Cooper in *A Man from Wyoming*. Yeah, he was a lot like Gary Cooper, both in looks and temperament. Ida always called him "Stranger." I guess that's what he was to us, a stranger.

The sun is breaking through the trees that line the Presidio as I get out of the cab at the foot of Hayes' driveway. The driveway is filled with the dull black cars of the police department. At the front door stands a shiny, stark white ambulance. I see Joe DaCosta standing on the steps directing

two attendants wheeling a shroud-covered body out of the house.

"Joe!" I call out as I move up the steps.

Joe turns toward me, flicking the butt of his cigarette at my feet.

"The Old Man said you would be here. Started giving me instructions like he was the police commissioner."

"Sounds like him. Is that Howard?" I point to the body being loaded into the ambulance.

"No, that's Hayes."

"Scott Hayes?"

"Himself."

"Where's Howard?"

"He's still in his car. I thought you would like to see him."

I follow Joe up the driveway to where it ends in front of a four-car garage. I see Howard's three-year-old Essex coupe. Howard's body is on the passenger side, his head slumped down on his chest. It's not a pretty sight. The back of Howard's head has been blown away; the front seat and windshield are covered with blood. "Hayes got it the same way, two shots in the back of the head. One would have been enough."

Joe takes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and offers me one. I'm glad that Joe gets out his lighter first. I don't think I could have held my hand steady enough to light his cigarette. The long drag on mine steadies me a little. No matter how many times I see the face of death, it never fails to unnerve me.

"What can you tell me, Joe?"

"At some time between midnight and four o'clock this morning a person or persons unknown entered the estate of Scott Hayes and murdered Howard Black, a private investigator in the employ of the Continental Detective Agency, and Scott Hayes, one of San Francisco's leading citizens. Until the reports come back, that's all I know. Now I'll give you a few minutes to look around, and then beat it. Leave it to the police to solve this one."

"Sure, Joe, you know me."

"I do, that's what's worrying me." Joe turns and starts back toward the house. I start to say something, but think better of it. I turn my attention to the lifeless remains of Howard Black. There is little doubt that Howard has been shot twice in the back of the head. I lift the left side of Howard's coat. There is his gun resting snugly in his holster. On his lap is a cardboard coffee container. The front of his coat and trousers are covered by a damp coffee stain. On the seat next to him is a white paper bag with a half-eaten sandwich on top of it.

I drop my cigarette to the ground and rub its life out with my foot. I walk around to the other side of the car and open the door. I stick my head in and give the floor a once-over. I see a small notebook next to Howard's right foot. I pick it up and give it a glance. It's Howard's. I slip it into my pocket and think I'm caught when I hear someone call out.

"DaCosta wants to know if you're done."

I turn to see two white-coated men waiting with a stretcher. I move away as they lower Howard's body onto it. I pull the pack of smokes from my pocket, remove the last crumpled occupant and place it on my dry lips.

The walk back up the driveway to the mansion convinces me that Howard had chosen the best vantage point for surveillance of the house. The end of the driveway sits atop a little rise, and the angle provides a view of both the front

and back yards of the house. It's far enough away not to be too conspicuous. Unfortunately for Howard, it wasn't far enough.

As I'm heading back to the house I spot a man in the garage polishing a black Marmon V-6. I walk over to him.

"Excuse me . . ."

"Yes sir?" He continues to polish the car as his eyes look me up and down. "I've told you all I know. I do have a lot of work . . ."

"Who are you?"

"I'm Roland, the chauffeur. The one who found the body."

"Tell me about it, Roland." I reach into my pocket and come out with my crumpled, empty pack of Luckys. I toss it into a fifty-gallon drum that serves as the garage's trash container. Roland stops the circular motion of his arm. He reaches into the pocket of his black jodhpurs and pulls out a fresh pack of Luckys and offers me one. I take one as does Roland. He removes a silver pocket lighter from his other pocket.

"Nice lighter," I say.

"A gift," says Roland.

Roland is a small man in his early thirties. Clean-shaven, with slicked down greasy black hair and swarthy skin, he has thin dark lips, almost brown, and eyes the same color. The eyes look me up and down as I return the favor. We both are unimpressed.

"You don't look like a cop," sneers Roland. "What are you, a shamus like the one in that car?" He nods towards Howard's Essex.

"Yeah, we worked together," I sneer back.

"Hope you're better at your job than he was." Roland's arm returns to polishing the already over-polished Marmon. I grab the wrist of his working arm and pull it toward me while applying great pressure.

"Hey! You son of . . ." I apply more pressure and a twist which turns his words into an "Ahhhhh you ahhhhh let ahhhhh ohhhhh." I let his arm drop.

"Mother!" is all that Roland says as he rubs life back into his right wrist with his left hand. "What's wrong with you?"

"That was a friend I lost."

"And I lost my boss, which means I lost my job. That kid of his won't use a chauffeur. Loves to drive that Packard of his too much. I'm sorry you lost your friend, but he was here to guard the boss, wasn't he?"

"You tell me."

"A couple of days ago the boss calls me in and tells me to keep my eyes open for people who don't belong around here. That's the way the boss always talked, never to the point, always around it. I asked him what he meant. Tramps, hobos, chinks? You know what I mean, how do I know who he wants to belong around here. I'm not even sure I belong around here. Well, he tells me to do what I'm told, keep my eyes open and let him know if any suspicious characters show up. I say 'yes sir' and start to leave. That's when he tells me he's hired a private dick to keep an eye on things. Now who looks more suspicious than a private dick! How am I going to know who's who. Said he'd tell me."

"How did you know his life was in danger?"

"Your buddy told me. Not the dead one, the first one. Robby. That was his name. He told me someone was out to get the boss, or to keep someone from getting to the boss, words to that effect."

Rob Bannon had the day shift. I could check with him when I got back to the office. "You said you found the body?"

"Yeah. I got home at quarter to four last night. Saw the boss's study light on. That's not normal, so I checked it out. Terrible sight. There was the boss laying in a pool of blood, didn't know we had so much blood."

He seems to pale a bit beneath his swarthy skin.

"Then what did you do?"

"I ran to get your buddy. I knew he was there 'cause I saw his car when I drove in. Found him dead, too." He stops, and I can almost see the shiver run up his back. "I ran back to the house and called the police."

"Any other servants in the house?"

"No. A cook and housekeeper come in during the day but don't live here. A gardener comes a few times a week."

"Did you like Hayes?"

"On paydays. It's a job, shamus, nothing more."

"Why are you waxing the car?"

"For the funeral. Owe that much to the boss, part of the job. Who knows, the younger Hayes may like the car and me and keep us on the payroll."

"Do you make it a habit of coming in at four in the morning?"

"As often as I can, shamus, but my habits are none of your business." Roland starts back to work on the limo. I toss the cigarette butt onto the well-swept floor and grind it hard with my foot. This brings a sneer from Roland.

"Thanks for the fag," say I in my friendliest voice.

"Up yours, shamus."

I head back down the driveway toward the main house. The ambulance has gone and there seem to be fewer police cars than before. I walk up to the front door and the cop who is guarding it.

"DaCosta inside?" I ask.

"Yep."

I walk on in. I see DaCosta at the end of the hall and move that way myself.

"What's the dope, Joe?"

"You still here?" asks DaCosta as he turns towards me. "Look, I am sorry about Black, but I don't want you butting in on this case."

"I won't. Just tell me enough to get the Old Man off my back."

"All I know is that whoever did this is a pro. The only thing we can find are dead bodies, and unless the lab boys find something, that may be all we have."

I walk over to the large walnut desk in front of the French windows. To its right is a large pool—I should say lake—of blood and the ghostly chalk outline of Hayes' body. The doors are shut and locked but two panes of glass are broken in and glass is scattered over the desk and floor. Looks like shots went through the doors. My hand starts searching my pocket but finds no cigarettes.

"Joe, can I get a fag from you?"

"Sure, but you can smoke it outside. I'm kicking you out and heading back downtown."

"How 'bout a ride?"

"Next you'll be wanting on the city payroll."

"No. I'm willing to work for a living."

"Are you willing to walk?"

The ride back down California street isn't as quiet as the ride out. The hustle and bustle of a city beginning its day always excites me. A city coming to life is especially helpful today, helpful in washing away the feeling of death I have just seen.

I can't get any more information out of DaCosta. Don't think he has any more to give. He drops me off on Kearny street and I walk to the office. The Old Man is waiting for me just inside the door; jacket off, ever-present cigar in his mouth, thumbs under his bright red suspenders.

"What did you find out?" he says as I enter. He turns and enters his office. After removing my overcoat I follow without having to be told. I drop into the well-worn leather chair that sits in front of his desk. "Well, out with it."

"Got a cigarette?" I ask. I know I'm walking a thin line, but what would life be without a bit of risk?

"Idal!" he bellows. No need for him to use the intercom that sits on his desk. In the six years I have been with the Old Man, I have never seen him use it. "Bring in some cigarettes

so I can get a story out—”

Ida opens the door and tosses a pack of cigarettes at me. I start to tell the Old Man that they're not my brand but I remember how thin that line is. After the cigarette is lit and I have sent my first puff of smoke toward the Old Man, I know it's time to fill him in. It only takes a few minutes to recount what little I found out. The Old Man says nothing during my recitation. His eyes fixed on some point on the ceiling, he keeps his large black cigar rolling from one side of his mouth to the other. The cigar stops its movement and points toward me, his eyes follow.

“So DaCosta thinks it was a professional job?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And you?”

“It looked pretty professional. What type of danger did Hayes' lawyer say he was in?”

“He said he didn't know, which I found hard to believe at the time, but now it looks like a case of misjudgment.”

“Misjudgment?”

“Sure. Look, Hayes could afford to buy all the protection he wanted or thought he needed, let alone what he could have gotten from the police. No. If he knew what he was up against he would have made sure he was better protected. Well, it's our case now. I want you to put some time in on it.”

“Hey, Boss, who's Hayes' lawyer.”

“T.C. Van Ness, Jr.”

## Clue Points



July 3, 1934

### Continental Detective Agency

#### List of Addresses and Clue Points for July 3, 1934

498 Broadway.....	412
1023 Broadway.....	244
545 Clipper.....	81
1122 Fillmore.....	311
3045 Franklin.....	24
4701 Geary.....	99
1565 Laguna.....	324
835 Market.....	265
685 McAllister.....	319
1789 Montcalm.....	44
33 New Montgomery.....	169
152 Powell.....	416
34 Scenic Way.....	364
1215 Stockton.....	375
541 Turk.....	320
750 14th Ave.....	318
214 28th Ave.....	365
Black's Notebook.....	158
Bureau of Investigation.....	432
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City Hall.....	337
Continental Detective Agency.....	346
DMV Fingerprint Division.....	428
Golden Gate Park.....	239
Joe Marino.....	306
T.C. Van Ness.....	291

#### Travel Around the Bay

San Mateo	100
Carmalita Biggie.....	144
Paisley Ranch.....	241
Romeo Ruiz.....	217

# Wednesday

## July 4, 1934

---

No one else is in the office when I arrive. In fact, I may be the only person in the building. It's going to be a cool one today, the fog is heavy and the sky is overcast. Not a good day for fireworks. I find the office quite restful without its usual cast of characters. The only noise is an occasional burst of static from the police radio that sits in the front office. Every now and then the static is interrupted by the deep voice of the police dispatcher as he sends a car out on some task.

I sit down at my desk, placing my feet on it while I lean back in my squeaky swivel chair. I light a Lucky and send a puff of smoke towards the grimy ceiling. I can't make up my mind. Should I go down to the Tanforan Race Track and see how Sundowner does? Might dig up some more clues on the Hayes murder. I could go out to Fleishhacker and join the rest of the office for the Fourth of July picnic. With Blackie's death yesterday it would be more like a wake.

"Calling all cars! Calling all cars!" The police radio breaks the silence and grabs my attention. "Robbery in progress at Lindeman Jewelry Company, two-thirty-three Post. All cars in vicinity respond."

Lindeman's is the city's largest wholesale jeweler. If the Old Man were here, he'd be standing next to the radio, chewing on his black cigar, waiting for the bit of information that would tell him he should send one of his operatives to the scene to investigate. If he thought there was a buck to be made, there usually was.

"Come in, headquarters, come in. Over."

"Headquarters. Over."

"This is Doland. I'm at Lindeman's. We need more backup. The burglars are trapped inside. We think they are holding some of Lindeman's employees. Over."

"Employees? On the Fourth? Over."

"That's what we hear from the janitor. Over."

"Hold your present position. Captain Lanza is on his way. Over."

"Will hold. Out."

Captain Lanza! That's like sending a gas truck to a three-alarm fire. Back when I was an investigator for the DA's office, I had to clean up after then-Inspector Lanza more than any other detective on the force. But he worked hard and he had the knack for being in the right place at the right time. The SFPD doesn't look for brilliant investigators and men of steel, or I would have made Chief. No, they look for the type that takes orders, never makes anyone above him look foolish, and even loves paper-work. Lanza never made anyone look foolish, not even the petty crooks. The ringing of the phone stops my nostalgic daydreaming.

"Continental," I answer.

"This is Ruiz," says a voice barely above a whisper.

"Hayes' jockey?"

"Yes. You the dick that's looking into the Hayes' murder?"

"Yes."

"I've got to meet with you. I've got some information."

"Give it to me now."

"I can't! Can you come down to the race today? If you can, meet me at the ranch after I race Sundowner. If you can't make it I'll be in Frisco tonight. You can find me at the Pink Rat. Know where that is?"

"I'll find it."

Before I can say more I hear a click and dial tone. Well, that's interesting. Before I can digest Ruiz's call, the phone rings again.

"Continental."

"How the hell they get you to work today? I would have thought the Old Man had fired you by now. How is the old bastard?"

"Mean as ever. How's it going, Hank?"

"I'm OK. Sorry to hear about Black. Any leads on the murder?"

"Nothing worth the breath to mention. But I'm sure that's not the reason you called."

"Well, you can see I'm working today, too."

"I thought you transferred to Denver to get out of work?"

"You're wrong. I came out here for the clean air and a clean life, my work I'm going to pass on to you."

"You're a sweetheart, Hank. What do you have?"

"It's what I don't have, one Harry Nelson, white male, age thirty-six, five feet ten inches, one hundred and seventy-eight pounds, reddish-blond hair, blue eyes, a small W-shaped scar under his lower lip. The women say he's quite handsome."

"Is that why you're looking for him, stole your girl, Hank?"

"No, Mrs. Miller's daughter and three hundred thousand of her dollars. She wants both back."

"What's the scoop?"

"Mrs. Elmira Miller, matriarch of one of Denver's wealthiest and most powerful families. She is sixty-eight years old and is hard as nails. To make a long story short, Harry Nelson, a well-known Denver ne'er-do-well, ingratiated himself into Joyce Miller's affections. Joyce Miller is Elmira's twenty-six-year-old spinster daughter. The old lady now claims that Nelson has coerced her daughter to leave home taking the family jewels. Hired us to find them and bring them back."

"So you think they're headed for San Francisco?"

"Could be. I know that Nelson has relatives there. A brother or sister, not sure yet. I know they left Denver two days ago by Northwestern Pacific. That train ends up in LA with a stop in Frisco tonight. Can you look into it?"

"Is there a warrant issued?"

"No. Dowager doesn't want the police involved."

"Sort of ties our hands."

"I know. Do the best you can, they may be on their way to LA."

"Anything else, Hank?"

"No. Give my regards to the crew and the Old Man."

"One last thing, Hank. What does Joyce Miller look like?"

"A real plain Jane. A mousy girl who doesn't say much. About five feet seven, one hundred twenty-five pounds, washed out dirty-blond hair, pale. A real dog. I got to run. Haven't talked to LA yet. Happy Fourth."

Hank's voice has turned to a dial tone as the police radio announces itself with a burst of static.

"This is Lanza. I am now at the scene and have taken charge. Over."

Lanza in charge, that may be worth seeing. Well, I had better decide where I'm going before the phone rings again.



## Continental Detective Agency

## List of Addresses and Clue Points for July 4, 1934

150 Aptos.....336  
1025 Bayshore Blvd.....307  
1023 Broadway.....294  
243 Carl.....323  
1115 Castro.....152  
545 Clipper.....81  
23 Demontford.....336  
22 Fairfield Way.....307  
651 Fell.....294  
3045 Franklin.....24  
4701 Geary.....99  
115 Gough.....336  
2523 Harrison.....152  
265 Hill Blvd.....323  
444 Hyde.....307  
1565 Laguna.....324  
685 McAllister.....319  
180 Mallorca Way.....294  
1789 Montcalm.....44  
33 New Montgomery.....273  
233 Post.....317  
152 Powell.....416  
406 Stockton.....88  
541 Turk.....397  
1626 Ulloa.....336  
1268 Utah.....152  
2940 Van Ness Ave.....307  
50 Walter.....152

750 14th Ave.....318  
411 15th Ave.....294  
214 28th Ave.....365  
6828 46th Ave.....323  
Bureau of Investigation...432  
Black's Notebook.....158  
City Hall.....371  
DMV Fingerprint Division..428  
Golden Gate Park.....239  
Joe Marino.....306  
Southern Pacific Depot....305  
T.C. Van Ness.....275

Travel Around the Bay

Oakland.....100  
3385 Market.....307  
San Jose.....100  
4253 William.....336  
San Mateo.....100  
452 Barneson.....411  
Carmalita Biggie.....314  
Paisley Ranch.....333  
San Rafael.....338  
139 4th St.....294  
Sausalito.....338  
4502 Litho.....323  
Tanforan Race Track.....308



Market and Powell streets.

# Thursday

## July 5, 1934

---

I make it to my desk just a split second before the sweet voice of Ida bellows my name and passes on the message that the Old Man wants me in his office "NOW!"

I stab out my just lit Lucky and take a last look at the steaming cardboard cup on my blotter as I bolt for the door. Ida nearly breaks my wrist as she bursts in with that look in her eyes. I don't wait to say I'm sorry, but brush past her to find the Old Man standing at my door.

"Mr. and Mrs. Kern, this is one of my best operatives."

He turns to me and says, "As of now they've hired us to find their missing son." With his hand outstretched, the Old Man shows the couple the two chairs in my simple office and leaves the three of us standing near the door.

I repeat the invitation, and walk past them as they seat themselves in the two wooden armchairs by my old wooden desk. After I sit, they remain silent for a few moments, managing to look insulted, uneasy, and distraught all at the same time. He's fiftyish, dressed in an expensive suit. He has a hooked nose and slicked-back hair. Despite his discomfort, he looks as if sitting on my side of the desk would make him feel better.

She's about forty-five or so, dressed in subdued grays and browns. Very tasteful. Very dull. She might have been pretty twenty-five years ago, but she hasn't aged well. Her tension-lined face looks haggard. She is clutching her purse tightly in her lap.

He crosses his legs and looks at her expectantly. She works her mouth but no sounds come out. Apparently neither knows what to say. It's up to me to break the ice. I pick up my pack of cigarettes.

"Smoke?"

She quickly shakes her head, but he says "Thank you," in a voice that sounds like it came out of an empty barrel. He lights his own smoke with a gold Dunhill lighter, leaving me to sit back down and rake a match across the box pasted to the front of my desk drawer.

She supprises me and speaks first, leaning forward, after a jerky glance over her shoulder toward the door, whispering, "Is he always so brusque, that way?"

I lean back in my chair and laugh. "Don't worry about the boss. He's got his own way of doing things. He's not going to waste your time chatting, but always wants to get on with running the business." Sliding the ashtray over to Mr. Kern, I continue, "So what's this business about your son being missing?"

Mrs. Kern says, "He went out camping with his friends on Tuesday and has not yet returned home."

"And this is unusual?"

"Very," says the father. "He's never broken a promise before. He said he would return home yesterday evening, and he didn't."

"How old is your son?" I ask, seeing images of a tow-headed kid wandering about in the mountains with a troop of scouts on his trail.

"Billy is nineteen. He'll be a senior at Stanford this fall," says the man.

"If you'll pardon my saying so, Mr. Kern, don't you think you're rushing things, coming to us so soon?"

Kern reaches into his left coat pocket and takes out a folded piece of newsprint gingerly, as if to avoid soiling his neat blue suit. "That's what the police said when we called them last night, but now there's this," he says passing it over to me. It's the article from today's *Call-Bulletin* on the two bodies found out on Skyline Drive.

I look over at my copy of the *Call-Bulletin* as he continues, "The boy whose body was found near that hoodlum is a friend of Billy's."

"Do you actually know that Billy was with the dead kid; Sam Thacker, is it?"

"No."

"Yes," says the lady.

"Why don't you tell me about it, Mrs. Kern." I say.

"I mean, Billy said he, Sam, and some friends would be going camping." She leans forward in her chair, her speech coming faster, "Billy said they would be camping in the mountains. And Howard," she breathes with a look in her husband's direction, "says that's not too far from the spot. I just don't understand why Billy went out this holiday. Maybe he wasn't there, but I cannot understand why he didn't come home. Something terrible must have happened to him."

"No need to be so sure, Mrs. Kern. I'll help you find your son. Just tell me where you think he went. Slowly, please." I ease myself back in my chair, taking the calmest pose I can muster, and look assuringly from the husband to the wife and back again.

Kern begins, "Billy told us he would be going camping with some friends on the eve of the Fourth of July. Said he was going to go up in the hills to watch the stars. That astronomy passion of his! I just wish he would apply himself to something useful. He took his car, saying he would be picking up a couple of friends. I said he could go, of course, but he had to be back on the Fourth for dinner."

"What kind of car is it?" I ask.

"What?" he says.

"Billy's car. What's it's make and number?"

"A blue Ford sedan. Nineteen thirty-two. I don't know the number, but you can check. Two-four-eight-something. We gave it to him as present when he went to Stanford."

"What did you have planned yesterday?"

"Nothing really," says Mrs. Kern suddenly. "We were going to go out to dinner, as we usually do on the holiday. We always eat at the Fairmont, looking out across the Bay, watching the fireworks . . ."

She stops short, and I step into the gap. "So, Billy was late, and you called off your dinner, waited, and then called the police." They both nod. "Well, I guess the first thing I must do is to find out about your son's other acquaintances. Does he have many?" I ask, the emphasis on the present tense.

Mr. Kern and Mrs. Kern exchange quick glances and then he says, "Billy's best friend was probably Sam Thacker."

Mrs. Kern begins to sob. I quickly interrupt, "Yes, I understand. Terrible. But what about other friends, maybe at Stanford?"

"Most of his friends are there. Skip, Skip Sterling. He lives in the same dorm. Then there is Marianne Jorgenson, of course."

"Marianne?"

"Yes, a good friend of Billy's. He has taken her dancing a few times. She is from a nice family, isn't she, dear?" Kern says looking at his wife.

"Well, Billy often talked about her, but he's much too young," says the lady, obvious distaste on her face.

"I see," I say. "Were they serious?"

Mrs. Kern responds quite emphatically, "She seems to be throwing herself at our Billy, if you ask me. But I told him he would have plenty of time for girls after he finished col-

lege." In response to my questions, she adds that the Jorgenssons also live in San Francisco, and that Billy has been friends with her since high school.

"Were there any other friends who might have gone camping with your son?"

"He only mentioned Sam, but he sometimes goes around with a rough looking Italian boy called B.P. Bradford Pirelli, I believe his name is. But I never took him for a camper. Billy is an Eagle scout, you know."

"Of course," I say. "How about other people who might know Billy's plans?"

"Well, he often mentioned a Chinese fellow, Spencer Moon, I think it was. Supposedly very smart and very clean. He never came to our house, of course, but I think Billy went to his a time or two."

The well seems to go dry at this. The Kerns have a pretty slim idea of their son's acquaintances beyond what they've said. Always sets me back to think that a parent can know so little about a young adult they have raised all his life.

"Is Billy an only child?" I ask, again stressing the present tense.

Kern answers just ahead of his wife: "No, we also have a daughter, Elizabeth Agnes. She doesn't know anything about Billy's plans. We've tried and tried to get her to remember something, but she just gets sulky. For a younger sister, you'd think she was protecting him from our attentions!"

"And she lives at home? Does Billy?"

"Yes, yes, Elizabeth Agnes does live at home. Billy has his room of course, but he lives in a dormitory at Stanford. This is the special summer session, you know, and Billy wanted to study Astronomy . . ."

I promise them that I will get right on the case. They say they will be home most of the day, and that I can reach them there. Mr. Kern stands up, his wife follows, and I escort them back to the frosted glass door and lead them past Ida, my best look of confidence smeared on my face.



*The Ferry Building at the foot of Market street. Yerba Buena Island is offshore.*

# Clue Points



July 5, 1934

150 Aptos.....	294
1025 Bayshore Blvd.....	323
185 Bernard.....	379
1023 Broadway.....	275
729 Bush.....	399
1106 Bush.....	391
243 Carl.....	336
1115 Castro.....	307
620 Clement.....	25
545 Clipper.....	81
23 Demontford.....	323
951 Eddy.....	116
22 Fairfield Way.....	294
651 Fell.....	307
1122 Fillmore.....	329
3045 Franklin.....	24
4701 Geary.....	99
115 Gough.....	152
400 Grant Ave.....	289
2523 Harrison.....	336
1350 Hayes.....	113
265 Hill Blvd.....	294
444 Hyde.....	323
1565 Laguna.....	324
600 Lombard.....	315
180 Mallorca Way.....	152
835 Market.....	56
718 Masonic.....	405
685 McAllister.....	319
2435 Mission.....	281
1789 Montcalm.....	44
33 New Montgomery.....	273
656 Pacific.....	245
2405 Pacific.....	93
2506 Pierce.....	64
701 Pine.....	386
737 Pine.....	76
1204 Post.....	60
152 Powell.....	420
620 Powell.....	101
34 Scenic Way.....	261
406 Stockton.....	186
1078 Sutter.....	111
541 Turk.....	415
1626 Ulloa.....	307
2455 Union.....	87
1268 Utah.....	336
2940 Van Ness Ave.....	323
700 Vicente.....	123
1350 Waller.....	298

39 Waverly.....	243
158 Waverly.....	326
3320 19th St.....	348
750 14th Ave.....	318
411 15th Ave.....	307
1226 18th Ave.....	181
214 28th Ave.....	365
2120 32nd Ave.....	51
6828 46th Ave.....	336
Bellevue Hotel.....	227
Black's Notebook.....	158
Bureau of Investigation...	432
Calvary Cemetery.....	282
City Hall.....	383
Clift Hotel.....	227
DMV Fingerprint Division..	428
Fairmont Hotel.....	214
Golden Gate Park.....	239
Hart and Sole.....	280
Palace Hotel.....	227
St. Francis.....	257
T.C. Van Ness.....	355

## Travel Around the Bay

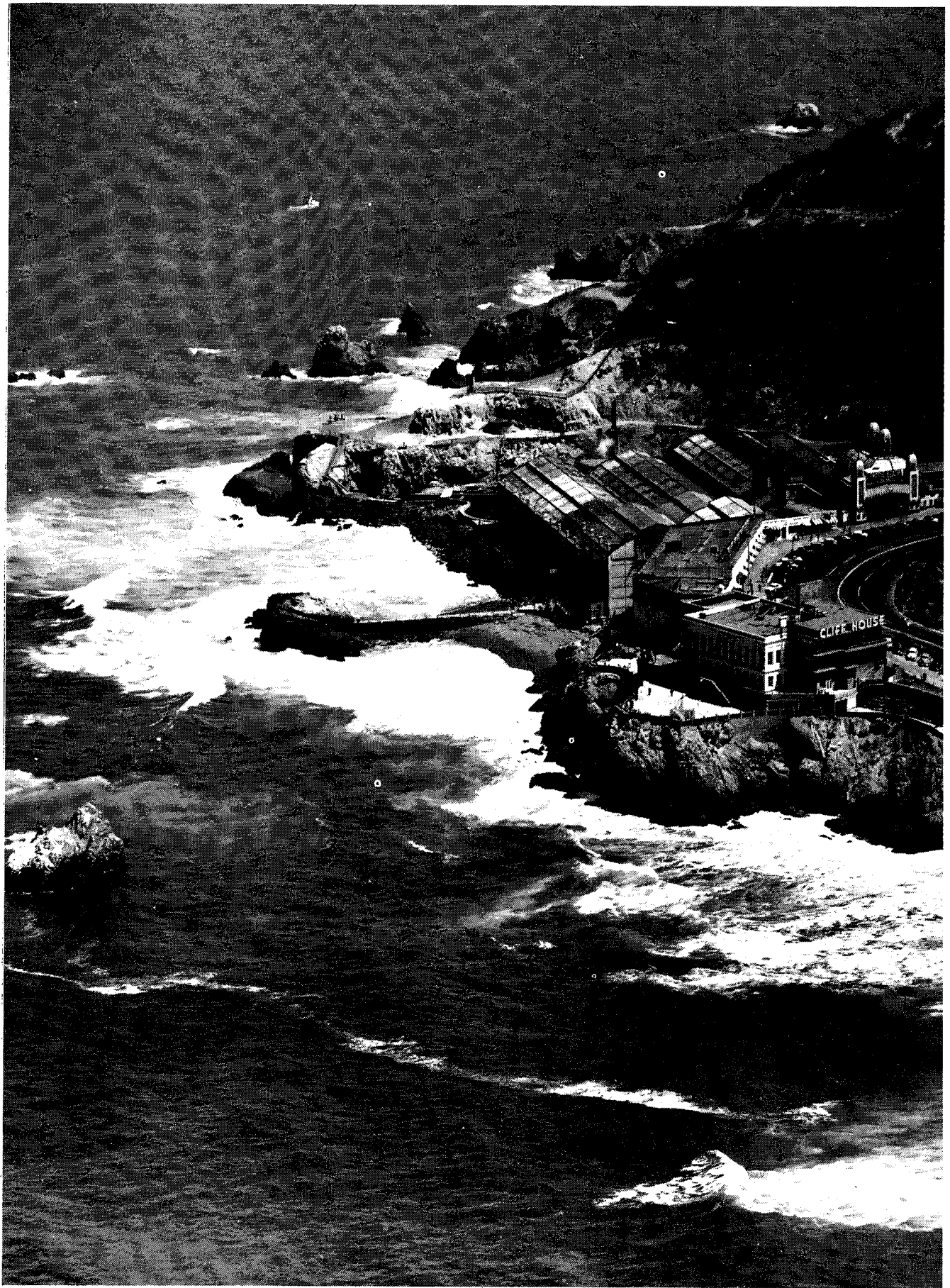
Burlingame.....	100
Hospital.....	65
Police.....	137
Highway 101 & Sneath.....	100
Sam's Service Station....	8
Hillsborough.....	100
23 Crescent Ave.....	22
Oakland.....	100
3385 Market.....	336
Palo Alto-Stanford.....	100
1237 Channing Way.....	33
Dean of Students.....	45
Zena Jones.....	96
Professor Makarov.....	55
Skip Stirling.....	30
Sam Thacker.....	47
San Jose.....	100
4253 William.....	323
San Mateo.....	100
452 Barneson.....	411
Carmalita Biggie.....	166
San Rafael.....	338
139 4th St.....	336
Sausalito.....	338
4502 Litho.....	307

158  
282  
214  
239  
257

137  
8  
22  
336  
33  
96  
30

323  
411

336  
307



*An aerial view of Sutro Baths and the Cliff House on the Great Highway.*

# Friday

## July 6, 1934

---

The fog still hangs over the city. The top of the Mark is just coming into view out the window. I wonder how long it's been since I looked at a new day as a beginning. My morning coffee takes some of the chill away. I think of the walk over to the Monadnock. For a Friday, it seemed oddly quiet on the streets this morning. I know that down on the docks it's probably pretty hot. Guardsmen and dockers lined up facing each other.

Even Ida looks less feisty than usual when she comes into my office. I guess we all miss Black. It reminds us of the risks of a job that sometimes seems so routine.

"Mr. Fox wanted me to give you this as soon as you came in," she says, handing me a telegram. "He said to go see him when you've figured out what to do with it."

It is a cable from the Continental office in St. Louis:

SENDER: CONTINENTAL DETECTIVE AGENCY ST. LOUIS

REPLY: CONDETAG STL

5 JUL 34 2350

TO: CONDETAG BOSTON CONDETAG CHICAGO, CONDETAG DENVER, CONDETAG DETROIT, CONDETAG DC, CONDETAG HOUSTON, CONDETAG LA, CONDETAG MIAMI, CONDETAG NY, CONDETAG SF, CDA HAVANA CDA MEXICO CITY, CDA MONTREAL

NO FILE

LOCATE IF POSSIBLE DAMER THILFS AGE FORTYSIX HEIGHT FIVE SIX WEIGHT ONE SEVENTY WHITE MALE BROWN HAIR HAZEL EYES STOP THILFS LAST EMPLOYED ACCOUNTANT ON TALENT INC HERE MISSING SINCE TWENTY JUNE STOP COMPANY BELIEVES THILFS ABSCONDED CASH AND BONDS VALUE THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS STOP DEPARTED BUS STATION STOP INQUIRIES YIELD NO DESTINATION STOP DO NOT COMMUNICATE WITH THIS OFFICE UNLESS SUBJECT FOUND END LOEB.

I drag a match across the drawer, take a deep drag on the first Lucky from a new pack, and look up to see Ida looking down across the desk.

"Well?" she says.

"Just a minute, will you?" The Old Man clearly wants me to come up with an answer. Even I can't do it in thirty seconds.

Ida doesn't take the hint. There must be something more to this than just a casual inquiry from the Old Man. I've learned that Ida's disposition usually reflects his mood. Right now she looks worried. I smile, putting my best "concerned" on too for good measure, and say to her:

"Ida, let me think it over for a bit. I'll let you know what I'll recommend before I go in to him."

She nods, turns, and heads back to her desk, an unlit Chesterfield still in her hand. She doesn't even slam the door when she goes out.

There's nothing unusual about another office sending out our version of an "all points," but this one sets a record for uselessness. Great! What do I do? Go ask the bus companies if they've seen a man with brown hair in the past two weeks? What's gotten into St. Louis anyway? Loeb's the local director. He's got to know better. That's got to be what's got the boss going. Old Claude hates mysteries. He's not in the habit of making them up for us to solve.

The police band squawks in the background. I half wish they'd announce that they've found a runaway named Thilfs and they're returning him to his parent company. Nothing but the usual chatter and a couple more cars called in to back up the Guard on the docks.

It comes to me slowly. I must have been sleepier than I thought. This is a message alright, but it's got to be between the lines. What we have here is an identity and a search, but whoever the target is, his name's not likely to be Damer Thilfs. What are the probabilities?

If Loeb's so keen on keeping the lid on, and sent it out at midnight, the missing fellow could well be one of our own. Sure enough, On Talent Inc is an anagram for Continental. This is the beginning of a theory I can at least take to the Old Man. All right, let's check for codes one more time. I look through for any key words with special meanings for the Agency. Word by word I check the message, nothing until I get to *absconded* — murdered. That's enough for me, but I complete it. Bingo! *Cash and bonds*—Continental Operative. *Bus station*—operative absent without leave; operative failed to make last contact. Nothing else turns up a code meaning.

It's now a lot more than a feeling, but I know who can tell me if I've got it right. Getting up from my seat, I notice my shoes need a good polish and that my cuffs are still dirty from the night before. I go through the door, winking at Ida as I pass her on my way to the *sanctum sanctorum*. I know she won't be happy I'm not giving her the scoop first.

The Old Man is sitting there waiting. His face is impassive. As I start to explain my little theory to him, I realize he has open on his blotter the dark blue *All Names* book belonging to the Agency, and available only to him. He asks in a polite voice, "Where do you think we should begin?"

"Who do we have in the St. Louis office?"

The Old Man hands me a sheet of paper on which he has printed out a list of names:

Blaine, Johnson	MacMillan, Joseph
DeGregario, Thomas	Sanderson, William
Ezbeekner, Richard	Smith, Alfred
Jones, Jackson	Thomisson, Wilfred
Loeb, William	Vitterich, Alden
McGee, John	

"Why is John McGee crossed off?"

"He was murdered a week or two ago."

"I didn't hear about it."

"They were keeping a lid on it."

"They?"

"The St. Louis office. Loeb."

"Why?"

"Don't know. I did not know McGee. He had been with the agency for only a month or two. For some reason Loeb is keeping a lid on it. I have had no reason to question. If he wants our help he'll ask for it."

"I think he just did."

"You think this has something to do with McGee's murder?" The Old Man puts on his glasses and looks closely at the telegram that I had laid on his desk. He squints at it for a moment, then looks at me over the top of his glasses, still squinting.

"Granted, it doesn't say much." I say, trying to read his mind and defend my statement at the same time. "But, doesn't it seem odd that we get a message with so little information and also that a murder is being covered up?"

"Cover up is a strong term. Well, whatever it is, you're the one to handle it."

At this point, the door opens and Ida sticks her head in. "Nick Charles is on the phone for you."

"Thanks, Ida." The Old Man picks up the phone. "Nick, how are you? Good. How long are you here for?" The Old

Man takes a fresh cigar from the box on his desk and lights it as he listens. "Good, Nick. Yes, I'll try to make it. Good. Give my best to Nora. Goodbye, Nick."

The boss hangs up the phone. His face is covered with a large smile and a big black cigar. "Do you know Nick Charles?"

"I have seen him around."

"I would like you to meet him. Nick is giving a party at the Mark Hopkins this Saturday. Told me to invite some of my friends, so why don't you come?"

"Thanks boss. I'd like to."

Ida is waiting for me as I walk out of the boss's office. "Bender wants to see you."

"Paul Bender the insurance agent?"

"That's the one, love."

"Why me, Ida? I thought you loved me."

"I do! I just want to make sure you get enough work so you can take care of me in style."

"That's my dream, Ida. That's my dream."



*Seals Stadium, Sixteenth and Bryant Streets*



## Continental Detective Agency

## List of Addresses and Clue Points for July 6, 1934

729 Bush.....	399	782 Turk.....	143
1106 Bush.....	391	2455 Union.....	87
1023 Broadway.....	287	700 Vicente.....	313
2202 California.....	240	50 Walter.....	433
5533 California.....	3	39 Waverly.....	243
330 Capp St.....	347	158 Waverly.....	326
620 Clement.....	25	3320 19th St.....	350
951 Eddy.....	116	411 15th Ave.....	275
608 Elizabeth.....	66	1226 18th Ave.....	181
509 Ellis.....	321	214 28th Ave.....	365
949 Ellis.....	270	2120 32nd Ave.....	51
1122 Fillmore.....	339	Bureau of Investigation....	432
1029 Geary.....	248	Call-Bulletin.....	191
400 Grant Ave.....	289	City Hall.....	98
1350 Hayes.....	113	Continental Office.....	363
828 Jones.....	292	DMV Fingerprint Division...	428
704 Larkin.....	310	Robert Eckhoff.....	276
600 Lombard.....	297	Golden Gate Park.....	239
964 Market.....	143	Hart and Sole.....	280
718 Masonic.....	405	St. Francis.....	257
2435 Mission.....	281	T.C. Van Ness.....	309
656 Pacific.....	427		
2405 Pacific.....	93	<u>Travel Around the Bay</u>	
2506 Pierce.....	330	Burlingame.....	100
701 Pine.....	386	Hospital.....	65
932 Pine.....	374	Police.....	137
1615 Polk.....	328	Highway 101 & Sneath.....	100
1204 Post.....	312	Sam's Service Station....	8
151 Powell.....	86	Hillsborough.....	100
152 Powell.....	406	23 Crescent Ave.....	316
173 Powell.....	9	Palo Alto-Stanford.....	100
620 Powell.....	101	1237 Channing Way.....	325
234 Sansome.....	218	Dean of Students.....	45
504 Scott.....	431	Zena Jones.....	96
406 Stockton.....	256	Professor Makarov.....	95
996 Sutter.....	382	Skip Stirling.....	6
1078 Sutter.....	111	Sam Thacker.....	103
1914 Sutter.....	285	San Mateo.....	100
320 Turk.....	259	452 Barneson.....	411
541 Turk.....	415		

# Saturday

## July 7, 1934

Sometimes I wish I was in a different line of work, one where I had an occasional day off. Today is one of those days—a clear, sunny Saturday morning. Of course, if I didn't come into the office, I don't know what I'd do. That's the sort of thing I've begun to forget.

I consider giving in to my lazy mood and taking the elevator, but I take the steps two at a time as usual. By the time I reach the fourth floor my chest hurts and I'm short of breath. I've noticed that happening a lot lately.

"Hi, Handsome," winks Ida. "The Boss wants to see you," she says, nodding towards the Old Man's office. She's not as snappy as usual. Maybe that's because she cuts out at noon on Saturdays.

I knock and walk on in without waiting for an invitation. I plop into a chair and light a Lucky. The Old Man keeps working without looking up. I keep smoking.

Abruptly he stands up. "Let's go," he says, as he grabs his Borsalino from the top of the coat rack by the door. I follow.

"I'll be back by ten for my appointment with Berryessa," he says to Ida as we leave the office.

The Old Man starts up Kearny at a pretty quick pace. I fall in beside him and try to wait patiently for an explanation. "I suppose you've been following the Bier case in the papers?" The question is obviously rhetorical, and the Old Man doesn't wait for a reply. "I've known Fatty Mirabelli for a good many years, and I can't say I like him much, but he's always dealt straight with me. He did back when I was on the force and he was just getting started in the crooked rackets he now controls. And he has through the years when I've had occasion to call upon him for help and information a time or two. This time he's come to me for help, and I feel bound to give it to him."

It takes me all the way to Bush to digest what he's saying. "You mean we're working for Mirabelli?"

"That's what I mean, and you're the op for the job. And I want you to work just as hard on this one as you would for anybody else. Understand?"

I just nod my head and wonder at the strangeness of the world.

We walk the last couple of blocks to the slammer behind the Hall of Justice in silence. I can already tell I'm not going to like this assignment.

Apparently we're expected, and after turning in my piece at the front desk, we're led into a cell with a long table and three chairs. We don't have to wait long before Mirabelli is brought in. He doesn't look quite his dapper self in the prison issue. He looks a bit pale and worried.

"Thanks for coming, Fox. You gotta find out who did this. It's a frame, I tell ya. That bastard Wentworth figgers to lock me up and toss the key. When I get outta here, I'll skin him alive . . ."

"Calm down, Frank. You asked for help and here we are. I can't stay, but I'm giving you my best op." Mirabelli and I stare at each other with mutual doubt mixed with a bit of disrespect. "I'll be in touch."

With that the Old Man signals the guard who lets him out and leaves me with Fatty Mirabelli.

"So what do you know about Bier's murder?"

"I don't know nothin' about it. I heard Jack was gettin' ready to turn on me. He knows more about what I've done than anyone else, 'cept maybe my mouthpiece, J.J. The DA's boys hauled him in on some hokum charge. Jack's always had a streak of yellow in him a mile wide, but he's good at makin' the figures dance. I know the cops did this to make him squawk, but I figured on him stayin' loyal. And

then J.J. tells me Bier's thinkin' about singin'. Jesus Christ! Well, J.J. says he can keep the cops from gettin' to Bier through a bunch of legal hocus-pocus that he ran through way too fast for me to get. But J.J. knows what he's talkin' about; he's one of the best damned lawyers in the city. I ask him if he's certain he can keep Bier quiet until we spring 'im. He says he is, an' then I relax, 'cause he's never let me down. So I find out from J.J. where Bier is being held, and start setting up the boys to spring 'im."

"And he was killed Thursday before you got the chance to carry out your plans. Where were you when he was killed?"

I was with a skirt—one I see when I get tired of Angela."

"Angela?"

"My wife."

"And who were you with?"

"Monique. Monique LaSalle."

"You were at her place?"

"Yeah."

"Where's that?"

"Over in Ingleside, fifteen-forty-three Sargent street."

"Can you get her to testify that you were there?"

"I dunno. J.J.'s been lookin' for her, says he can't find her."

"Anyone else know you were there?"

"Just Herbie, my driver, but he was outside that whole night in the car. And I didn't tell no one else, 'cause I don't believe in advertisin' where I sleep. I mean some guys, they think they're George Washington or somethin', puttin' little plaques up at every bed they stay in. And too many guys who go shootin' off their mouth about somethin' like that get somethin' else shot at them while they're in the sack, if you know what I mean."

Back to business. I didn't come here for a course in gangland bravado. I look him square in the eye.

"Does your lawyer have a lead on this Monique at all?"

"No. Says he can't find anyone who knows where she went."

"OK, who do you think framed you?"

"I tell ya, I don't know. In a way, I'm glad they got Jack. If Jack'd peached on me, it coulda been very nasty. I felt like shootin' the rat myself once he was sprung. But he was cooled before he could talk . . . and that's how they figure to nail me I guess."

"But who would've wanted to kill Bier? Some rival? Did he swipe someone's girl?"

"Nah. Jack was always real tight with his wife . . . and it couldn't have been business. He knew a lot, but he wasn't what you'd call a threat to anyone else. He was into the books real good, but was too spineless to do anything with the goods."

"Well, I'll get on it. You think about who else might be involved. Anyone else I should see?"

"You gotta talk to J.J. He's only stopped in once since the cops nabbed me. I guess he's out findin' Monique and lookin' for ways to spring me, 'cause he's not answerin' his phone."

"What's J.J.'s name, and where do I find him?"

"In the Mills Tower. J.J. Roach."

"Yer time's up!" the jailkeep mutters threateningly. He opens the cell door and brandishes his heater at Mirabelli, while looking at me like he wouldn't mind popping me with it. I usually don't let myself be bullied, but when there's a rod involved, I tend to make exceptions. I thank the jailer as cordially as I can manage, and after I reclaim my piece, I head back out to the open air.



## Continental Detective Agency

## List of Addresses and Clue Points for July 7, 1934

570 Alabama.....	434	541 Turk.....	414
729 Bush.....	399	782 Turk.....	143
1106 Bush.....	391	2455 Union.....	87
2202 California.....	301	700 Vicente.....	313
5533 California.....	408	50 Walter.....	429
330 Capp St.....	122	39 Waverly.....	243
620 Clement.....	25	158 Waverly.....	326
608 Elizabeth.....	20	3320 19th St.....	352
509 Ellis.....	321	1226 18th Ave.....	181
949 Ellis.....	270	2120 32nd Ave.....	51
1122 Fillmore.....	335	Assessor's Office.....	36
403 Geary.....	173	Bureau of Investigation....	432
1029 Geary.....	248	Call-Bulletin.....	191
400 Grant Ave.....	289	Continental Office.....	121
1350 Hayes.....	54	DMV Fingerprint Division...	428
828 Jones.....	292	District Attorney.....	179
704 Larkin.....	310	Robert Eckhoff.....	276
600 Lombard.....	297	Golden Gate Park.....	239
964 Market.....	143	Hart and Sole.....	280
1061 Market.....	16	Herbie.....	293
2106 Market.....	254	Mark Hopkins.....	286
718 Masonic.....	405	Jeremy Parrish.....	236
2435 Mission.....	74	J.J. Roach.....	82
461 Mississippi.....	206	St. Francis.....	257
656 Pacific.....	5	T.C. Van Ness.....	263
2405 Pacific.....	93		
2506 Pierce.....	419	<u>Travel Around the Bay</u>	
932 Pine.....	374	Burlingame.....	100
1615 Polk.....	328	Lucky's Tavern.....	354
1204 Post.....	312	Meet the Quinn's.....	351
151 Powell.....	86	Yacht Club.....	234
152 Powell.....	406	Hillsborough.....	100
173 Powell.....	9	23 Crescent Ave.....	424
620 Powell.....	53	Palo Alto-Stanford.....	100
282 Quintara.....	48	1237 Channing Way.....	325
234 Sansome.....	218	Dean of Students.....	69
1543 Sargent.....	332	Zena Jones.....	96
504 Scott.....	431	Professor Makarov.....	41
406 Stockton.....	256	Skip Stirling.....	80
21 Sutter.....	40	Sam Thacker.....	103
996 Sutter.....	382	San Mateo.....	100
1078 Sutter.....	111	Coroner's Office.....	201
1914 Sutter.....	285		
320 Turk.....	259		

# Sunday

## July 8, 1934

---

I love Sunday mornings. If the sun is out and the wind down, you will find me at the US Restaurant. It's strong coffee and strategic placement of the tables makes the US one of the best people-watching points in San Francisco. I have been sitting here for over an hour, having finished the paper, three cups of coffee and half a pack of cigarettes, when I feel a tap on my shoulder.

"I've got a tip for you." I turn and see the smiling weasel face of Joe Marino. He slides into the chair next to me.

"What's the tip, Joe?" I say by way of a greeting.

"A real go'd un. Real go'd!" Joe helps himself to one of my fags, lights it with my match and blows the smoke in my face. He looks into my coffee cup, sees that it's empty, and signals the waiter to bring two fresh cups, which soon arrive and are added to my bill. Joe blows the steam off the top of his coffee and takes a noisy sip. He follows this with a deep drag on his cigarette, with a noisy hiss he lets the smoke out and turns his smiling face towards me. "Real go'd."

"Which, the coffee or the tip?"

"Both. Trust me. Take every dollar you can raise, borrow or steal and put it on Randy's Son in the fifth. He's a sure winner."

"Randy's Son! Com'on Joe you're not playing with a full deck. Sundowner and Hallie's Hope are both in that race. Randy's Son will be lucky to beat his tail."

"That's not what they who know say. I've been told to take every bet I can get on Sundowner and Hallie's Hope. Not to lay anything off."

"Whhhhuu," all I can do is whistle. Joe may not act like he's playing with a full deck, but there's little doubt that he only does what he's told when it comes to taking book. "This interests me Joe, fill me in."

"Well . . ." Joe's weasel eyes flash around the tables before resting on mine. He takes another deep drag on his cigarette. "now that Sundowner has a new owner, he may have a new standard of winning. You're right. No one would bet on Randy's Son to win, not even at forty to one odds, but Lady Luck doesn't always go with the odds, especially not when someone's controlling her."

"Joe, don't talk like an ass. What's going on?"

"Yeah, Joey, baby, what's going on?"

Joe and I both look up and see a large form blocking the sun. His face is in shadow and not familiar to me, but Joe knows him right off.

"Hi, James, hi. Sit down and join us. You know my friend . . ."

"Yeah, I know him. How's it going shamus." Now that the man is seated across from me I also recognize him, James. Don't know if that's his first name or last, he's just known as James. He's a petty thug, but he's good at it, barely. "Still crawling around bedrooms with a flash camera?"

"You're right, James. I've crawled through every bedroom in the city and still haven't found one that would take you. Do you want me to keep looking?"

"Ha, h . . ." Joe gulps down his coffee to stop his laughter as James gives us both a nasty sneer.

"The Boss wants to see you, Joey."

"When?" Joe takes a nervous puff on his cigarette.

"I didn't ask him. If you want to, give him a call."

"Yeah, yeah! I better do that, yeah." Joe jumps up from his chair, stuffing my cigarettes into his pocket as he does so. He dashes to the public phone.

"Congratulations," I say to James.

"For what?"

"Your promotion. From head breaker to message boy." I keep my eye on James as I reach into my coat pocket for a fresh pack of cigarettes. James's face is turning red and his muscles are starting to tense. I don't want to push him too far.

I was just putting my cigarette into my mouth when Joe returns. He is mopping his forehead with a wrinkled handkerchief, but his look of worry has been replaced by a big smile.

"What'd the Boss want?" James asks.

"If he wanted you to know he would've told you." Joe's smile grows wider as James's face turns redder. "He told me to tell you not to forget the Frisco meeting."

"You little weasel, I don't need . . ."

"Now, now James. I don't have time for small talk. The Boss has important stuff for me to do. Well, I've got to run. I've got tickets for the Seals game Friday, wanta go?"

"Love to Joe, if I'm free. I'll give you a call." I say to Joe as he runs off. I turn my attention back to James. "Who's giving you your orders now that Mirabelli's in jail?"

"Don't worry shamus, he can manage even from inside jail."

"He may be in for a long time."

"He was framed. J.J. will get him off."

"Who framed him?"

"The DA and the police. The Boss was too smart for them, so they had to get him this way."

"I wouldn't worry if I were you, James. There will always be someone around to give you orders."

James pushes himself away from the table, spilling the remainder of Joe's coffee. "See you around, shamus."

"Yeah, I'll keep looking under the beds for you."





## Continental Detective Agency

## List of Addresses and Clue Points for July 8, 1934

570 Alabama.....	349	158 Waverly.....	326
2202 California.....	301	3320 19th St.....	343
5533 California.....	18	Assessor's Office.....	36
330 Capp St.....	171	Bureau of Investigation....	432
608 Elizabeth.....	20	Call-Bulletin.....	191
509 Ellis.....	321	Continental Office.....	363
949 Ellis.....	270	DMV Fingerprint Division...	428
1122 Fillmore.....	335	District Attorney.....	179
403 Geary.....	173	Robert Eckhoff.....	276
1029 Geary.....	248	Golden Gate Park.....	239
400 Grant Ave.....	289	Herbie.....	293
828 Jones.....	292	Jeremy Parrish.....	236
704 Larkin.....	310	J.J. Roach.....	82
1061 Market.....	16	St. Francis.....	257
2106 Market.....	254		
461 Mississippi.....	206	<u>Travel Around the Bay</u>	
656 Pacific.....	5	Burlingame.....	100
2405 Pacific.....	93	Lucky's Tavern.....	354
2506 Pierce.....	419	Meet the Quinn's.....	353
1615 Polk.....	328	Yacht Club.....	234
151 Powell.....	86	Hillsborough.....	100
173 Powell.....	9	23 Crescent Ave.....	424
620 Powell.....	109	Palo Alto-Stanford.....	100
282 Quintara.....	48	1237 Channing Way.....	325
1543 Sargent.....	332	Dean of Students.....	13
504 Scott.....	431	Professor Makarov.....	172
406 Stockton.....	256	Skip Stirling.....	80
21 Sutter.....	40	Sam Thacker.....	103
1078 Sutter.....	111	San Mateo.....	100
1914 Sutter.....	285	Coroner's Office.....	201
541 Turk.....	414		
39 Waverly.....	243		

# Monday

## July 9, 1934

---

I'm the first one into the office. This is the way I like it. I can get more work done, paper work that is. I take my steaming coffee cup, smoking cigarette and weary body into my office and start to catch up on some work. I am able to get a good half-hour's worth done before my attentions are diverted.

"Glad to see that you're getting your paper work done." The Old Man stands in the doorway of my office. His unlit black cigar points at me.

"Hi, Boss," I turn my attention from the papers to the Old Man. "Anything new?"

"Yes. You're off the Mirabelli case." The Old Man sits himself down in one of the vacant chairs in front of my desk.

"Why?"

"A good question to which I don't have the answer. Last night I got a call from James Roach who said he wanted us off the case. I told him we were hired by Mirabelli and that's who would have to fire us. He said he had it in writing. I went by the jail this morning and talked to Mirabelli. He wants us off the case."

"Did he say why?"

"Only that Roach had things under control. We've been paid through today, but I still need your expense report."

"Alright. What do you want me to work on?"

"Use the morning to clean up whatever loose ends you have. I need you back in the office by two-thirty this afternoon for an appointment."

"Who is it?"

"Don't know. Check with Ida when she comes in. I'll talk to you later. Get your reports up to date."

The Old Man heads back to his office and I turn back to my paper work. Well, if Mirabelli is paying us through today maybe I should look into a few things. On the whole I'm glad we're being taken off the case. I know we are guns for hire, but I would rather help Mirabelli's victims than get him off. Like lawyers, we are not always free to choose the quality of our clients.

"Phone call for you," calls out Bannon as he passes my door.

"Hello, may I help you?"

"This is Richards from the LA office. You issued a bulletin for a Bradford Pirelli?"

"Yes. Have you found him?"

"I think so. We found out that Pirelli has an uncle, Homer Pirelli, here in LA, so we put him under surveillance. Last night, around ten o'clock, a young man answering Pirelli's description arrived. Should we keep him under surveillance?"

"Yes."

"Anything else?"

"No. Just keep him under surveillance. Thanks for calling. I'll keep in touch, Richards."

"Do that and I'll do the same."

I hang up the phone and make a couple of notes. Nine-forty-five, time to hit the streets. The Old Man reminds me to be back in the office by two-thirty this afternoon.



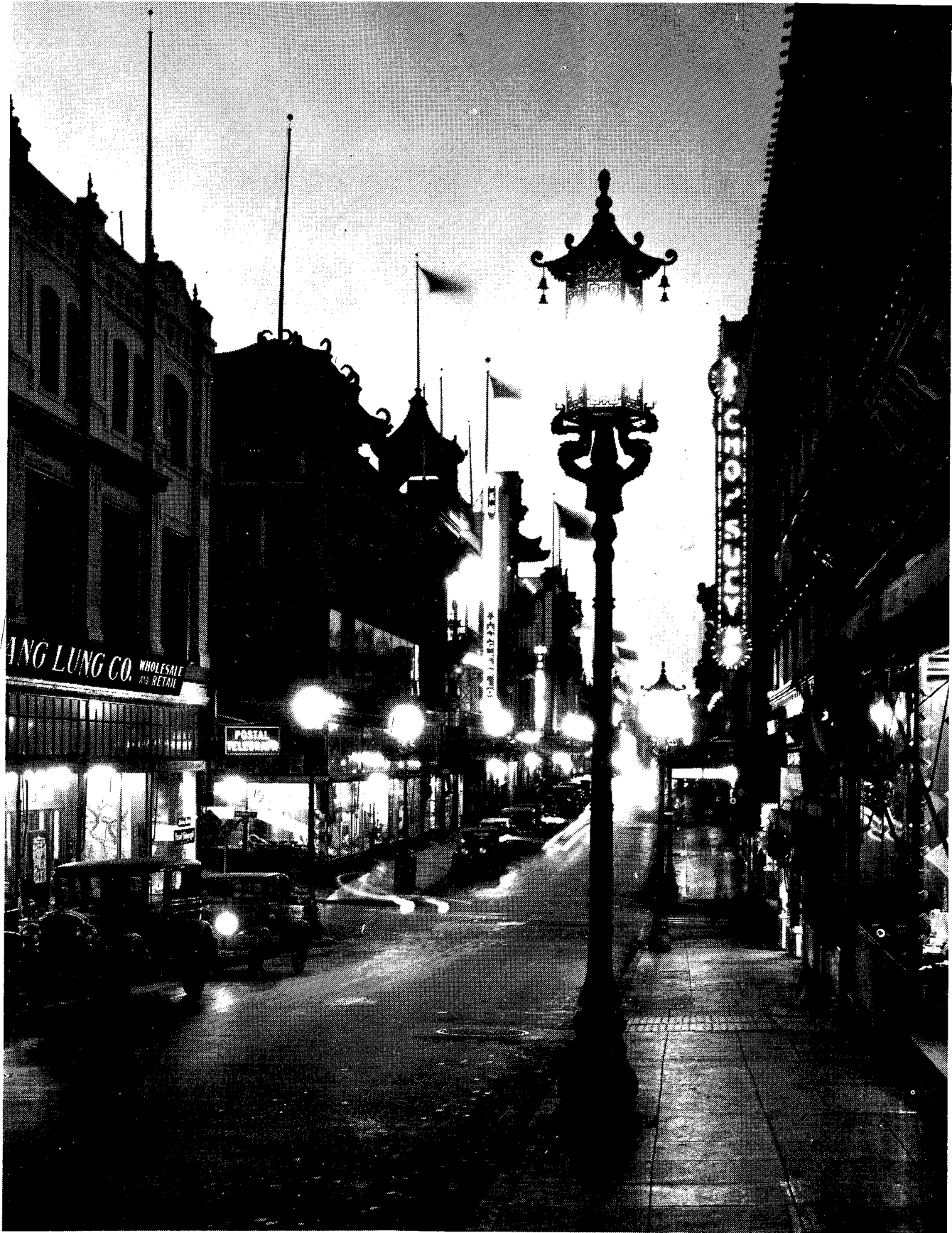
*The Hall of Justice, Portsmouth Square.*



## Continental Detective Agency

## List of Addresses and Clue Points for July 9, 1934

2202 California.....	301	91 Ramona Ave.....	72
5533 California.....	17	524 St. Charles.....	118
330 Capp St.....	171	1543 Sargent.....	332
421 Drumm.....	183	21 Sutter.....	40
608 Elizabeth.....	133	996 Sutter.....	382
509 Ellis.....	321	1914 Sutter.....	285
949 Ellis.....	270	1239 Taylor.....	35
920 Fell.....	102	541 Turk.....	414
463 Flood.....	10	782 Turk.....	143
403 Geary.....	173	3320 19th St.....	343
1029 Geary.....	248	Assessor's Office.....	36
1317 Grove.....	341	Bureau of Investigation....	428
1010 Haight.....	342	Call-Bulletin.....	191
245 Hernandez.....	77	Captain's Lantern.....	258
816 Howard.....	126	Continental Office.....	421
1120 Howard.....	340	DMV Fingerprint Division...	428
715 Huron.....	128	District Attorney.....	179
828 Jones.....	292	Robert Eckhoff.....	276
140 Julian.....	151	Golden Gate Park.....	239
964 Market.....	143	Herbie.....	293
2106 Market.....	254	Marina.....	223
18 Mason.....	153	Jeremy Parrish.....	236
38 Mason.....	127	Seaman's Union.....	176
2501 Mission.....	79		
461 Mississippi.....	206	<u>Travel Around the Bay</u>	
701 Northpoint.....	39	Burlingame.....	100
1740 Octavia.....	163	Lucky's Tavern.....	354
400 Page.....	90	Meet the Quinn's.....	351
1615 Polk.....	328	Yacht Club.....	234
1820-A Post.....	358	Oakland.....	100
1962 Post.....	94	1200 Highland Ave.....	247
151 Powell.....	86	City Hall.....	233
173 Powell.....	9	St. John's Episcopal...	194
620 Powell.....	109	San Jose.....	100
282 Quintara.....	48	6245 Empire.....	216
3900 Quintara.....	15		



*Grant Avenue, Chinatown.*

## Tuesday

### July 10, 1934

---

"You please 'cuse my bad English?"

"There's nothing to excuse. Your English is just fine. What can we do for you?"

"My husband is gone. He must found be. Please you find him?"

When I entered the office this morning and saw the smile on Ida's face I knew that something was up. Ida's smile is always a sure indication that some unpleasant or difficult problem has just been deposited in my office. I never get the easy stuff, thank God, but I can never figure out if it's because she likes me or not. Whatever the reason, when I entered my office I found Mrs. Czygelstreich and her not-too-perfect English.

Mrs. Czygelstreich sits in a straight-back wooden chair with her back straight and knees tight together. She is wearing a stylish coat and hat and clutches a purse in her lap. She appears to be in her mid-forties and has that comfortable maternal beauty found in women from central Europe.

"Please Mrs. Czygelstreich, you must start from the beginning."

"My English is so poor."

"Don't worry about your English, it's fine."

"My husband and I, we are from Poland, but we flee during the revolution and go to Shanghai."

"China?"

"Yes. There is big Polish . . . uh . . . com-mu-ni-ty there. That is where we live since fifteen years. For very long time we know we must return to our homeland. Now that time is here. We arrive in your beautiful city three days since on the *Orient Queen*. Friday we go to New York . . . by train . . . then by ship to Europe. But now my husband is . . . ah . . . ah . . ."

"Missing?"

"Yes, missing. I do not know where he can be. He can speak no English. I afraid be that something has happened to him."

The tears that she has been holding back now break forth. I call Ida and she comes in with her best motherly airs. She helps Mrs. Czygelstreich to the ladies room. I don't know what goes on in the ladies room, but Ida works wonders on them.

I take this opportunity to light a cigarette and take a couple of deep drags before reaching for the phone. I dial the Polish Consulate and ask for Sam Wachholz. A large part of this business involves dealing with foreigners. People new in town who lose something or someone, so if you're a good op you develop contacts in many ethnic communities. Sam is my ex-brother-in-law and is trade attache at the Polish Consulate.

"Sam Wachholz. Can I help you?"

"Yeah, Sam, it's your—"

"I know. I've been waiting for your call. I take it Mrs. Czygelstreich has shown up."

"Did you send her?"

"Of course. Have to make sure that Andrea gets her alimony checks."

"What can you tell me?"

"She was waiting on the stoop this morning when I arrived at the embassy. Mr. Czygelstreich is well known to us. He is a successful importer who has prospered in the competitive environment of Shanghai. All I could get out of Mrs. Czygelstreich was that her husband was missing and that someone was after their valuables. I couldn't get much more out of her."

"Why didn't you take her to the police?"

"Their view of the police is someone to be avoided not someone to go to for help. Anyway, you know how the police handle missing persons reports. Without evidence of foul-play, the police won't do anything. See what you can do. They have money if that's what you're worried about."

"You know me all too well, Sam. Well, thanks for the business."

Well, that makes things a little clearer. I once had a missing person case involving a Chinaman born in a remote section of northern India. Spoke no English or Chinese. He was in town on a stop-over to Washington where he was to participate in some sort of high-level negotiations. To make a long story short, he got separated from his party and got lost. The police found him wandering around Pacific Heights, not the best place for a Nepalian Chinaman to be wandering. The police took him in and called in their Chinese interpreter who could not even get the man's name.

Well, if a Chinaman wandering Pacific Heights was unacceptable to the police, a Chinaman who couldn't speak Chinese was even more unacceptable. They booked him as John Doe, and since he was obviously mentally retarded, they sent him to the State Asylum at Agnew. Took me two weeks to find him.

"You look much better, Mrs. Czygelstreich!" Ida leads in a brighter-eyed woman than the one who left. She does work wonders. "Thank you, Ida," I say politely as she leaves us alone. "Now, Mrs. Czygel—"

"Please call me Maria."

"Thank you. How do you feel?"

"Much better. Ida said that if anyone could find my husband you could."

"I'll try. Now, I talked to Mr. Wachholz at—"

"He is nice man."

"Yeah, a real prince."

"Oh, I didn't know. He treated me with such respect."

"Sam said that someone is after your valuables. Can you tell me about that?"

She lowers her eyes and stares at her hands which are clutched tightly together on her lap.

"They are after the Holy Pictures," she blurts out. "We must return them. It is our duty. When we left Poland, we were . . . uh . . . uh . . . they gave us the Icon to keep it safe. We were all afraid the village's Icon would be taken by the godless revolutionaries. We carried it across Russia and Asia and kept it safe in Shanghai all these years. Now we must return it to Tomaszow, our village. But, ever since we arrive here, someone has been after the picture. Now they have Julius."

The tears start to well up in her eyes again. I decide it's time for my tough question act.

"Now look, Maria, if I'm going to help you, I need information not tears. Now answer my questions. When did you arrive in San Francisco?"

"Saturday, seven July. Eight o'clock in the night."

"Where are you staying?"

"The Bellevue."

"Did you go out Saturday night?"

"No. We went right to bed."

"What did you do on Sunday?"

"We rented a car, went to church, and went sight-seeing. Julius loves photography. We spent the day taking pictures."

"Where did you go?"

"To Golden Gate Park and the Palace of Fine Arts. Out to

the beach."

"And after that?"

"We went to dinner."

"Where?"

"Fisherman's Grotto. After dinner we went back to our hotel room. Someone had broken into it. What a . . . a . . . mess. The suitcases and camera equipment are all over. But nothing was missing. I had hid the Holy Pictures under the bed. They did not find it."

"Did you tell anyone?"

"No. The next day we took the Holy Pictures to a church for it to be safe."

"Which one?"

"Saints Peter and Paul."

"Then what happened?"

"We went back to the hotel. Julius wanted to rest. I went to shop. I was away for three hours. When I came back, Julius was gone. At first I just thought he had gone out, although he does not speak English. Then this letter came."

*IF YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR HUSBAND ALIVE,  
GO TO THE SOUTH WINDMILL IN GOLDEN GATE  
PARK AT 90'CLOCK WEDNESDAY NIGHT.*

*BRING THE PICTURES. IF YOU GO THE POLICE  
YOUR HUSBAND IS DEAD.*

"How did you get this letter?"

"It was left at the desk in the hotel."

"Do you have a photograph of your husband?"

"Not with me. But the pictures we took on Sunday are to be ready at the developer today. You can have one of those."

"Good, it may come in handy. I'll stop by the hotel later and pick them up. Do you want to go to the police?"

"NO! Please, no!"

"I think you should, but it's up to you. Now, here is what I want you to do. You go back to your hotel room and wait."

"Wait for what?"

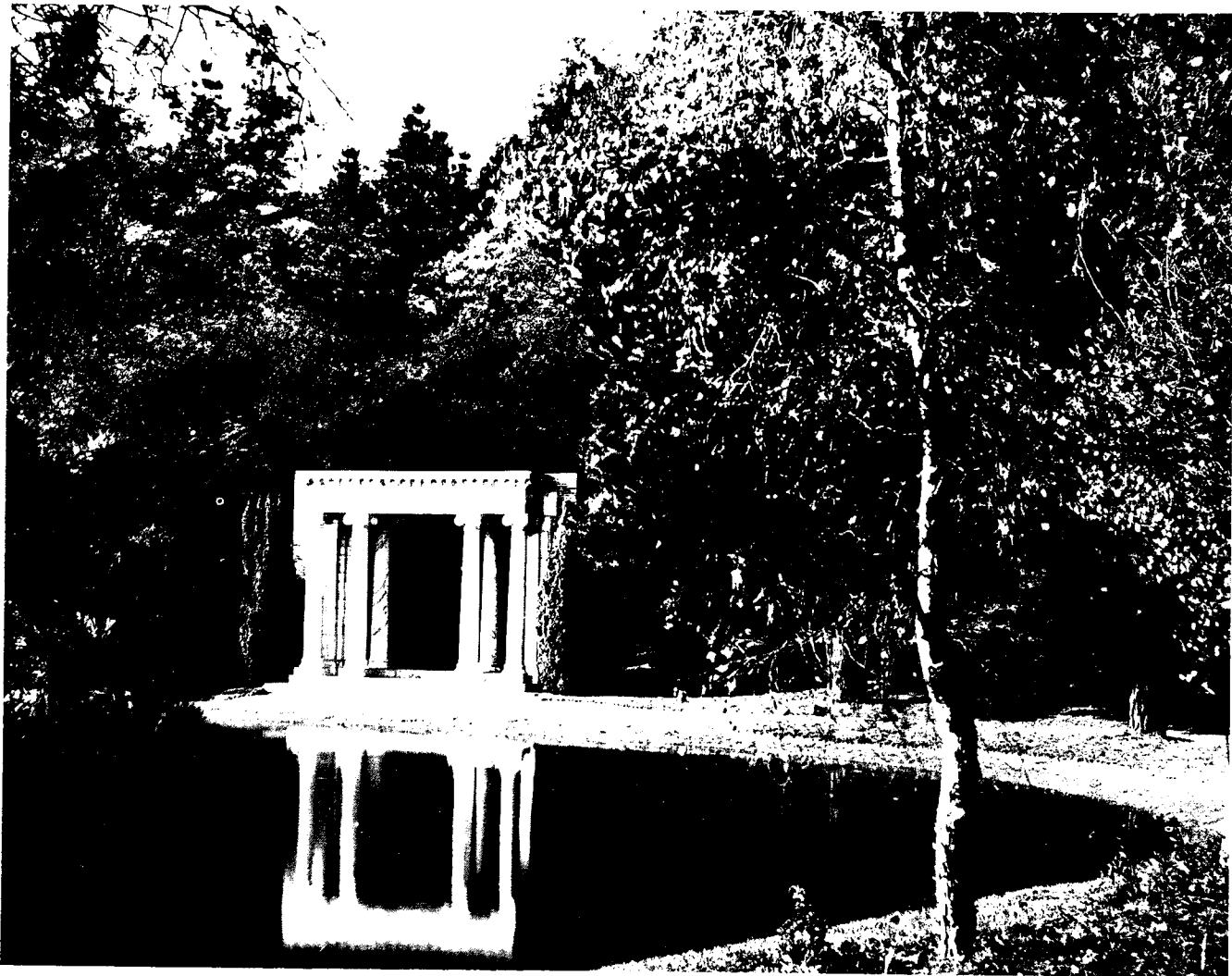
"For me. If the kidnapper should contact you, call the office right away. Understand?"

"Yes."

"Good."

I call in Ida who gives Mrs. Czygelstreich the office phone number and walks her to the elevator. I pour myself a cup of Ida's coffee and steal one of her Chesterfields from the pack she left on her desk and walk back into my office. I look out my window as I puff on my cigarette and drink my coffee. I love this city. From the beautiful vistas of Nob Hill to the rough toughness of the China Basin. But, I hate kidnappings. Too much can go wrong.

I watch Mrs. Czygelstreich cross Market and hail a cab. A Checker stops and she gets in. It sits for what seems like minute or two and then does a U-turn and speeds down Market. I like Mrs. Czygelstreich. I hope things work out OK.



*The Portals of the Past.*



## Continental Detective Agency

## List of Addresses and Clue Points for July 10, 1934

2285 Bay.....	120	400 Page St.....	90
431 Belvedere.....	135	650 Peralta.....	168
879 Castro.....	138	1820-A Post.....	358
33 Chattanooga.....	167	1962 Post.....	94
1006 Clement.....	145	3900 Quintara.....	15
1115 Cole.....	162	91 Ramona Ave.....	72
856 Corbett.....	409	524 St. Charles.....	161
704 Divisadero.....	423	312 Scott.....	14
421 Drumm.....	183	2704 Scott.....	345
951 Eddy.....	165	1931 Sutter.....	148
260 Fair Oaks.....	89	1239 Taylor.....	35
650 Fell.....	149	245 Turk.....	92
920 Fell.....	102	541 Turk.....	414
666 Filbert.....	344	2041 Union.....	71
463 Flood.....	10	115 Valencia.....	357
689 Florida.....	196	123 3rd St.....	73
2130 Fulton.....	62	3215 17th St.....	204
505 Geary.....	430	Bureau of Investigation...	432
115 Gough.....	70	Call-Bulletin.....	146
1317 Grove.....	29	Captain's Lantern.....	258
1320 Grove.....	142	DMV Fingerprint Division...	428
1325 Grove.....	139	Maurice Chaillou.....	125
1010 Haight.....	342	Golden Gate Park.....	372
245 Hernandez.....	77	Marina.....	223
816 Howard.....	126	Palace of Fine Arts.....	134
1120 Howard.....	78	Powell/O'Farrell.....	193
715 Huron.....	128	SF Library.....	360
15 Jones.....	130	Seaman's Union.....	176
335 Jones.....	262		
140 Julian.....	160		
508 Market.....	58		
726 Market.....	184		
740 Market.....	75		
2106 Market.....	254		
18 Mason.....	153		
38 Mason.....	127		
223 Masonic.....	219		
2501 Mission.....	79		
6347 Mission.....	418		
701 Northpoint.....	39		
1740 Octavia.....	163		

Travel Around the Bay

Alameda.....	100
Whoopee Ride.....	155
Oakland.....	100
1280 Cavour.....	83
City Hall.....	233
1200 Highland Ave.....	247
St. John's Episcopal...	194
San Jose.....	100
6245 Empire.....	216

Wednesday  
July 11, 1934

You may keep the pictures  
as long as you need.  
Maria.





## Continental Detective Agency

## List of Addresses and Clue Points for July 11, 1934

2285 Bay.....	120	400 Page St.....	90
431 Belvedere.....	135	650 Peralta.....	168
949 Capp.....	27	1820-A Post.....	358
879 Castro.....	138	1962 Post.....	132
33 Chattanooga.....	167	3900 Quintara.....	15
1006 Clement.....	145	91 Ramona Ave.....	72
1115 Cole.....	162	524 St. Charles.....	180
856 Corbett.....	409	312 Scott.....	14
704 Divisadero.....	423	2704 Scott.....	345
421 Drumm.....	183	1931 Sutter.....	148
951 Eddy.....	165	1239 Taylor.....	97
260 Fair Oaks.....	89	245 Turk.....	92
650 Fell.....	156	541 Turk.....	414
920 Fell.....	49	2041 Union.....	71
666 Filbert.....	344	115 Valencia.....	357
463 Flood.....	10	123 3rd St.....	73
689 Florida.....	196	3215 17th St.....	147
2130 Fulton.....	62	Bureau of Investigtion....	432
505 Geary.....	430	Call-Bulletin.....	146
115 Gough.....	70	Captain's Lantern.....	258
1317 Grove.....	425	Continental.....	279
1320 Grove.....	136	DMV Fingerprint Division...	428
1325 Grove.....	129	Maurice Chaillou.....	154
1010 Haight.....	342	Golden Gate Park.....	359
245 Hernandez.....	356	Marina.....	223
816 Howard.....	126	Palace of Fine Arts.....	134
1120 Howard.....	271	Powell/O'Farrell.....	193
715 Huron.....	128	SF Library.....	360
15 Jones.....	130	Seaman's Union.....	176
335 Jones.....	262		
140 Julian.....	85	<u>Travel Around the Bay</u>	
508 Market.....	58	Alameda.....	100
726 Market.....	184	Whoopee Ride.....	155
740 Market.....	75	Oakland.....	100
18 Mason.....	153	1280 Cavour.....	61
38 Mason.....	127	City Hall.....	233
223 Masonic.....	219	1200 Highland Ave.....	247
2501 Mission.....	79	St. John's Episcopal...	194
6347 Mission.....	418	San Jose.....	100
701 Northpoint.....	39	6245 Empire.....	216
1740 Octavia.....	422		



*Looking at the Van Ness Avenue entrance to City Hall.*

# CLUE SECTION



## CLUE 1

If everybody I knew, including those I'd just had a casual drink with and those I'd collared for this and that, turned out for my funeral, they wouldn't half fill this place, and today there isn't an empty seat to be seen. I can't believe all these people were really friends of the guy. Some are here for business reasons, I know, but I guess the rest are just here to be seen. I recognize a few of them—the Mayor, most of the city Supervisors, Villiers of the City of Paris, Charlotte Muncie, and the Police Commissioner.

There are the usual speeches, eulogies and prayers. Everyone seems appropriately well-behaved and mournful. I say my own prayers for Black and all the other gumshoes who die dirty deaths and leave few behind to care or remember.

The service ends and the mourners begin filing out. I file out with them thinking about whether I should stick with this funeral angle and go on out to Calvary Cemetery or try something different.

**Time: 1 hour**

## CLUE 2

No one answers my knocks on the door of apartment number three. I don't feel sure enough of myself in this poorly-constructed, people-filled old building to risk letting myself in uninvited. Besides, the door looks stubborn and the windows are twenty feet above ground. I see a young face watching me from the landing. It belongs to a dark-haired boy around ten years old.

"You looking for my mother? Mrs. Pirelli?"

"No, I'm looking for her son, Bradford. Are you his brother?"

"Yeah, we're brothers. But I don't see him much. He don't live with us anymore. My Momma won't tell me where he lives."

"Do you know anywhere else I can find him?"

"I've seen him at that pool hall. The one down on Mission. Next to my favorite candy store. He says he has friends there. I don't know if he's there now. Are you his friend, too?"

"Yes, and I'm trying to find him and ask him some questions. He can help me. Thanks for the tip, kid."

**Time: 15 minutes**

## CLUE 3

I'm one of those guys who's always thinking about something while I drive. And what I'm wondering about when I pull into the drive of fifty-five-thirty-three California is that this quiet block of the Rich-

mond is hardly the sort of place that a highly-placed mob official would live. The big boys tend to live in the really uppercrust areas: Pacific Heights or down the Peninsula in some area oozing with wealth like Hillsborough. If Bier *had* made his boodle from keeping track of someone else's, he certainly didn't believe in advertising it.

The houses are unassuming, old two-story structures, huddled together as if there really will be safety in numbers when another earthquake comes along as big as the one in aught six. The house has a respectable facade of dark green clapboard with a bunch of hydrangeas in front and a huge mourning wreath with a black bow hanging on the door. A group of small metal trucks have been left idle at the tasks assigned them by some youthful civil engineers. Two well-worn rag dolls sit in the corner of the porch. I rap quietly on the door.

A pale light-haired woman dressed all in black answers the door. Her eyes are as red as a Sixth street drunk's, her face is moist with fresh tears.

"Yes?" she quavers. "What may I do for you?"

"Mrs. Bier? I'm from the Continental Detective Agency . . ." She begins to sob.

"Please go away. I'm sorry, I can't talk to anyone about Jack. Not now. Please."

Oh boy. All I can do is be as conciliatory as I can. "I'm terribly sorry to bother you. But I'm trying to find out who killed your husband, and you're one of the people I need to talk to to bring the killer to justice. I know it's hard, but help me now, and I'll leave you alone as soon as I can."

She looks me over for a minute. She decides to trust me to make it as easy as possible for her, and to fill her need for someone to share her grief. "Come in, I'm sorry the house is in a shambles, but . . . you understand, I'm sure."

She's right. It is a mess. Children's coats and wraps are strewn over the chairs. Through the kitchen doors I can see a tremendous pile of unwashed pots and pans. But the wood floor is clean, the furniture is immaculate, as are the nicely wallpapered hall and living room walls. Obviously, she's a conscientious housekeeper who's let more important matters interrupt her routine.

"Where are the children?" I ask softly.

"They're at their aunt's down in Millbrae," she murmurs. "Beth is a dear to take all five of them off my hands. They're all I have left, it seems—but I need some time to myself. They'll come back for the service on Sunday, of course."

I force myself to break into her musings. "Mrs. Bier, I'm sorry, but I should ask you a few questions about your husband and his work. Then I'll leave you be."

Her chin quavers slightly, but she keeps the sobs back. Good. I plunge ahead.

"Mr. Mirabelli told me—" Her eyes flash.

"Mirabelli! I never want to hear that name again!"

I think about breaking in, but let her speak her piece.

"It was he who got Jackie mixed up with all those thugs. Well, the Lord's got Jack, and the cops have Mirabelli. I hope the Devil takes him when he dies. If Jack had stayed on the up and up, he'd be here with me and the kids . . ."

I break in again. "Look, this is important. Calm down."

She does, after a few minutes.

"Ok." I try to ease her into it. "Why don't we start at the beginning? Your husband was running with some pretty tough characters. How did he fall in with them?"

"It was the Depression that did it. Jackie and I had a good life back in the twenties. He was a successful tax consultant, knew the law inside and out. But then the crash came and two things happened. First, we had the same problems as everyone else. He had to support our family—and we had six kids—on an income that was shrinking. His clients were going bankrupt—people he cared about were killing themselves, and the economy was finishing off the businesses of those who didn't. All right, it was the same thing we all were faced with.

"But something inside Jack turned sour. He lost his faith in the government. He didn't become a Red or anything, but he just started feeling that the U.S. Government didn't give a damn about him or his friends—the little guys. He felt that the way the government handled the economic crisis was criminal, and that the laws and decisions made by Hoover made it impossible for any Joe on the street to live. So, slowly, he lost his belief in the law. He started working in shadier jobs, and it was while he was the bookkeeper and tax man for Bay Meadows racetrack that he was introduced to Mirabelli by a friend.

"Mirabelli had heard about Jack, and had checked up on his work in the past. He offered a huge sum to Jack, in cash, to come work for him and reorganize his books. Jack asked him what the business was, and Mirabelli told him it was bookmaking, but pointed out that it wasn't much different from what Jack was doing at the time.

"Jack thought hard about it for a week. I was against it, but we just weren't making ends meet. Then Lydia, our eldest, was hit by a car. We couldn't afford to get her the treatment she needed." Her voice is barely audible; she's completely lost in the past. "That was what did it. Never mind that we were better off than most people we knew, it still wasn't enough to bring our little girl home. Jack accepted Mirabelli's offer, and half that cash went towards medical costs. But Lydia died anyway. And now Jack's gone too. Just five kids and me."

"Mrs. Bier, I'm sorry if it's painful for you, but I have to ask you a few questions about your husband's work." What a euphemism. "Would you mind telling me what charges the police were holding Jack on?"

"I don't think it's any of . . . Oh, all right. It doesn't matter now anyway. I don't know too much of the specifics. Jack never told me anything about his work unless it affected the way he was feeling or changed his paycheck. So I don't really know the background, other than it had something to do with inconsistencies on one of Mirabelli's nineteen thirty-two tax forms. Jack's signature was on the bottom, of course. Somehow the police were informed there were differences, and they picked up Jack."

"Do you know how they found this out?"

"I have no idea. It could have been the Feds, it could have been an enemy of Jack's. He tried to find out, but the police were tight-lipped."

"Did your husband have many enemies?"

"Some, yes—but that was only because of what he did for Mirabelli. His job was to eliminate financial waste and inefficiency, and to keep on top of the economics of all of Mirabelli's operations. So he held a lot of information, and many people disliked him because he kept tabs on them, or distrusted him because they thought he was a spy for Mirabelli.

"But what they didn't realize was that Jack was devoted to his work, and wasn't the sort of man to hold grudges. He wasn't out to get anyone, but when he found a problem, he'd talk about it with whoever he needed to to straighten it out—and only turned things over to Mirabelli as a last resort. So he made enemies, but only with those looking to double-cross Mirabelli. Jack was incapable of lying to anyone to their face. He never would set up or turn on an associate."

"That's interesting. Mirabelli told me that Jack was ready to talk to the DA about his mob activities."

"That's a lie!" Fire blazes up in her eyes, and she spits out the words. "I talked with Jack the afternoon before he was killed. The DA's men were trying to get him to talk, offering him a reduced sentence. But Jack never considered it. He said that he had actually yelled at J.J. when he started counseling Jack to keep mum. Jack was outraged that J.J. would think he would talk. Jack was a professional, and he was determined to keep his confidences, even though one of Mirabelli's boys might have turned him in."

In a funny way, I am touched by this woman's pride in her mysterious husband. The phrase "honor among thieves" is tossed around jokingly by political observers and other such jokers. From my work, I know that it exists, but nowhere have I seen it described so succinctly as in that quiet residential neighborhood by that frail-looking woman in black. I ask her two final questions.

"How about the police? Have they tried getting anything out of you?"

"No. J.J. came over to prepare me in case they came by. But no one ever did. The only communication I got from them was a call from a sergeant that Jack had been shot, and the name of the hospital where they had taken him."

"And what can you tell me about J.J. Roach? How did he feel about Jack?"

"I really have a hard time understanding J.J. He and Jack were Mirabelli's reins on the organization; J.J. handling the legal and Jack the financial. J.J. and Jack had several similar characteristics. Both believed strongly in making the operation professional, and keeping it from degenerating into violence."

Oh brother. You'd think she was talking about the League of Nations rather than one of the city's most ruthless operations.

**Time: 1 hour**

## **CLUE 4**

I arrive at the Southern Pacific depot ten minutes before the Rocky Clipper is due in, which means I only have to wait thirty minutes before it appears. I

light a smoke and prop myself inconspicuously behind one of the plaster Greek pillars. From this vantage point I can watch the passengers without being obvious. Not many people traveling this Independence Day.

The last whoosh of steam, sounding like the dying breath of some primeval monster, covers the platform with a ghostlike, white fog. The disembarking passengers push their way through this ghostly ectoplasm. First a sailor, walking fast, duffel bag flung over his right shoulder. Right on his heels is a small chinaman, a long black overcoat buttoned tight around his neck, black felt hat pulled down on his head only a fraction of an inch above his beady, black eyes. He carries a small, black leather bag clutched tightly in his right hand, his left shoved deep into the pocket of his great, black coat. He pauses, placing the small bag on the ground next to him. His beady eyes survey the station while he lights a cheroot, sending a cloud of dark smoke into the air. He picks up his satchel and moves quickly toward the side exit.

Two more figures emerge from the steam: an elderly couple, a tall grey-haired gentleman in an expensive-looking camel hair coat and, holding his arm, a small woman dressed in black, a tightly-woven black veil covering her face. They are followed by a negro porter pushing a cart piled high with luggage. Close behind is a yapping black and white terrier straining at its leash. On the other end of the leash is a beautiful, stylishly-dressed young woman whose lithe, slender figure is no match for the terrier's pugnacious determination to bite the porter's heels.

"Asta! Stop it Asta!" shouts the young woman. She turns to the man walking a few paces behind, a broad smile on his face. "Nick, please take Asta."

The man takes the leash. "Asta!" The dog stops in its tracks, almost tripping the young woman.

"Asta, to the bar," directs the man. The dog takes off, pulling his master across the station to the pink neon sign that says "Cocktails," leaving the young woman standing, hands on hips.

"Could you see that our bags get to the Mark Hopkins?" the young woman asks the porter as she slips him a dollar.

"Yes'm, Mrs. Charles." The young woman heads for the pink flashing sign.

The next couple of passengers make me stand up straight and snuff out my cigarette. The man is about five feet ten inches tall with reddish-blond hair, blue eyes and quite handsome. From this distance I can't tell if he has a small scar under his lip, but everything else matches the description of Harry Nelson. Everything, that is, except his companion. It is a woman, but no plain Jane. She's a knockout blonde, her shoulder-length golden curls frame a face that is cream white with lips thick and deep red. Her clothes are of the best quality and style. They are moving fast across the station toward the waiting taxis.

"Mr. Nelson!" I shout as the couple passes me. "May I have a word with you?"

He doesn't look up. I grab his shoulder. He turns and gives me a strong right hook to the side of my head, knocking me down to the curb. It stuns me for a moment or two, long enough for Nelson to get away in the taxi. It happens so fast I don't even notice the cab company.

As I pick myself up off the ground I hear a loud scream from around the corner. I run to see what's happening. There on the sidewalk lies the small Chinaman that I saw get off the train a few minutes ago. His hat lies next to him, but I don't see the small black bag he was carrying with such care. I am about to examine him more closely when a policeman, followed by a group of people, comes around the corner.

"What goes on here?" asks the cop.

"I heard a scream," I say.

The cop bends over the body and feels the wrist for a pulse. "He's dead," he pronounces. "Anyone know him?"

"He was on the Rocky Clipper," says someone in the group. It's the man with the dog. "He got on the train in Portland. Strange little man."

"Oh, Nickie, don't get involved. You just finished a case," says his companion. The dog barks as if to give his opinion. They seem to understand him.

My head's still ringing from Nelson's right hook. Maybe a drink will help.

**Time: 1 hour**

## **CLUE 5**

A quick check of the hallway shows many people and much activity: kids play while their mothers talk in low voices so as not to wake their dozing husbands. I make my way around to the back of the apartment. A fire escape runs up the back of the building, right under the window of Lee's room. By standing on a garbage can and stretching I am able to pull myself up the first level and from there I easily climb up to the third floor and the window to Lee's unlighted room. The window opens smoothly. I climb in head first, making it easy for the person with the blackjack to put out my lights.

**Time: 4 hours**

## **CLUE 6**

The note on Skip Stirling's dorm room reads, "I'm on the roof." I step forward to open the door to see what might be in his room, but a voice behind me says, "If you're looking for Skip, he's up on the roof looking through his new contraption. Here, I'll show you the way." The eager freshman grabs me by the wrist and leads me to a door at the end of the hall. He pushes it open and points up the stairs. "Just go up six flights."

The little pest.

I find Skip Stirling on the roof sitting on a short stool, looking at the daytime sky through what looks like a homemade telescope. He obviously doesn't come up here very often, at least during the daytime, since his skin is practically translucent. He turns towards me; his tousled light-brown hair frames a pale face that is dominated by glasses as thick as the bottoms of sodapop bottles. They make the eyes behind them look

unnaturally large. After making a small mark in the notebook on his lap, Skip presses his glasses back to the eyepiece of the telescope.

"Are you Skip?" I ask.

There is no answer at first.

"Skip?" I ask again.

"Yeah?" he responds, turning toward me, shielding his eyes from the sun and blinking.

"I'm from the Contin—"

He ignores me, makes another mark in the book, and leans back to the telescope. Obviously he is more interested in what he's doing than in me. So I'll play the game his way.

"Can you see the stars through that thing?"

"Uh huh." He nods, but doesn't move away from the eyepiece.

"How can you do that in the daytime?"

He makes another mark in the book on his lap, and turns to me with a smile of pride on his face. "It's my own invention. I've experimented with polarized and tinted lenses. Would you like to look?" He is friendly enough when you talk star stuff with him. I bend down, squint one eye closed, and look through the telescope with the other. I'll be damned if there aren't dozens of stars against a dark blue background at the other end of the tube. Puzzled, I get up and look down the telescope from the other end. I can see his tiny foot miniaturized through the lenses.

"Polarized lenses, you say? Is that why some of the stars are fuzzy?"

"No, I'm looking at a galaxy cluster. The fuzzy ones are galaxies."

Now I've fattened him up for the kill. I shoot a question at him.

"When was the last time you saw Billy Kern?"

He takes it completely in his stride. "Oh last Monday, I think. At study hall." He shields his eyes and blinks at me.

"Do you know where he is now?"

"No." He leans back and looks through the telescope again. He's back in his own world. I get a funny idea. I'll see if I can shock it out of him.

"Where'd you hide the body?"

He doesn't even wince. After five seconds he pauses to make another mark, and then he's back to the stars.

For a kid, he's one tough nut to crack.

**Time: 30 min**

## CLUE 7

The door is answered by a pretty colored woman in her early thirties dressed in a maid's uniform. I ask to see Hayes.

"He's not at home, sir. Would you care to leave your card?"

"When do you expect him? It's important that I speak with him."

"I reckon he'll be quite busy with visitors this afternoon. Mr. Scott had many friends. I've been working getting ready all morning. He said he had a meeting at the store this morning at nine that he just couldn't miss. It don't seem quite right, him going to work with

his poor old daddy dying just a few hours ago. He was planning to stop by the lawyer's office and be home by noon."

"Thanks."

**Time: 15 min**

## CLUE 8

It takes me a while to find the words "Sam's Service Station and Cafe" amid a gaudy potpourri of signs advertising a staggering array of products. The advertisements cover most of the building's walls and line the roof. I find the front door between Pepsi-Cola and Eugenia's Hair Tonic and step inside.

"Is it possible to speak to the owner?" I ask of a young, rosy-cheeked waitress.

She absent-mindedly drops a bowl of soup on the table, spilling half of it into a customer's lap, and points outside through a window. "He's out there by the pumps. You must have missed him when you came in."

I go back outside. A white-haired old man in a white shirt sits dozing in a wheelchair next to a gas pump. I tap him on the shoulder. He snorts a few times and coughs and looks up at me. "That'll be forty-five cents," is the first thing out of his mouth.

"I didn't buy any gas. I just wanted to ask you a question or two."

He takes out a handkerchief and blows his nose. "OK then, ten cents a question—I'll answer any question you got."

"Do you remember two or three kids—about twenty years old—coming out onto the road somewhere around here on Wednesday night?"

He ponders. "Two or three kids? What was they doing? All boys?"

"No, one was a girl. I'm not sure what they were doing—but they must have gotten a ride out of here."

That jogs his memory. "I know the ones. A boy and a girl—only two of 'em. All scratched-up looking. Yeah, yeah, they came up the road here Wednesday afternoon, late. First they made a call from the phone booth over there, then they tried to flag down a ride. Took 'em a while but they finally got one from a truck."

"Do you happen to know who owned the truck?"

"No, can't say that I do. But wait—painted on the side of the truck was a fish wearing a top hat and a tie. I remember that. But no name."

I thank him and hand him a dime.

**Time: 30 min**

## CLUE 9

The door from the street leads into a lobby which is rather small, but the high ceiling and mirrors create some semblance of spaciousness. It's empty with the exception of a white-haired gent who looks like he thinks he owns the place.

"Can I help you?"

I decide to play this one straight. Maybe this old chap saw something. "I'm looking into the shooting at Herbert's," I say as I flash my i.d. "Did you see anything unusual Thursday afternoon?"

"Well, now, there was something a bit strange. I didn't think too much of it at the time, but after the killing and all, I got to thinking maybe there was some connection, but you're the first one who come by to ask."

The old doorman is trying my patience, but I don't think rushing him is the best tactic. "What did you see?"

"Well, it was just a couple minutes before all the police arrived. Two men came down the elevator and rushed outta here. They jumped into a waiting black sedan and sped off."

"Had you ever seen them before?"

"Not before that morning."

"That morning?"

"Yessir, they came in about nine o'clock and took the elevator up to the sixth floor. I was curious because all three businesses on the sixth floor were closed for a long holiday weekend. They were up there about half an hour. Then they came back down and left."

"And that was the only time you'd seen them?"

"Well, I saw them when they came in that afternoon."

"What time was that?"

"About three, I'd guess."

"And they went up to the sixth floor again?"

"Yes."

"Anything else you can tell me?"

"Well, I don't know if it's important, but I did happen to notice part of the license number of the car they left in. Two-Three-Four something. I remember it was close to a straight, but . . . you see, there's not much to do up here most of the time, so I noticed when the car drove up. It just pulled to the curb and sat there. About ten minutes later the two men came out of the elevator in a big hurry, jumped into the car and sped off."

"You've been really helpful. Mind if I go up and look around a bit?"

"Oh, help yourself. Do you think those men were involved in the killing?"

"Could be."

I take the elevator up to the sixth floor and the stairs to the roof. It doesn't take long to find what I'm looking for, a twelve-foot-long four-by-six. Looks like it may have been part of a scaffolding used by a painter or a window-washer once, but I'd wager a month's salary that it was last used by the killers instead.

I head back down to the lobby and thank old eagle-eye again. I may not know *who* killed Bier, but at least I know *how* they did it.

Time: 1 hour

## CLUE 10

With a small amount of trouble I am able to locate Zeager's apartment on Flood Street south of Mount

Davidson in a part of the city that no tourist has ever seen. I do my best to convince his landlady to let me into his empty apartment, but she insists on calling up the agency to see what they have to say.

The Old Man tells her to obey my every word.

As she lets me in she gives me a warning: "Don't you try to lift anything—I'll be standin' right here in the doorway watching you."

Unfortunately, my search of his room proves to be wholly fruitless. It appears that everything that might give a clue to his personal life—address books, letters, journals, photos, financial records—has been intentionally removed. There is nothing which gives me a hint to where he might be. As I leave the sparsely-furnished seaman's apartment and tell the relieved landlady goodbye, the mailman is putting a letter into Zeager's box. I leave the building and wait for the landlady to retreat to her rooms and the postman to continue on his rounds before slipping back into the foyer.

Indeed, there is a letter in his compartment. I pull it out. The return address is Truheim & Truheim, Attorneys, 5926 Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. I hold it up to the light and try to read what is inside. All I see is a thick folded piece of paper.

I slip the envelope into my pocket and leave the building a second time. Back in the privacy of my car I open the envelope and find the following letter:



Attorneys at Law  
5926 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California  
SUnet 1233

July 5, 1934

Captain Morris Zeager  
463 Flood Avenue,  
San Francisco,  
California.

Dear Capt. Zeager,

This is a follow-up to our letter of June 23rd, 1934. We still have not heard from you concerning the matter of your brother-in-law, Mr. Usinger. It is very important that we find him, and as we have no idea where he is living now or what he even looks like, you are our only hope in our search for him.

As we informed you in our first letter, Mr. Usinger may be the owner of a large piece of beachfront property in Southern California, although he may not be aware of it. The state is trying to contact him to award him the property. The last address we have for him is in San Jose, but our letters to him there go unanswered. Please contact us as soon as possible if you have any information concerning his whereabouts. Thank you.

Yours sincerely,

W. A. Truheim

Time: 2 hours

## CLUE 11

I have to park across the street from the Marquis' house—I'm not at all surprised to find a police car parked in front of the scruffy lawn at 1120 Howard. And I'm not at all delighted to find Officer Bill O'Malley—Liam when he pines after the "Ould Sod"—standing on the front porch. He greets me with the genial narrow-mindedness which is all too common with Irish cops:

"Hey, so ye came by to look at this naigger's house, did ye? Well, let me tell ye right off it's no go. Chief's orders. Besides, I don't see why yer troublin' yerself."

I explain to him quickly how I found the Marquis' body.

"Sure, I know, I haired all about it at the station this morn. But ye know as well as I the sairt of things ye'd be finding at a naigger's place, and him a jazz musician to boot. A pile of records of that jazz music," his voice is edged with contempt, "and a supply o' needles and some junk. It's just like I'm always saying: jigs, jazz and junk. Ye cain't be having the first without the other two."

I question him a bit more and get little bits of information: in the bedroom they found lots of instruments, drugs, and a bunch of clothing, which O'Malley owned was "more than a daicent man would need." There wasn't much in the living room or kitchen. The only thing the cops were at all interested in was the drugs—three needles and an envelope of white powder, which, O'Malley admitted at last, wasn't even analyzed—it could have been sleeping powder for all he'd heard.

I try to wheedle my way into the house for a quick look-see to find anything the police might have missed—namely anything not drug-related. But O'Malley was firm: no go. I leave soon after enduring a few pointed ethnic jokes that were old at the turn of the century.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 12

I stand in the doorway of the candy store next to the pool hall on Mission. I watch for a few minutes as people come and go. Longshoremen, Mexicans, working stiffs, and all kinds of shady characters whose professions or heritages can't be so easily identified. I light a cigarette just so I can throw it in the gutter as I take the few steps to the pool hall's door.

When I first walk in no one pays me much mind. Most of the fifteen or twenty tables are occupied. Several men are drinking at the bar, either waiting for tables or just passing time. The air is filled with the sound of clicking balls and thirty conversations in various languages. I lean against the bar and scan the crowds for Billy Kern or someone who might be Bradford Pirelli. I don't see them but I do see a few faces whose owners I've sent to prison over the years. No one who looks at me recognizes me, or at least they pretend not to.

I notice that many of the people coming and leaving have a brief conversation with a short man sitting on a stool near the back of the hall. Most who talk to him go out a back door for a few minutes, after which they usually emerge with smiles on their faces. I turn my attention to the man on the stool. It soon becomes obvious that he is in charge. He gives orders, short and quick, and people obey. At least two or three of the men standing around him appear to be bodyguards. Two look like ex-fighters, one I recognize as a professional strike-breaker, and a fourth jerkily moves his eyes around constantly.

The man in the chair is fairly short, but stocky and muscular. His muscles are supple, with no excess fat. His skin is tanned and his hair is golden, and a little too long to be fashionable. He has thick lips and a flat nose. He doesn't wear glasses, but when someone hands him something to read he takes out a pair from his shirt pocket and puts them on; he puts them away when he's done. I let a few more people file in and out of the back room before I approach the golden boy on the stool.

I walk up to him. It is fifteen seconds before he finishes a conversation with one of his bodyguards and turns to face me. He regards me warily with shifty eyes. I see no point in wasting either of our times.

"Do you know someone by the name of Billy Kern?"

In less than a second all the conversations in the room go silent. The only sound left is the clicking of whatever pool balls were sent into motion before I opened my mouth. All eyes turn toward me. The man on the stool stares at me. He doesn't even blink as he asks a lackey behind him, "Joe, do I know someone named Billy Kern?"

The lackey grins and grunts. "Gee, I dunno, boss. I'm not so good with names."

I've put myself out on a limb. I might as well keep climbing. "How about Bradford Pirelli?" This time the silence is complete.

He finally speaks to me. "I don't know the names of a lot of people who come in here."

I notice that the skinny man leaning against a pool table directly to my right is becoming agitated. I sense danger in him. I reach into my coat pocket. His muscles tense and his body bends forward. As slowly as I can, I draw out a photograph of Billy and hand it to the man on the stool. He puts on his glasses and looks at it. He shrugs his shoulders. "Maybe, maybe not."

He hands the picture to the man on my right. It gives me an excuse to turn and face him. His most obvious feature is a serious case of acne. He has red splotches and pimples covering his skin from his forehead down to the top of his chest. Anyone would say he was ugly. He is tall and wiry, and has the kind of ratty brown hair that stands straight up. His face shows the creases of a perpetual sneer. When he first sees the photograph he catches his breath and looks surprised. But the surprise is almost unnoticeable, as he wipes it off immediately. The sneer is back on his face again. "Nah, never seen him before in my life."

As he hands the photograph back to me, a young kid around nineteen comes out of the back door. I can see him putting small folded paper packets into his pocket. He is grinning stupidly.

"Thanks, Bobcat. I needed the lift." The man on the stool does not answer, but glares at him wordlessly.

He stops, and notices the silence in the room. He looks around him and blushes deeply. He murmurs, "Sorry, Bobcat." The man on the stool snarls at him. He scurries out the front door.

I use the distraction to make my exit. No one tries to stop me. I want to catch up with the kid who just left to ask him some questions. He looks like the type who'd talk. But once outside I can't find him. I think it's wise to continue my vigil of the pool hall. I take up my old place in the candy store, and watch.

After ten minutes the nervous guy with the acne strides out onto the sidewalk. He heads right towards me. I quickly turn my back and pick up a magazine. I hide my face with it as I pretend to read. He comes in the candy store and buys a packet of gum. The man behind the counter asks, "How's things going, Pimples?"

"Alright, alright. Could be worse." He leaves without noticing me.

**Time: 1 hour**

**If you want to continue  
surveillance go to Clue 174**

### **CLUE 13**

Mr. Greer is not in his office and there is no one around who can tell me where he lives.

**Time: 15 minutes**

### **CLUE 14**

"What? Coppers after Cosmo already? Gee, what a creep he is." Thyra Lindblom drops her cigarette and grinds it into her hall rug where it joins an ugly array of crushed butts and blackened burn marks. "Yer gonna talk me into letting you come in, so you might as well have your way now and we can get it over with. I ain't got nothin' to hide anyway."

I follow her into a cheaply furnished living room, in the middle of which she has set up a flimsy card table. It is covered with a mountain of jigsaw puzzle pieces. She sits down at the table and starts poring over them. "Ya like puzzles? I'm just wild about them. Know what this is gonna be? Fishes. Lots of little fishes. See? It says here on the box—'The Fishes of South America.' It's a picture of every kinda fish they got down there." Her voice has an annoying high, tinny quality that sounds more like a child's whine than the words of a full-grown woman. She brushes her stiff, platinum blonde hair out of her eyes and turns her attention back to the puzzle. "So talk already, mister. I can hear ya."

"Have you seen Cosmo recently? Has he been here?"

She has already lit another cigarette. "Nah, like I told ya, I dumped him. He wasn't good for me. Always draggin' me around with those miserable chumps and their stupid schemes. Made me so nervous." Her voice hits such a high-pitched squeal on the word "nervous" that I wince and put my hand over my ear. "And I got all these bad habits from him. Like smoking. And dyeing my hair. This ain't my natural color, you know.

And he bought me fancy clothes and now I'm addicted to 'em, but I can't afford 'em any more. But doin' puzzles—that's one habit I can thank him for; I just love doin' puzzles. I got that from Cosmo. He used to love 'em too. Always had a puzzle out. Got me started on it. Now I can never stop. That's what Cosmo always said. 'Puzzles is the one habit you can't break.' "

I try to be patient with her. "Just tell me simply. Have you seen or talked to Cosmo in the last two days?"

She squeals as she puts a piece in place. Then she furrows her brow and looks up at me. "Why do you want to know?"

"I'm not sure why I want to know. I'm a detective working on a private case; I'm not the cops. There's been a kidnapping and a murder. Cosmo may have something to do with it—or he may have everything to do with it. I'll have to talk to him to be sure. If he is involved we'll find out eventually so if you know where he is you won't be doing him a favor by not telling me. His best chance is to face the music and tell what he knows. And the same goes for you."

"OK. You want the truth. I'll tell ya 'cause you're the first guy I've talked to in a week who hasn't tried to put the make on me. Cosmo called up two days ago. Asked if he could spend a coupla days here. I told him to scram. We got into the same old argument, but at the end he said he might spend some time in our old cabin 'cause he needed to be alone for a while."

"Where's the cabin?"

"Near the coast road south of Stinson Beach. Up in Marin County. Take a left off Highway 101 just north of Manzanita. After it gets to the coast you'll pass a sign that says 'Visit beautiful Stinson Beach.' A little past that is a road that goes off to the left. Take that road and you can't miss it. A little log cabin. Got that?"

"Got it."

"And don't tell him I sent ya there. I could tell ya two hundred things he should get sent up for, but I still pity the poor sap 'cause he blew the chance to be with a lady like me. Boy, did he blow it."

I pick up a piece. "I think this one goes here—" but before I can place it she snatches it from my hand. "Don't do that!" she squeals. "I gotta do the whole thing myself. I gotta do every piece. That's the way puzzles work." She nervously squeezes the piece into place. She doesn't look up when I tip my hat and leave.

**Time: 45 minutes**

**If you want to stake out the  
apartment building go to Clue 426**

### **CLUE 15**

There is very little on the 3900 block of Quintara besides rolling sand dunes, surveyors' markings, and a sign that says "For Sale by Harrigan Bros. Realty." Most of the blocks around here are the same, although a few new houses are being built here and there. But there is no one around to ask if they saw someone out here looking at the property 2:30 Monday afternoon.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 16

The Model Dancing Academy is closed for a week's vacation. Or so says the sign on the door of the Market street storefront.

**Time: 15 minutes**

## CLUE 17

My knock reverberates like thunder through the Bier house. A minute or so passes, the doorknob is turned quietly, and Frances Bier answers. She looks terrible—like she hasn't slept for weeks. Her eyes have huge bluish-black circles under them. She bursts into tears and starts sobbing uncontrollably when she realizes it's me.

"Go away! Please! I can't tell you anything else. Please go and let me alone!"

This time I think she means it. I awkwardly give my condolences once again, and say farewell. She hastily closes the door.

**Time: 15 minutes**

## CLUE 18

The California street former residence of the late Jack Bier is completely silent. No cars are parked outside. I knock and knock, and no one responds. And then I remember—it's Sunday, the day of the funeral. I sometimes can't believe what I don't remember. I climb in the car and hightail it back downtown.

**Time: 15 minutes**

## CLUE 19

On my second visit to the Francis Apartments I feel more at ease. There is no crazy music. One of the Filipinos I met the last time is behind the counter with a little "Manager" sign in front of him. I nod to him and head up the stairs. He calls after me. "You want talk to crazy black?"

"Mr. Munro, you mean. Yes, I'm here to see him."

"Well, you no talk to him. Lock himself in room. Been there most of the day. I knock but he no let me in. Funny sounds he make, but no let person in."

"I'll see what I can do."

I find the door to his room and knock. There are some faint noises coming from inside, but nothing definite. I try to turn the knob. It won't budge. I call out, "Mr. Munro! This is your friend. Let me in." I press my ear to the door. I can hear him walking around and mumbling to himself, but I can't make out what he's saying. I try to fiddle with the lock but it's no go. He's jammed something in it. I try leaning heavily against the door with no effect. I back up and throw

my left shoulder against the door. All I get is a bruised shoulder. A lady in curlers comes out of a door across the hall.

"Hey, mister, what's with all the racket? This ain't no bowling alley."

I tip my hat to her. "Excuse the noise, ma'am, but I have some important business to conduct here."

The door opens a little wider and I see a mountain of a man, at least 6'4" tall, standing behind her. He is scowling. "Yer bugging us with all that bumping sound. These walls ain't soundproof. If you don't live here I suggest you bother someone else."

I stand my ground. "Do you know anything about Mr. Munro here across the hall?"

The man steps out. "I said scram, buster!" He means business. I give a slight bow and retreat down the steps. I again talk to the Filipino manager when I get to the bottom.

"Did Mr. Munro say anything to you before he locked himself in his room?"

"No, he say nothing that make sense to anybody. He just crazy. He not make sense. Not say anything."

I go outside and around to the side of the building, but there is no fire escape leading to Munro's apartment. I resign myself to the fact that I can't get to him, and leave.

**Time: 1 hour**

## CLUE 20

"Ooooooh, you must be the detective!!"

The gum-chewing girl who greets me at the door can't be much over 21 years old. She's dressed in a long, close-fitting robe that's cut like a negligee, although the material is not filmy—I guess it's the sort of thing that she wears all day around the house.

"I bet you're here to talk to me about Frankie!" Her voice is a type I find particularly annoying; she's one of those women who puts a little-girl whine into her voice to attract attention to herself, no matter how inane her conversation is.

I decide to get the conversation going from my end. "Mrs. Mirabelli?" She nods vigorously. "Oh, yes."

"I wanted to ask you a bit about where your husband was over the last few days. Do you have time to talk?"

"Yeah." She blows a big bubble, pops it and giggles. "C'mon in."

I walk on in to a spacious living room that's visual hodge-podge. It's a sight to create sore eyes: the furnishings are all art deco, and virtually all are in questionable taste by my standards, which are notoriously low. Colors clashing, shapes jarring, the table does a visual battle with the sofa in front of it, striped chairs look like they are trying to leap away from the lurid geometric wallpaper they're shoved up against. I can't stand it. She notices me casing the chaos.

"Oooh, do you like my furniture?"

"It's uh, different," I volunteer. "Did you pick it out yourself?"

"Oh, yes. I like designing with furniture. I like the overall effect, don't you?"

"It's—interesting," I venture, using the other adjective I know that's completely devoid of meaning. "But I don't know too much about interior design, and I have to find out a few things from you about Mr. Mirabelli."

"Sure, but I'm glad you told me what you thought. I like honest people, and you're the first one to mention anything at all about the room. Thanks a lot." She gives my shoulder an affectionate squeeze.

It's definitely time to change the subject, or else I just might start telling the truth.

"Do you know where Mr. Mirabelli was on Thursday afternoon?"

"At his office. He's always there, every afternoon."

"And where's that?"

"Over in the Mission. But I can't remember the street—he doesn't like me going over there and bothering him while he's trying to work. He really feels strongly about that, so I've only been there once. So I just stay here at home, and we're both happy. That's what's really important, don't you think?"

I'm not too sure the concept "think" has much bearing on her question, so I keep my lip buttoned on that score. Instead, I fire another question: "Do you know where he was that night?"

"I bet he was still at the office. A lot of times he doesn't come home on Thursdays or Mondays, but he stays late and works, and then sleeps over there. A lot of times I don't see him at all until he comes home the next evening. He's a *very* busy man, you know."

"I'm kind of surprised that you aren't more concerned about your husband's welfare. He is in jail, after all, and if he's convicted, he could be in a lot of trouble."

"Oh, I'm not worrying about that. I found out that you can't spend all of your time worrying, you just ruin your life, know what I mean? Anyway, Frankie'll do just fine—'cause he's got J.J. as his lawyer. J.J.'s so *smart*. He hardly ever loses cases, and he and Frankie have known each other for so long. Just you wait and see—Frankie will be out in no time"

"Mrs. Mirabelli, what do you know about the gun the police took. Could you tell me about it?"

"Sure. The police came Friday. It would have been about ten o'clock. 'Cause I just had got up. They knocked on the door, and they had one of those, what d'you call 'em?"

"Search warrants?"

"Yeah, that's it—a search warrant. So I let them in, and they asked me where Frankie kept his guns. I said I wasn't sure I should tell them, and they said I had to show them, because they had the warrant. So I took them downstairs to Frankie's study, and told them I wasn't sure I had the key to the closet. But I tried the knob and it wasn't locked! That really surprised me, 'cause Frankie always locks up that door."

"Anyway, they shoved me aside and turned on the lights. They looked over all Frankie's guns, and the one with gloves on carefully took down the big black one. That gun scares me, it always has. They put this funny powder on it. I asked them what they were doing. They said they were fingerprinting. Then they wrote some stuff down on a little pad, and put the gun in this bag and took it with them. They left without even asking me any questions. That was kinda odd, y'know?"

I nod, and she continues: "Anyway, a few hours later, J.J. calls me and says Frankie's been arrested! I

cried for a bit, but he told me not to worry, that everything would be all right. He came over and talked to me later on."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, nothing much that's very interesting. He and I are good friends, and we talk a lot. He told me he wanted to be sure that I was all right. He's a really nice man, one of the nicest I know." Her eyes sparkle.

I decide to angle for some background. "How long have you known Mr. Mirabelli?"

"Oh, Frankie used to be my boss. I worked in a nightclub that he owned. We met and fell in love. I mean, he's got enough money to look after me, and he likes me, so that was that. We got married three years ago. I want to have kids, but we haven't gotten any yet." Her face screws up into a cute moue of sadness. "I hope I get some kids soon. It gets boring being here all alone."

I try to think of something else to ask, but it's obvious that this woman knows almost nothing about her husband's work or life outside this home. It can't hurt to ask though.

"Mrs. Mirabelli, do you know anything about your husband's business?"

"Not really. He used to tell me some things, but there were so many names and numbers and it was so complicated. Besides, he told me that he didn't want to talk about it. So we don't talk about it much, and what I know, I shouldn't tell a soul. You don't have a warrant do you?"

"Oh, no. I'm only a private detective. You have to be a policeman to get one of those."

"Good. So I don't need to worry about not telling you, do I?"

"No, ma'am. But I do have a request. Do you mind if I look around a bit?"

"I guess, just don't go into Frankie's gun room downstairs. I know he wouldn't like that. Besides, I locked it up. Go ahead and look around. I'll be in back with my flowers if you need anything."

"Thanks a lot."

I take a look around. I find all sorts of things, including a repeat performance of the decorating taste (if that's the word I'm looking for) used so strongly in the living room. The backyard has a nice flower garden. No sign of recently-dug corpse-size holes—it's always good to check on these things.

While she's occupied in the back, I look around and find a small door opening onto a flight of stairs. I go down them and find an underground room with a massive desk and file cabinets, and some photos of dames in various stages of undress. The desk is a mess, but all the scraps of paper with numbers on them don't mean a thing to me. All the cabinet and desk drawers are locked, as is the door behind the desk. It has a stout double-lock on it, and it would take some time to jimmy it, let alone pick the lock. Besides, I realize as my sour-grapes instinct kicks in, the cops already have the weapon I need to know about.

I head upstairs and quietly close the door. I walk out onto the patio and call my thanks to Mrs. Mirabelli. She giggles and says "You're welcome." I head for the front door.

**Time: 1 hour**

**If you want to stake out the house go to Clue 250**

## CLUE 21

The priest at Saints Peter and Paul Church remembers Maria clearly. "Yes, she came in for Mass on Sunday with her husband. I tried to have a chat with them after but we couldn't understand each other too well. They came in again yesterday morning and were quite distressed. They had brought a triptych and begged me to keep it for them. They seemed very concerned that I keep it in a safe place, and I reassured them. They didn't say when they were coming back for it."

"Where'd you hide it?"

"In the safest place of all—in plain view of everybody. That's it right up there on the altar."

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 22

The private driveway leading up to the Jones estate is the length of three football fields, only there are no goalposts when you get to the end. Instead there is a ranch-style mansion surrounded by orderly rows of orange trees. I don't know where I'm supposed to park so I deposit the heap ten feet from the front door. By the time I climb out and turn to face the house a negro maid is eyeing the car disapprovingly from the front porch. "Mister, don't you know you ain't supposed to park your car there?"

I am about to point out that it seems to be as good a place as any when a smartly dressed, tall, aristocratic woman comes out and scolds the maid. "Nettie, is that any way to greet guests? I did not hire you to come out here and insult everyone who comes up the driveway." Nettie makes some gesture that must be known only to herself and retreats inside. The woman comes over to my car.

"Can I help you?"

"Are you Martha Jones?" I ask back.

"Yes, I am she. What do you need?"

I see no point in beating around the bush. "I am a private detective who has been hired to find a missing boy by the name of William Kern. I have reason to believe that he went on an outing with your daughter and some other friends on Tuesday. That was the last time he was heard from. Have you talked to your daughter Zena since Tuesday afternoon?"

She does not change her expression in the slightest. "No, I haven't. To be honest, I was wondering what had happened to her. She was supposed to call, but so far I haven't heard from her. She *has* done this before, however, so I expect to hear from her eventually with some cock-and-bull story as to why she couldn't find the time to call." As she is talking, a man emerges from the mansion who, from his swaggering walk, slicked-back hair, silk scarf and ebony walking cane could be none other than the master of the house, Mr. Jones.

"Darling," says Mrs. Jones, "this man is looking for one of Zena's friends. He thinks she may be with him." I let them converse in private. Mr. Jones approaches me and states his question: "What have you found out about her boyfriend, a certain Bradford

Pirelli?"

Since these people have not hired me, I feel no obligation to hand over information. But perhaps if I act cooperatively I can get some out of them. "Nothing yet. I think he also was with William Kern when he disappeared. He's quite a mysterious character, this Bradford Pirelli."

The Joneses exchange glances. She speaks. "We have been trying to look into his background ever since Zena first mentioned his name. She refuses to bring him home to meet us. I get the feeling she has something to hide. I want to know if he's suitable for our daughter."

"Maybe his parents are trying to find out if Zena is suitable for him." I regret the statement as soon as I have made it. Mr. Jones lets his mouth drop halfway open as if he has been deeply insulted. I talk quickly to cover up my gaffe. "Look, I'll make you a deal. You give me a photograph of your daughter, and I'll tell you what I find out about her boyfriend."

They agree. Mr. Jones summons the maid and gives her instructions. Two minutes later I am driving back down their driveway with a picture of Zena Jones tucked safely in my coat pocket.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 23

I catch Bannon in his office. "You'd be wanting to hear what I've got on Blackie's killing," he says as I close the door to his little office. His place has two hard wooden chairs beside the desk. He's in the habit of getting out of his seat and sitting knee to knee with a client when he gets one in range. He doesn't get up for me, and I don't make for the chairs either. I sit on the corner of his desk. He swivels to face me.

He's a gruff Irishman, but he works as hard as he drinks. Bannon maintains that God invented whiskey to keep the Irish from ruling the world. He never drinks in the office. He's not there much, either.

"That's it, Bannon. What happened?"

"It makes you think of luck, it does. It mighta been me. Nothing much to tell. Told the Old Man everything anyway. I went down there to the Hayes place on his orders. The guy's lawyer, T.C. Van Ness, Junior, had hired us to watch his friend and client."

"Did you?"

"Let me tell it, will ya? I'm not gonna forget anything. Hayes was no help. Just said 'I think someone may threaten my safety.' I say to him 'Who?' and he says 'I couldn't say, but your presence might deter them.' I say 'Then you don't want me to be too hidden?' 'No,' he says, 'But don't be too obvious either.' I then get a tour of the house and grounds. Pretty sound set up. Nothing fancy, but nobody's going to pop him from across the block with that wall and the lawn in front. The driveway seemed a fine place to watch the front of the house. Hayes tells me he'll be in during the day, making preparations for the big race tomorrow at Tanforan. Tells me all about his horse Sundowner. Talkative on that subject. I ask him point blank, 'Does

this have anything to do with Sundowner?' He looks at me and just says calmly, 'I am nae in a position to tell you any more, thank you.' What can you expect from a Scot, I say to myself? He stays in until five and then Blackie comes along. I fill him in, and then I go over to Mickey's for a little dinner."

"Why didn't the Old Man give you this one?"

"He put me back on the Harris case. I guess it's heating up again."

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 24

The Ferguson house is only a couple of blocks from the Presidio, but the quiet residential block seems miles from the world of the military. I let the large brass bagpipe doorknocker drop. I don't have to wait long before the door is opened by a grandmotherly type, early sixties, I would guess.

"Hello, may I help you?"

"Mrs. Ferguson?" she nods. "Is your husband at home?"

She opens the door and wordlessly invites me to step in. "May I tell him who's calling?"

"He doesn't know me, ma'am. I'm from the Continental Detective Agency. I'm investigating the murder of Scott Hayes."

"Oh, it's terrible, it is. I can't imagine how my Duncan can be helping you, but let me get him. Please have a seat."

She's not gone long before she returns with her husband, a ramrod straight, tallish man. Some military experience I would guess. He holds out his hand as he enters the rooms. "I am Duncan Ferguson, sir. What have you found out? Hayes murdered. I still can't believe it."

Mrs. Ferguson leaves us alone, but I'd bet a week's pay that she's got her ear glued to the other side of the kitchen door.

"In all honesty, Mr. Ferguson, neither the police nor our agency has discovered enough facts to fill a dime novel. Frankly, that's why I'm here. I understand you gave the deceased a ride home the night of the murder. Did he happen to mention any suspicions, or did you notice anything strange at his residence when you were out there?"

"I've been going over the events of the evening in my mind ever since Marjorie and I heard the news. As you know, we were at the club together from sixish 'til about ten when I drove him home. There was nothing remarkable about the conversation. Scott's not a big talker as a rule. The past couple of weeks he's mostly been talking about his horses and that Sundowner of his in the Independence Day race. I'm not much of one for the races, but we were even thinking of going down to San Mateo for the day. Scott was that enthusiastic."

"How about when you drove him home? Did he say anything about any threats or fears for his life?"

"No. There was one thing suspicious though. When I left the club I was taking some back roads. It's a funny word to use for 'city streets,' but you know that area around Mountcalm. Anyway a car seemed to be following us, and I said something about it, half-

joking I was, really. Anyway, Scott shrugged it off and said it was probably a friend of his. To tell you the truth, I really didn't pay much mind to it at the time, but it's come back to haunt me, it has."

"Can you describe the car or it's occupants?"

"Well, there was just the driver. I'm not much up on cars myself, but it was dark green."

"Thanks for your help. If you think of anything else, even if it doesn't seem all that important to you, please let me know." I hand him my card as he shows me to the door.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 25

Marianne's note in hand, I make my way to the mysterious address on six-twenty Clement street. It is a small storefront with frosted glass windows and a small sign over the door: "Sanger Birth Control Clinic." I straighten my tie before I enter.

An old nurse is sitting behind a counter which blocks the door which leads to the back rooms. There are a phone and two appointment books in front of her.

"I'd like to find out some information about a, uh, patient who came here."

"I'm sorry, but all our services are strictly confidential."

"Can I find out if she came here or not? That's all I need to know."

"No, I cannot give out any information. It's private."

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 26



**Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes**

### CLUE 27

I can hear the screams coming from Apartment C before I even get within ten feet of the door. Instead of knocking, I press my ear to the wall next to the door and listen. This is what I hear:

"Well why the hell did you do that, you fool?"

"I had to. They was gonna charge me with murder!"

"But why'd you have to say it in front of that witch you call your wife?"

"They made me say it. If I didn't say I was here

they'd have dragged me away. I *was* here. I couldn't make something up. They'd have found out."

"Sure, you was here, but now the whole world knows and you made me look like a loose woman! She might come here and kill me!"

"She won't kill you. She gets mad but she don't kill people. It's better having my wife mad at us than me bein' in jail for murder."

"Who was you supposed to have murdered, anyway?"

"The Marquis."

"The what?"

"The Marquis. Sax player friend of mine. I don't know nuthin' 'bout it but I got nosy people comin' 'round my house asking me if I knew him an' stuff. I had to say where I was or they'd have never stopped asking."

"You still was a fool to let that witch hear. . . ."

I've heard everything I need to hear. I tiptoe away.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 28

"What have you found out about Mr. Pirelli?"

Mr. Jones' left eye is swollen and purple, and he has scratch marks on the side of his chin. These inelegant blemishes look comical in combination with his sophisticated clothing and attitude.

"To be perfectly honest, I haven't found out much. But I was wondering if you could give me more information about—"

"I'm afraid I have nothing more to say to you until you supply me with the information we have requested. Good day."

If he thinks I'm going to drag my carcass all over the Bay Area just to get information for him when he's not paying me a penny then he's got another think coming.

**Time: 1 hour**

### CLUE 29

The parking lot of the Salsbury Recording Studio is full of police cars. The front door is open but has a police guard on it.

"Sorry, no one allowed in."

"No one?"

"Unless you're with the homicide squad."

"I'm from the Continental Detective Agency. I'm working on this case."

The guard doesn't want to see my ID. "The lieutenant said no one, and that includes private dicks. There's three inspectors in there combing the place, so you wouldn't have any room to move around in anyway. Sorry, but no go. If you want to find out what they dug up, you can go down to the station tomorrow and ask." •

Since I can't search for clues inside the building, I

try my luck outside. I find no shoe prints, handkerchiefs, monogrammed tie clips, discarded secret messages, or distinctive cigarette butts. Altogether a boring search.

**Time: 1 hour**

### CLUE 30

Skip Stirling goes back to a large table after distractedly letting me into his room. The table is a foot deep in stacks of books, papers, magazines, slide rules, charts, photographs, technical drafting tools, and hundreds of scraps of paper with incomprehensible scribbles on them. The rest of the room is not as bad, but not much better. He sits at the desk and nervously resumes transcribing some equations from one sheet of paper to another. He has yet to say a word to me, even to ask who I am or why I am here. Suddenly he gets a fearful look in his eyes. "Is it overcast today?"

"No, the sun's out and it's hotter than a prizefighter's armpit."

His relief is visible. "I've got to make some important observations tonight. It's got to be clear or else . . ." He digs through a stack of papers, finds the one he's looking for, and then studies it intently. He then gets up, goes over to his bed, digs underneath it, and pulls out a science periodical. He flips through it feverishly. If I don't start the ball rolling we'll never get anywhere. I can't wait for him to say anything sensible.

"About your friend Billy Kern—"

"Oh, is he stoned again? Now where's my ephemeris tables?" He comes back to the table and finds what he is looking for immediately. He starts making notations on a piece of graph paper.

"Mr. Stirling, I have some important questions to ask you. Could you spare me a few minutes of your time?"

He stops and looks at me. "Oh, questions." He looks longingly back at what he is writing. "Alright. What do you need?"

"I'm looking for a friend of yours, Billy Kern. No one seems to know where he is. I thought maybe you might have an idea."

"Billy? Kern?" He scratches his forehead. "Oh yeah Billy. Isn't he at home? That's where he usually is."

"No, he isn't home. And he isn't anywhere else. People say you're a good friend of his. So I thought he could have called you up if he was in trouble."

"No, I don't even have a phone. Too distracting. He'd have stopped by, but he hasn't for a while. Don't know where he could be. I guess I'll see him in class on Monday. Should I tell him to get in contact with you when I see him?"

"Yeah, sure. On Monday. Call me up at the office if he shows up." I give him one of my cards.

**Time: 45 minutes**

## CLUE 31

Another half-hour of grilling Roy Steele on the Billy Kern case yields me nothing. Either he really has nothing more to say or he's not being as helpful as he pretends to be.

**Time: 45 minutes**

## CLUE 32

Before I leave I take one last shot in the dark. On a slip of paper I write down the registration number of the broken record I found in Baby Lips Rinzler's apartment: U.R. 23009. I hand the slip of paper to the old man. "Does that look like a registration number one of your records might have?" I ask.

He looks at it. "Do you want me to say yes?"

"I'm not sure what I want you to say besides the truth. A 'Yes' might make things interesting."

"Well, you're in luck, 'cause the answer is yes. What's the deal?"

"Is it possible to find out what record has that registration number?"

"Sure it's possible. Will this help you find who KO'd the Marquis?"

"I'm not sure, but it might."

"Good enough for me." He gets up and opens a file cabinet. He shuffles through and finds what he's looking for. "Well I'll be. That's one of the records the Marquis made for me back in twenty-nine or so. *Sailing Ship Blues*, by Jackson de Young and Orchestra. Original composition by Jackson de Young. I don't think he had earned the nickname 'Marquis' yet."

"Do you still have a copy of that record?"

"Persistent bastard, aren't you? I'll check." He goes to a different filing cabinet, this one sturdier and larger than the others. When he opens it I find out why. This cabinet contains records. He finds the record in question. "What do you know? Good as new."

He hands me the record. It has the same registration number etched in the margin. "Could you play this for me?"

He wordlessly takes it back and puts it on a turntable. He sets it spinning and puts the needle in place. The song is a finely-crafted blues number, slow and moody, with no words. Nothing to give me any kind of clue. "Does this song have any special significance?" I ask after it's over.

"It doesn't mean nothin' to me, except that the bandleader and sax player is one hell of a fine musician."

"Does—did the Marquis still get royalties for this record?"

"The record's out of print so there ain't no more royalties to get. But I always pay out royalties when they're due, if that's what you're askin'."

I thank him for his cooperation and head back out to the street.

**Time: 1 hour**

## CLUE 33

Paul Manning does not answer the door at his ground floor rooming-house apartment. I go around the side of the building and try tapping on his window. Still no answer. Perhaps he's not home. Perhaps he doesn't bother to lock his windows. I give a quick glance around, and give it the old heave-ho. It's my lucky day. I climb in as quietly as possible. I'm alone in the room.

The first thing that strikes me about the room is that, besides the red Stanford banner pinned to the wall above the bed, there is nothing in the room to indicate that its occupant is a student. No books, no papers, no typewriter, no writing desk, and very few pens in sight. I find a secret address book in a typical hiding-place—the toe of an old boot in the clothes-closet. The listings aren't alphabetical, and most of the names and addresses mean absolutely nothing to me. But one page catches my attention when I see Billy's name on it:

Sue R at V's place + \$5  
H Mundell 2120 32nd A. 1/2 way down even  
B Kern 2406 Pacific Paid  
Pimples + \$210 3320 19th St  
Bill O'Keefe - \$22 1226 18th Ave apt 113  
Eve J. 1078 Sutter #203  
Mom - \$25  
Arch (Bobcat's friend) + \$15  
James Burns 2455 Union + \$55  
Ron S. - \$40

I just finish committing that page to memory when I hear footsteps outside the door. I have time to put the book back in the boot and make it halfway to the window when the front door opens and a snappily-dressed, good-looking guy about twenty-four or twenty-five years old steps in and stares agape at me. His pleasant features suddenly form a cruel sneer and he gets a lawless look in his eyes. He steps forward and makes a threatening gesture. "You two-bit yegg! What are you looking for here? I'm calling the cops. Don't move or I'll put a pill in ya." He reaches one hand in his coat pocket and points his finger at me like it was a gun barrel. He's not too good at making it realistic. With the other hand he takes the phone off the hook. From his build and stance he looks like duck soup if it comes to a scuffle, and I bet my bottom dollar he doesn't have a heater on him. I try to talk my way out—fast and tough.

"Put that phone down or you're the one heading for the jailhouse."

His eyes flare in anger, but he hesitates and starts to put the phone back.

"And if you drop me here there'll be two truckloads of federal agents knocking down your door in five minutes." I pull out my wallet and flash him the phony but official-looking badge I carry for just such occasions as this. This time his eyes widen in fear; he drops the phone and takes his hand out of his pocket. He puts a great deal of effort into regaining his composure. He straightens his back and tries to flash me a gee-whiz smile. "Excuse me, officer, but you surprised me. . . . Do you have a warrant? What are you looking for?"

"Did I say I was looking for anything? There're some kidnappers holed up in that building," I say, pointing my thumb out the window at the first building I see, "and we're staking it out. We were using your apartment as an observation post. But now that you're back . . ." All the time I'm talking I'm slowly making my way past him to the door. I can see in his face that my story is beginning to wear thin. I gingerly step outside and warn him, "Don't make a sound." Fifteen seconds later I'm running down the street and hailing a cab. As I climb in I notice my underarms are dripping with sweat. Time for a drink.

**Time: 1 hour**

**Fingerprint: Clue 396**

## **CLUE 34**

### **CLUE 34**

I have a hunch this guy's up to something and decide to stick with him. He goes back up Waverly towards Sacramento and turns left. He's keeping a casual pace and I'm beginning to doubt my hunch. But as he turns right onto Grant he takes a furtive look back at me and the pointedness of that look is all the convincing I need that this is my man.

His pace quickens as he moves down Grant amidst the throngs of Chinese and I'm having a hard time keeping him in sight. I manage, however, to see him enter the Club Shanghai while I'm still a full block behind.

Ah, the infamous Club Shanghai. I've been in there one time too many. I'm not so sure I should make it twice.

**TIME: 30 minutes**

**If you want to enter the Club Shanghai go to Clue 140**

**If you want to stake out Club Shanghai go to Clue 177**

## **CLUE 35**

"Well, you're not the only one interested in the burglary. You'd think those boxes were worth millions the way you guys keep asking questions."

"What do you mean? Who else has been here?"

"Mr. Rude is who! Walked right in here and practically demanded that I give him one of my boxes. I was almost glad it had been stolen so he couldn't badger it out of me."

Miss Pembroke finishes her drink and calms down

a bit. She plays with the ice cube for a minute before I break the silence. "He was interested in a particular box?"

"Yes, it was my latest acquisition. I had only purchased it on Thursday, and it was stolen that night."

"What can you tell me about that box and the burglary itself?"

"Are you sure you wouldn't like a drink?" she asks silkily as she walks over to the sideboard and mixes one for herself.

I don't know if it's her curvy walk or silky voice, but all of a sudden I feel thirsty. "Sure. Whatever you're drinking sounds good to me."

"There's not really much to tell. As you probably know I have a particular fondness for oriental puzzle boxes." I can't help wondering what other fondnesses Miss Pembroke might have. "I was out shopping Thursday and I stopped in at one of my favorite shops, the House of Cambodian Arts on Mason. They had a new box from Cambodia, made of metal. The majority of my boxes are—were—wooden, although several had metalwork decoration. And most are from China. Old Scraggly Beard wanted sixty dollars! And he pretended he didn't know what I was saying when I told him that was too much. But we finally agreed on fifty."

"It was quite heavy, and I came straight home in a taxi with it. You'd think with all the puzzle boxes I have I'd be an expert at opening them, but I'm not. That's probably why they fascinate me so."

"Was there something inside?"

"There was something inside—you could hear it rattle—but it was probably more boxes. Box after box, each smaller, and each opened by a different trick. Beautiful. But, you see, I didn't have a chance to even try to get it open. I bought it Thursday morning, and that afternoon I had a beauty parlor appointment. I had to get ready for the evening's lecture."

"On my way home from the beauty parlor, I stopped by my bank and picked up a few of my most precious boxes. I put them in the vault when I went to Chicago in May. The ladies were as nice as they could be 'ooh-ing' and 'ahing' over everything. There was a small reception at the Lodge after my little talk. Then I dropped everything off here before going over to the Palace where several friends were 'celebrating' with me."

"Did you notice anyone suspicious hanging around the Elk's Lodge or your apartment?"

"No. The police asked the same question. They think someone must have read the article in the paper and assumed the objects were quite valuable."

"How valuable was the collection Miss Pembroke?"

"Not worth stealing, I should think. I spent a few thousand dollars on them over the years. There were other objects in this room which were worth much more. Maybe they were just puzzle nuts. The police found a jigsaw puzzle piece near the door."

"What can you tell me about this man who came by?"

"I answered his ring and he came right to the point. 'I'd like to buy that metal box from you. It was a special order for me.' Just like that. Not even a 'hello.' Well, as I said, I was so mad I wouldn't have sold it to him for a hundred dollars. He probably would have just taken it though, if it had been here."

"He was so mad when I told him it had been stolen, not that it was any of his business. Asked me who had

stolen it, as if I knew. Once he realized it wasn't here he just stormed out."

"Can you describe him?" I expected her to repeat her favorite description of the man, rude, but she tries to give me a real answer.

"I'd say he was about fourty, slightly receding hair-line, about six feet tall." I can see her comparing my build with his as she talks. She heads back to the booze. "You must be thirsty with all this talking we've been doing," she says by way of invitation.

I'm tempted, but I suspect one drink may lead to another and I have too many places I need to visit today. I decline. "Thank you, Miss Pembroke, but I really should be leaving. If you think of anything else which seems important, please let me know."

Do come again," she purrs as she sees me to the door.

**Time: 1 hour**

### CLUE 36

The man behind the desk at the assessor's office is the most helpful of any SF official I've dealt with in quite some time. And all he's doing is acting polite. He quietly gets the file on fifteen-forty-three Sargent and hands it to me.

I open the file, and what I need to know is right there on the second line. The owner of fifteen-forty-three is one James Jonas Roach, in the Cathedral Apartments, 1201 California street.

Roach, according to the records, has owned the property for the last five years. He acquired it late in 1929, a few months after the Great Crash. The previous owners were Alden and Sonja Masterson, and they signed it over to him without any payment structures. J.J.'s been a good taxpayer; there are no property tax irregularities. But that's all I can get from the dry forms.

I thank the man behind the counter, and take my leave.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 37

The door opens just as far as the chain lock will let it. An acne-scarred face shows itself in the crack. While Pimples is giving me the once-over, I'm trying to look past him into his room. All I can see is a set of measuring scales on a table, surrounded by small packets of paper. The place smells like a pharmacy.

Apparently, Pimples doesn't like what he sees. He doesn't give me a chance to introduce myself.

"Scram, buddy."

"Whatcha weighing in there, Pimples?"

"Show me the law that says a man can't own a pair of scales."

The door slams in my face.

**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 38

One of the worst things about murders is dealing with the bereaved family. The ones who are truly distraught have good reason, and the ones who aren't think they should be and try to show some grief. Either way, it's hard to get them to answer the questions you ask. They all seem to think they should eulogize the dead instead.

But old Hayes' son was a logical place to go to find out about the old man's troubles. I make a half-hearted motion at straightening my tie before I ring the bell of his Russian Hill house.

"Yes?" I recognize the younger Hayes immediately from the pictures I've seen in the papers. His sharp gray eyes survey me quickly and he seems to have determined in that perfunctory glance that I am not one of his expected visitors.

"Mr. Hayes, I'm from the Continental Detective Agency. We were hired to protect your father. I guess we bungled the job, but we lost an operative along with your father. I thought you might be able to help us figure out what happened and who killed them. May I come in?"

He opens the door to let me in, but the invitation is about as warm as last night's dinner. "Van Ness told me about his hiring detectives. I know Dad would never have done it on his own."

"What do you mean?" I ask as I follow him into the spacious parlor. I keep up with society news enough to know that Hayes is still considered something of an "eligible bachelor." The place shows taste, but it has the kind of comfortable feeling that would prompt me to change that assessment to "confirmed bachelor." I can't help wondering who belongs to the voices I hear in the next room.

"Scott Hayes has never admitted to needing help from anyone in his entire life."

"Maybe he hadn't had his life threatened before. Do you know anything about it?"

"No, I find it hard to believe. Why would anyone want to hurt him? We've had plenty of arguments in our forty-odd years together, and I can't say we were the closest father and son, but, stubborn as he was, he was what most people call a 'fair' man. Hard, but fair. Honorable even." There was obviously no affection lost between the older and younger Hayeses, but I can detect a grudging admiration in the younger man's words.

"When was the last time you saw him?"

"It's been over a week. I stopped by the house last Sunday and spent some time with him. He'd just come back from his ranch in San Mateo. I wouldn't have been surprised if he had just moved down there, lock, stock and barrel. Those horses are the only thing he cares about."

"Have there been any problems there that you know of?"

"No. I never heard anything but praise for everything from the grass of the meadows to the house to the jockey. What could be wrong when he has a horse like Sundowner? I don't even care about horses and watching that beauty makes my heart pound." He pauses and continues in a more subdued voice, "He was so looking forward to tomorrow's race."

"I did speak with him briefly yesterday. He called

in the morning and said he wanted to discuss something with me. He didn't say what. I planned to talk to him tomorrow after the race."

"I understand there have been some labor troubles down at the Emporium. Do you think your father's murder could be related?"

"I don't see how. Father doesn't have much to do with the day-to-day running of the things at the store. And I wouldn't want our current labor negotiations to be blown out of proportion. With all this talk of General Strike, some of our people have come to us with some pretty hefty demands. After all, there is a depression going on in this country, even if San Francisco doesn't feel it as harshly as the Okies. But we're very close to an agreement.

"My father made a fortune by foretelling the course of fashion, but he sometimes had great difficulty in understanding other changes even after they occurred. I pride myself on my business acumen, and I know what it costs to run a large department store, but I believe that the agreements I have negotiated with our workers will be as positive for us in the long run as they will be for our workers. Of course, the contract remains to be signed, and there are some militant agitators who will ask for more no matter what we offer. They don't understand that you can't pay a store clerk the same as a stevedore."

"Who are these 'militant agitators'?"

"Tom Fitzgerald is the loudest of the bunch, but I honestly think you're wasting your time if you think my father's murder has anything to do with the threatened strike at the store. He wasn't even involved in the negotiations."

"You're probably right, but it might bear checking into. What other ideas do you have? Did he have money problems? Underworld connections? Anything that could account for what has all the earmarks of a professional killing?"

"I'm sorry. I wish I could be of help, but as I said before, I can't imagine why anyone would want to kill him. He was a very law-abiding man. Thayer Van Ness could tell you more about his affairs than anyone else, but he certainly had no financial problems. Of that I'm sure."

**Time: 1 hour**

## **CLUE 39**

"All the way from New York—The Chico Hamilton Trio!" Ignoring the applause, the three men on stage start to play their intriguing blend of jazz and Cuban rhythms. The audience quiets down quickly and turns all their attention to the band. The man in front—short, dark, with a neatly trimmed black mustache—beats on two tall Cuban drums with his bare hands; to his left is a tall, thin man suavely playing a marimba; on their right, sitting on a stool, is a teenage kid with long hair and his eyes shut tightly, strumming a guitar with clockwork precision. All are wearing outfits native to some Caribbean island, although which one I wouldn't dare guess. Although the music is very danceable, no one is dancing; this crowd is too sophisticated for that. They'd rather sit

and "appreciate" the music. Too sophisticated for their own good, if you ask me.

The music is hypnotic, and I am tempted to find a table, order a drink, sit back and forget my troubles. Mesmerized, I watch the flying hands of the drummer, who is most probably Chico Hamilton himself, and I'm only dragged from my reverie when the bartender nudges me and grunts at me to buy a drink or give my stool to someone who's got money in his pocket. A quick glance at my watch tells me twenty minutes have passed since the band started playing. It seemed like twenty seconds. I ask the bartender if I can talk to the manager. He points to a table at the back of the room. "That's him. If he likes you he'll talk to you. But if you're managing a band, I can tell you right now we're booked up for the next three months."

The manager—whose face I couldn't make out clearly in the dimly-lit back area of the club—turns out to be friendly and talkative, despite what the bartender implied. After chatting for a while, I ask him what he knew about the Marquis.

"Very little. He had two traits that I look for in a performer: he was reliable and popular. Beyond that I wouldn't know and wouldn't care. I'm not a socialite or a musician—I'm a businessman, and I look at performers as sources of money or sources of trouble. Half my job is avoiding the latter. The Marquis never caused a problem, so that's why I had him play here."

"How many times did he appear in your club?"

"Oh, four or five, spread out over the last couple of years. The last time was two months ago. He drew a big crowd."

"You didn't know him on a personal level?"

"Hardly at all. He introduced me to his girlfriend once. What was her name? Let me think . . . ah, yes, it was Lydia Russell. Don't know a thing about her. She was pretty shy, just smiled. About the rest of his life I know nothing."

"Did you talk to him since the last time he played here?"

"No."

"Do you know anyone who would have wanted to kill him?"

He shakes his head because the applause at the end of the song would have drowned out anything he said.

After this the conversation drifts to other things, but I learn nothing more to help me in the case. The manager, whose name turns out to be Bruce Townes, treats me to a drink and I take the opportunity to relax and enjoy the show.

**Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes**

## **CLUE 40**

After I look up and down the first block of Sutter for a sign indicating the O'Rourke and Montal Dacing Academy I start looking at addresses. The door to twenty-one Sutter is nailed shut, and looks like it has been closed for a few months.

An owlish tobacconist across the street tells me that Austin O'Rourke closed down the business in April when the man and woman who were his main dance

instructors were killed in a car accident. I buy a pack of smokes from him, and give him my thanks.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 41

Professor Makarov is not in his office. Nor is his secretary. Nor is anyone who knows where he is.

**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 42

I am about to knock on the door of the Jones' ranch-style mansion when I hear shouts coming from inside. I stop my knuckles before they hit the wood and lean forward to press my ear to the door. The shouts are loud, but the house is cavernous, and I can get only bits and pieces of what is being said. I consider myself lucky.

"What about . . . illegitimate baby that you abandoned" . . . "Your fault that I was forced . . . Portugal and sell" . . . "so you think you're going to pin that on me?" . . . "bastard! You and your . . . can think you can . . . I know . . . your mistresses and your disgusting" . . . "How can you implicate Zena? It's not her who . . . at the funeral. It was *your* fault she couldn't . . . night-mares she'll never forget."

I hear another voice behind me. It is the negro maid. "Mister, you shouldn't be listening like that. The things they say is terrible. I only been working here for a couple years and they's had about a hundred of these blowouts so far. I stopped listening after the second time. It made me sick. I think they just making it up about each other. Ain't no two people on Earth that could manage to squeeze that much evil into their lives. Now when I hear it starting, I just go outside and wait 'til they's done. It's better for my mind that I don't hear it. And I think it would be better for you if you didn't listen neither."

I back away from the door and face her. "I'm a big boy. I've heard worse. Besides, it's my job to listen to people."

"I am the help around here, and I'm speaking for Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and they don't want nobody listenin' in when they's having a tiff. Now why don't you just get back in your car and go home. They ain't entertaining no visitors now."

**Time: 45 minutes**

### CLUE 43

I find the garage. There are no windows but I can peek through a crack in the wood. No one's inside, and it looks like no one has been inside for quite a while. I'll have to look elsewhere for my quarry.

**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 44

I stare at the large Maltese Cross set above the thick wooden doors at 1789 Montcalm. "Death to Tyrants 1789." My business has never brought me to the Maltese Club before, and I don't delude myself with visions of a warm welcome.

I've barely opened the door when I am met by an older than middle-aged gent with thick white hair that might well have been red a couple of decades earlier. "Can I help you, sir?"

"You might just do that. I'm from the Continental Detective Agency, and I'm looking into the murder of Scott Hayes. I understand he was here the night he was killed."

"That's true, sir. He's here regularly on Monday nights, he is. He comes for dinner and the club meeting, and he usually stays for a game of billiards. And a tragedy it is that we'll no more have the pleasure of his company. But why does your investigation bring you here?"

I always know I've been in this business too long when I run into some poor boob whose life has never been touched by the corruption of crime, and I think that makes him a boob.

"That's how detectives work. We go everywhere, even to places that aren't likely to turn up much."

During this explanation of my presence we've been standing in the foyer of the Club. It's as far as I get into the building, but the old gent favors me with a bit more dope.

"This is a social club, and most of us left our fighting days behind us when we left the old country." He puts a gnarled hand on my shoulder, leans close to my ear, and continues conspiratorially, "The Catholics, they're not so bad here as in Ireland. Although I understand some of those trouble-makers on the docks are the vassals of Rome. Besides, most of us here are too comfortable to fight." His eyes twinkle.

"Can you tell me anything about Scott Hayes or Monday night's events?"

"Nothing unusual that I can think of. Mr Hayes was here as he almost always is on Mondays. He was in high spirits, he was. Touting that horse of his in the Independence Day race. He played a game or two—I wasn't paying any particular attention to him, of course—and left with Mr. Ferguson around ten o'clock I would say."

"Mr. Ferguson?"

"Aye, Mr. Duncan Ferguson, another of our members. They often left together. I believe that Mr. Ferguson was in the habit of giving Mr. Hayes a lift home in his auto."

I thank the old gent and bid a silent farewell to the nameless portraits of modern Scottish knights gracing the walls of the Maltese Club.

**Time: 1 hour**

### CLUE 45

I have to put on my undercover policeman act to get past the secretary to Mr. Greer's office. When I first

walked in she wouldn't even answer my questions. After three minutes she was calling me "Sir" and telling me that an appointment wasn't necessary. Little white lies aren't half so bad if they help you save time.

Everything in the office is a subdued brown. Everywhere is mahogany and leather. Mr. Greer regards me with emotionless brown eyes behind brown-rimmed glasses.

"Exactly what is the reason you are seeking this information?" Like most administrators, he sacrifices succinctness for eloquence. I tell him that several of his students are missing and that information on their backgrounds could help me find them. I point out it wouldn't look good for the university if it couldn't keep track of its own students. He ponders that for a while, and asks to see my identification. Then he has the secretary call up the Old Man to have him verify that I'm really me. I am.

Finally: "I judge your given reason to be acceptable." I give him my list of names. He gives it to the secretary, who returns a few minutes later with a stack of files. Mr. Greer reviews them.

"William Kern. He has a spotless record. Good grades. Has never been in any trouble. Is scheduled to graduate next year. If you want to know more about him, talk to his advisor, Professor Makarov. Marianne Jorgensson. Hmmm . . . she has had attendance problems. She has been absent a little too often, and her grades have suffered as a result. They're not terrible." He looks at me over the tops of his glasses.

"I have no record of a Bradford Pirelli being a student here. We have a Stephen Pirelli. . . ."

"No, that's not him. I didn't think he was a student. Continue."

He reaches for the next file. "Zena Jones." He looks at her file as if he were looking at a car wreck. He shakes his head and makes clicking sounds with his tongue. "Zena is not, it seems, very studious. She has been on academic probation since her first semester. We have allowed her to continue in the hopes that she improve, but at this rate . . ." He actually flashes the page my way and I get a glimpse of a long procession of C's, D's, and F's, with an occasional B here and there. "As to her conduct . . . she has been cited twice for drinking alcohol on campus. Tsk, tsk, tsk." He flips through a few more pages, shaking his head. "I'll have to bring this young woman before the review commit—" He breaks off in mid-word and his pupils dilate. He brings one page closer to his face. I can see him working his jaw muscles. Suddenly he looks like a man in a tough spot.

"Is there anything wrong?" I probe.

"No! Oh, well, yes . . . it seems that her parents have taken it upon themselves to donate a large sum to the university."

"How large?"

He glances up at me and pretends to cough. "Large enough so that they wouldn't appreciate it if their daughter . . ." He takes a deep sigh and sets the file aside.

"Sherry Dillan is not a student, at least not a student at Stanford. Sam Thacker. No misconduct to speak of. His grade-point average was very high in his freshman year, but it has steadily dropped off since then. Perhaps . . . his focus of interest has changed. Skip Sterling is a model student. He has never gotten less than an A. He takes a full load of classes every semester—even

during summer session. He appears to know more than his professors." He stops and a shiver goes through his body. "Frankly, the boy frightens me. Spencer Moon is also quite a good student, and has a very high grade point average."

The secretary steps in. "The Head Resident of the boys' dorm wants to know what your decision was about, umm . . ." she refers to a note in her hand, "Paul Manning. What did you want him to do about the situation?"

Time: 1 hour

## CLUE 46

A line of miserable humanity stretches down the block from the door of the Salvation Army Mission. They file in slowly, their stomachs aching for the hot soup that awaits them inside. I squeeze my way through the door.

The long rows of tables are filled with men, some women, and even entire families, but mainly just men. Some are crazies or drunks or hopheads, but most are regular guys down on their luck, unable to get jobs. The food from the free soup kitchens keeps them alive.

Soon, a young, neatly-dressed woman gets up on a podium at one end of the room and starts to give a lecture about the evils of society and the blessings of religion. She receives polite attention. Watching her, I get an idea. As she nears the end of her lecture, I approach her. Just as she finishes I introduce myself and tell her my problem. She agrees to help me.

After the applause dies down, she announces, "This man here is looking for someone named Willie. It is a very important matter, and if you are the man he is looking for, there could be a great deal of reward money in it for you. So, please, everyone here who goes by the name of Willie please raise your hand, and the gentleman will come talk to you. Thank you."

Five men raise their hands. I note who they are and step down from the podium. Everybody goes back to eating. I stop for a moment and write the phone number of the Salisbury Studio on a piece of paper. Then I head over to the nearest Willie. He is a grizzled old man with an unkempt gray beard and a moth-eaten hat. He continues to slurp his soup as I speak to him.

"Did someone pay you to call this number at three o'clock Monday?"

He eyes me hungrily. "What's the reward if I say yes?"

"Maybe there's a reward if you say no. And maybe; there's a reward for telling the truth. Did you or didn't you call this number?"

He shakes his head. "I haven't used a phone in six months. Never have the occasion to."

I slip him a fifty-cent piece. "It always pays to tell the truth." I don't necessarily believe that myself, but it has a nice ring to it.

The next Willie is the father of a family of destitute Okies who look like they're new in town. His three blonde daughters squabble among themselves, and the protestations of "Quaht down, young 'uns" from his droopy-eyed wife do little good. His weather-beaten

face is weary. I ask him the same question I asked the first man. He doesn't quite understand.

"What yer sayin' is, some feller gave me American money to make a call on the tellyphone? Why would he do that? Seems lak he coulda saved hisself sum greenbacks if he jes' did it hisself. I sorely wish some feller had a done that fer me, but I can't rightly say that I ever did call that there number. Hope you find yer man, mister." I hand him a dollar and tell him to buy food for the kids.

The third Willie is a street punk who is too eager to please and who eventually admits that his name isn't Willie at all and who had only raised his hand because of the mention of reward money. I don't give him a penny.

The fourth Willie is a pockmarked Chinese in an outdated bowler hat. I try to ask him the same bit about the phone call. He doesn't really understand me, but from the way he is speaking I know he couldn't have been the one.

I get up and search around for the last Willie, but he is nowhere to be found. I try to remember what he looked like, but all I can remember is a ratty green sweater. Whoever he was, he's gone. I kick myself for waiting to talk to him last, but I have no way of knowing if he was the man I'm looking for anyway.

**Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes**

#### CLUE 47

There is no answer to my knock on the door of Sam Thacker's dormitory room. I twist the knob and the door swings open. Obviously he had not planned to be away from his apartment for very long. Maybe I can find a clue inside as to what made his plans go awry.

The room is small and simply furnished. It is very messy, but not messy as if it has been ransacked. It is the messiness of a disorganized person. Papers, notes and books are strewn around, covering the room like a blanket of dust. It doesn't look like anyone has yet come to claim the boy's belongings.

Between the mattresses I find what appears to be his diary, although there are no dates on any of the entries. The most recent pages are filled with references to a girl named Sherry. His vivid descriptions of what he'd like to do with her wouldn't make it past the board of censors, but as long as she's over 18 it's OK with me. The diary apparently contains nothing more than a young man's fantasies.

Under the bed are a pair of panties and one rhinestone earring. Over the wash basin, mixed in with a jumble of male toiletries, are two lipsticks and a powder compact. I begin to have more respect for his fantasies. Too bad none of them can come true now. Thacker's desk is completely devoted to school work and papers.

**Time: 30 minutes**

**Fingerprint: Clue 398**

#### CLUE 48

Mr. Austin O'Rourke, sitting perfectly poised in dapper pinstripes behind a walnut desk, informs me in an obviously phony, upper-crust accent that there never has been a Monique LaSalle connected in any way with his academy. I try another angle.

"She may have an alias. She also apparently went by the name of Alicia; I don't have a last name for her. She lived in Ingleside."

O'Rourke tch-tches, and looks down his nose at me. "Sir, I fear that we are somewhat, ah, disinclined to deal with dancers who feel it necessary to employ a system of double-nomenclature in reference to themselves. You might find it expedient to attempt to contact some of the, ah, less renowned instructors who deem themselves dancing instructors."

After giving his jaw another workout that I would find more tiring than tap-dancing, I finally get a few addresses out of him: Marie's Dancing School at fifty-three-sixteen Fulton and the Model Dancing Academy at ten-sixty-one Market.

Then he literally bids me adieu as a fur-bedecked matron enters. I growl "Later bub" as gutturally as I can. He shakes his head and turns away as I stalk out the door.

**Time: 30 minutes**

#### CLUE 49

A small, pleasant-featured negress answers the door. I tip my hat and put a question to her.

"Does Mr. Chocolate Brown live here?"

Her pleasant features suddenly twist, and fire erupts in her eyes. "No, he don't live here! Not since I throwed him out this morning after he tol' those cops he was with that Janine! If you want to talk to him you can most probably find him at her place."

I try to remain calm. With a soothing tone I ask her what Janine's last name is, or where she lives.

"Her fast name gonna be Brown pretty soon, you can bank on that, 'cause I'm divorcing that low-down gigolo, and it's a shore thang he's gonna trick her into marriage. She lives over on Capp Street, number nine forty-nine. I should know." She looks around conspiratorily. "I had someone follow him there once. To see where he kept goin' when he said he was goin' to practice that godawful saxophone. I knew he had a woman there, but he would never admit it. But when those cops asked him where he was when that guy got hisself killed, he had to tell the truth. I kicked him out. I ain't never gonna let him back. And I hope you're a collection man, 'cause he deserves every ounce of trouble I can send his way."

**Time: 30 minutes**

#### CLUE 50

"I was curious about the icon so I called up an art expert at the University of San Francisco. He came over and evaluated it. Turns out it's actually just a modern

copy of an old original, and it's not worth very much."

"Has he left already?"

"Yes, he went back to the University."

"What was his name?"

"Father O'Callahan."

"And he was absolutely sure it was a copy?"

"That's what he said. You can go there and ask him yourself if you want to."

"Thanks for your help." I make a small donation and leave.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 51

A buxom young negro girl answers the door. She puts her hand on her hip and cocks her head to the side. "Yeah?" is her only greeting.

"I'm looking for Mr. Mundell." I try to look past her into the room, but she steps aside to block my view. I can see several other young negro girls all standing in a row with their backs to me. There is a lot of talking going on, but I can't make any of it out. The girls are doing something with their hands, but I can't tell what.

"Mr. who?"

"Mundell."

She gives me a quizzical look. She closes the door and I hear her yelling something inside. Then the talking inside stops, and I can barely make out a whispered conversation. She comes back to the door and opens it up just a few inches. She peeps out at me and asks, "What's tomorrow's password?"

"How can you expect me to know that?"

"Well, then, who sent you?"

I think quick. "Paul Manning."

Now she looks really confused. The door closes again for another secret conversation. It opens again. "What size was you lookin' for?"

I hesitate too long trying to figure out that question. The door slams in my face. My knocks go unanswered.

**Time: 15 minutes**

## CLUE 52

This neighborhood bar is fairly empty. The bartender is spending his time polishing the counter and trading jokes with a red-nosed Irishman at the end of the bar. A few other customers are scattered about the room in various states of drunkenness.

I sit down at the bar and order a drink. I survey the customers but see no one even vaguely resembling Hal Salsbury. I call the bartender over and ask him a question.

"Was Hal in here earlier today?"

"Hal?"

"You know—Mr. Salsbury." I pull my nose to the left.

"Oh yeah, Salsbury. Yeah, he came in just when we opened today. Said he was looking for Willie."

"Willie?"

"Some souse that hangs around here. Used to be a stage actor. Even played Broadway. Doesn't have a home, always about gone. Just a poor drunkard. I spot him to a drink every now and then."

"Was Willie here?"

"Nah."

"Where is he?"

"I wouldn't know, but you can look where I told Salsbury to look. I know sometimes he eats—that is *when* he eats—over at the Salvation Army Mission. A lot of the transients get food there—at least the ones that can stand the lectures about salvation."

"You think Willie's there?"

"Like I said, I wouldn't know, but that would be your best bet."

"Do you know why he was looking for him?"

"Nope."

I down my drink and leave a large tip.

**Time 45 minutes**

## CLUE 53

I notice the police cars blocking the street as I approach the house where Spencer Moon supposedly lives. As I get closer I recognize the unmarked police cars also—almost as many as there are marked ones. Some of the unmarked cars have federal license plates. I stand across the street from the house and watch the proceedings. A dozen or so local cops are escorting a somber procession of orientals into a pair of paddy wagons parked in front. There are plain-clothesmen milling about the house, talking on their two-way radios, and in general looking very satisfied with themselves. I see Willie Buford, a street cop I've worked with on cases in the past. He'll probably never make it past sergeant due to an undisguised sympathy for the criminals he arrests. The street punks love him—his colleagues don't. I go over to him.

"Hey, Willie, remember me? What's the low-down here?" I lean my head in the direction of the wagons being stocked with unwilling passengers.

"It's an immigration bust. We're helping out the federal boys in rounding up the gang. Problem is, can't tell which of 'em's the cargo and which of 'em's the pilot, if you get my meaning. None of 'em speak a word of English, or at least they pretend not to. Sayin' stuff to each other in Korean even though we tells 'em to shut up. Probably gettin' their stories straight."

"From Korea, hunh? Isn't that part of Japan, now?"

"Yeah, and we don't let the poor bastards in."

"What's gonna happen to them?"

"Be sent back to Korea, I guess. The ringleaders, if we can pick 'em out, will stay here as guests of the government." He gives me a wink.

"I'm on a case now, and this house might have figured in it. I'm looking for a kid named Billy Kern. Caucasian, twenty years old, a little under six feet, light brown hair, skinny, but not bad looking. Any sign of him in the house, or maybe just hanging around like a rubber-necker?"

He thinks for a while. "Nah, haven't seen him."

Nothing but Koreans in the house. And we chased all the rubber-neckers away. Didn't notice anyone matching that description among 'em, though. Sorry I couldn't help ya."

**Time: 1 hour**

### CLUE 54

Another fifteen minutes of questioning yields no new information from Murray Thacker. I leave him to his literary pursuits.

**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 55

"Billy is one of my best students," says Professor Makarov, leaning back in his padded leather chair. His accent is thick, but he has no problem with the language. "Perhaps he iss a little too—enthusiastic at times. He does not have great patience for studying. He likes to see for himself. Many times he hass spent the entire night behind the telescope instead of preparing for class. But he iss quick," he says, tapping his forehead, "so he does not always need to study. Mind you, he iss not a genius, but he iss truly interested in astronomy." He leans forward and presses his bearded face close to mine. Makarov is a little melodramatic for my taste. "Billy hass two great loves: astronomy and Marianne. I am afraid, though, that uf late, the latter hass taken precedence. She is so devoted to him that she hass started to take astronomy classes just to be near him. But she knows nothing uf the subject matter, and I don't think she cares to learn. She passes, but only with hiss help. Yess, he does her homework. I do not try to stop him. What iss the point? I couldn't prove it anyway. I like to see him happy, so I let her pass. I like Billy. I think he could become a real scientist with some encouragement, so I give him that encouragement."

I hadn't asked for a psychological profile of the boy. People rarely say what you ask them to. I put to the professor some specific questions. "Do you know if he had any enemies? Do you know where he might have disappeared to?"

"No, he had few friends, but no enemies, at least that I know uf. I haf no idea where he went or why he left. I'm sorry I can be uf no help. When he wasn't studying or observing, he was with Marianne. My only explanation iss that there may haf been some accident." He ponders for a second. "Or perhaps they eloped."

**Time: 1 hour**

### CLUE 56

I push through the revolving doors of the Hayes' Emporium and am practically run down by a seeming

mountain of packages. A well-dressed middle-aged woman proves to have been precariously supporting the slew of parcels—before I got in her way that is. I start to help pick up a couple of the packages, but as the stream of misdirected reproach issues forth I decide the old battle-ax can pick up her own purchases, and I head for the elevator.

The third floor houses the business offices, and that's where I get off. My questions land me at the desk of Miss Charlotte Muncie, executive secretary to Bill Hayes for the past three years and the same for the elder Hayes for the sixteen years before that. She exudes the same sense of efficiency that I admire so much in Ida, but I can't say she exudes any of Ida's earthiness. I'd feel comfortable with a large wager that Miss Muncie's lips have never held a cigarette.

I flash my i.d. and my best smile as I begin, "Miss Muncie, I was wondering if you might be able to help us in our investigation of Scott Hayes' murder. I understand there's no one who knows the workings of the Emporium better than you."

My approach is apparently the right one for a change. "Oh, the poor man. Of all the people, I can't imagine how this could happen to such a fine upstanding gentleman. And poor Egbert, what a shock this must be."

"Egbert?"

"Mr. Bill Hayes. His father always liked to call him Egbert, and I heard him use the name so much that it's been a hard habit to break. Mr. Hayes hates the name." I could swear there's a malicious twinkle in her green eyes. My opinion of her climbs a notch.

"What can you tell me about the relationship between the two?"

She skilfully maneuvers me into a nearby empty office whose door bears the name of the Emporium's president. "I could tell you quite bit," she begins as soon as the door closes behind us, "but I can't see how any of that would help you."

"I don't know either," I tell her honestly enough, "but I have so little to go on that maybe you'll let something drop that will get this rusty gearbox of mine turning."

This provides all the invitation she needs to begin a lengthy discourse on the two Hayeses. While she obviously thinks highly of both men's business abilities, her loyalties are just as obviously with the elder man. It is with some reluctance that she acknowledges the improvements Bill has brought to the store.

"They battled long and hard when Bill first took the reins, over his plan to, well, to change the store. To make it less exclusive, to carry a wider range of less expensive, mass market goods. Although only good quality merchandise, of course. The old man just couldn't see it. But this is nineteen thirty-four, after all. That young man has quite a head on his shoulders.

"To tell you the truth, when Mr. Hayes first decided to step down and let his son take over running the company I was worried. What would he do with himself after spending all day every day here? But I shouldn't have worried. He put the same energy into that horse ranch of his that he put into the Emporium. When Egbert, Mr. Hayes, was young, his father used to worry that his son would have no interest in the store, that it would go to strangers. Such was not the fate of the store, but I don't doubt that will be the fate of the ranch.

Young Mr. Hayes shares none of his father's interest in horses."

"What can you tell me about the Emporium's labor troubles?"

"There's really nothing I can tell you about that. The negotiations are highly confidential and we expect a settlement any day. I will tell you that Mr. Hayes' offer is quite fair to the workers. His father thought he offered too much. I heard them arguing about it more than once.

"I know that I've been talking your ear off, but I don't think I have any information that can help you."

"Thank you very much, Miss Muncie, for your cooperation. If you can think of anything else which might help us, please let me know."

**Time: 1 hour**

### CLUE 57

I find the name "Pirelli" on the mailbox for apartment number three. I climb the dusty stairs of the old wooden building, turn left at the second floor landing, and knock on the door marked "3" at the end of the narrow hall. A dark-haired woman in her mid-forties opens the door. She is wearing nothing but a terry-cloth bathrobe tied loosely at the waist.

"Are you Mrs. Pirelli?" I ask.

She eyes me suspiciously at first, but after giving me the once-over she lets a self-confident smile creep over her face.

"Yeah, but I'm divorced. I'm sick of 'Pirelli'. I'm thinking of going back to my maiden name."

There is an uneasy pause during which I try to decide whether to ask her what her maiden name is or keep strictly to business. She decides for me.

"Why don't you call me Miss Lucy D'Angelo. Whadya need?"

"Are you the mother of Bradford Pirelli?"

"Oh, is he in trouble again? Yeah, I'm his mother, not that I'm proud of it."

Again I feel provoked to get off the subject. I resist the urge.

"I'm looking for a friend of his, a kid named Billy Kern. He's disappeared and your son might know where he is."

Once more she gives me the once-over, this time her eyes lingering on the lump in the left side of my jacket where my gun rests in its holster. She leans back against the doorjamb and sticks her smooth left leg out for the world to see. She checks my eyes to see if they show approval. I know they do.

"Brad don't live with me no more. I kicked him out a coupla years ago. He was gettin' to be too much of a bum like his father. I don't know who his friends are. I don't want to know. I got tired of supporting a bum like that. Let him live off some other woman—if he can't find no action cracking heads or doing errands for the 'boys.'"

I'm not sure whether she is talking about her son or her ex-husband; apparently it doesn't matter. I put the next question to her quickly before she can expose another part of her anatomy.

"Do you know where your son lives? I need to talk to him in person."

"Yeah, I got it written down. I'll get it for you."

She disappears into the apartment. She may want me to follow her. A glance at my watch tells me I'd better not.

While she is gone a young kid of 9 or 10 comes to the door. He bears a striking resemblance to the woman I presume to be his mother. He has big wide brown eyes and that air of self-reliance that only boys without fathers can have.

"I overheard you talking to Mama. If you're looking for my brother and he's not home, I know a place where you can find him—I've seen him there many times."

I squat down to his level and urge him on. "Yeah? He goes there all the time? What's the address?"

"I don't know the number. It's a pool hall down in the Mission."

Before I have a chance to thank him, his mother returns, and he scurries back indoors. She tells him to wash the dishes and then faces me.

"So you met his little brother, hunh? Give him a coupla years. He'll turn out just like his father, too. I'm cursed."

She gives me the address, nine fifty-one Eddy, Apartment D. I thank her and make it down to the street without being seduced.

**Time: 45 minutes**

### CLUE 58

"Yes, I remember the lady. She wanted to buy a handgun. At least I think she did. I showed her some of our more expensive models, but she didn't care about quality. She wanted one right away."

"What did you tell her?"

"What I tell all our customers—that it takes two weeks to have a model delivered. The ones here in the store are for display only. She left very quickly."

**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 59

I don't care what anyone says. One of the worst aspects of being a private eye is alibi-chasing. But it's part of the job—same as the fun stuff like getting shot at and knocked out.

And so here I am checking out the story that the cops refuse to investigate. Ingleside seems almost idyllic, removed from the fast-paced bustle of downtown. I park right in front of fifteen-forty-three Sargent, and take a gander. It's a well-kept three-unit rooming house. The paint looks new, and everything is shipshape—except I notice that the bottom part of the fire escape is missing. Odd.

I walk past the woman trimming the hedge at the front door. It's ajar, so I walk right in and make myself at home. I snoop a bit and find that the first unit is a

flat which appears to occupy the entire lower floor. The second and third units are apartments which divide the upper story. Chances are good that the downstairs is a manager's flat—units two and three must be kind of cramped. There's no identification on any mailbox, so I get to take my choice. I knock on the door of number three.

An old man, at least it sounds like an old man, shouts, "Be there in a second." I wait and two minutes later a man of about sixty opens the door. He is wearing some scruffy pants and an undershirt, and has damp spots on his face and a bit of foam under his right ear.

"Sorry to interrupt your shave," I begin, "but I'm looking for someone in this building named Monique LaSalle. Do you know where I could find her?"

"Can't say as I do," he says, his voice cracking with the effort. "Course, I just moved here yesterday, but I've met all my neighbors. Pretty sure no one named Monique lives in this building."

"Who had this place before you?"

"Woman named Alicia. I met her just as she was moving out."

"Did you get a last name?"

"Nope."

"And who else lives in the building?"

"Lessee. There are the Mustafils, next door. Buncha people from India or Bengal, some place like that. Husband, wife and five kids. And they usually got two or three friends visiting them. How they fit all those people into a unit the size of mine beats me. Of course, they're shorter than us white folks, and they're probably used to being crowded . . ."

I cut him off. "Who lives downstairs?"

"Oh yeah, the landlady. Mrs. FitzGerald-with-a-capital-G. That's how she introduces herself. I don't know too much about her except she charges three months' rent in advance. Seems kinda funny, but I got some retirement money, the place is nice, so I don't complain."

"Are there only three units in the building?"

He cackles a few seconds. "Sure are. There isn't much room for another, now is there?"

"And what's your name?"

"Thurmond. Thurmond Will. 'Course I get called Will Thurmond a lot. So I have to take some time introducing myself, just like Mrs. FitzGerald-with-a-capital-G."

"Right. Well, thank you Thurmond." I take my leave as soon as I can and scurry downstairs.

I rap on the door of number one, and all I hear is echoes. So I decide to check out the other unit.

A small girl answers. She's six or seven, dark, dark brown and very friendly—a really sweet kid. She tells me everyone's off visiting some friends in Oakland, but she stayed behind because she was tired. I tell her my name and ask her what hers is. She replies Ayesha Mustafil, and starts to spell her first name. I tell her it's OK, that I knew an Ayesha once. So she gets all excited and wants to know all about this other Ayesha. I tell her a bit, leaving out that the other Ayesha was a murderess and opium addict. I say that as long as we're playing who-do-you-know, I need to know if she knows someone named Monique. She starts telling me about a friend at school. When she stops for a breath I ask her a few more questions about who else lives here. Turns out she never knew the name of the woman

next door, and she knows Mrs. FitzGerald's name (but without the capital G) only because her parents had been arguing with the landlady about guests visiting. I gather that the Mustafils don't socialize much with the rest of the tenants or the landlady. I thank Ayesha for her help and she smiles at me as she pointedly says "You're welcome" just like a good little girl.

I try the downstairs door again. I don't think it's worth breaking in, especially since I don't know when Mrs. FitzGerald will be back.

I stop and ask the woman at the hedge a question.

"Are you Mrs. FitzGerald?"

"Lord no, I'm only Minnie, the gardener. Who are you?"

I give her my name, and mention that I'm a detective, without specifying "police" or "private." It often works as well as flashing my phony badge, and it's less of a lie. I like to trade off approaches.

I tell her I'm trying to find out about Monique LaSalle. Minnie hasn't heard of her either. I try a different approach.

"Do you know when the landlady will be back?"

"Mister, I don't. And she ain't the landlady, she's the manager."

"Then who owns the place?"

"I don't really know his name. He has an office downtown — he's a judge, I think. Anyway, that's where she is."

"Do you know how to get hold of him?"

"No, I don't. And what business is it of yours anyway?"

"I'm pretty sure Monique LaSalle was a tenant here, that's all."

"Well, I can't help you. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got a lot of trimming to do." She snaps the shears for emphasis, turns her back on me and concentrates on the hedge.

I decide that there's nothing else I can do here.

**Time: 45 min**

## **CLUE 60**

"Mr. Steele? Hello, I'm from the Continental Detective Agency."

"Ah, a visit from my honorable competition. You guys stumped on a case? Need some help from poor old Roy?"

"No, in fact I think we're already working on the same case."

"That can hardly be possible, considering that I've been sitting in this office with nothing to do for the last ten days, waiting for customers."

"Well, from what I understand, not too long ago you were investigating a kid named Billy Kern."

That gets a rise out of him. He gets out of his old wooden desk chair and goes to the window of his tiny, ten-foot-square office. He lights a cigarette as he looks into the street below. His coat and shirt hang from a hatrack in the corner, he is still wearing his hat, and an undershirt is all that covers him from the belt up.

"Where'd you get my name?" he asks.

"From the phone book."

He lets out a laugh. "Yeah, I guess that's right. But how'd you know I was looking for Billy Kern?"

"From a four-flusher named Guy Labude. Ring a bell?"

"Oh yeah, Labude. He doesn't know how to keep his mouth shut. Doesn't know how to shake a tail, either. A two-bit delivery man that cheats on his boss. A four-flusher—you said it. Now why were you talking to him?"

"Same reason as you. Looking for information on Billy Kern. He's pulled a disappearing act. His parents hired me to find him. Why were you looking for him?"

He sits back down and puts his feet up on the desk. I lean back and listen.

"You know his girlfriend, Marianne? Well, her parents came to me a couple of weeks ago. It seems they weren't so sure that this Billy kid was 'acceptable' for their daughter. 'We want the best for her' and all that crap. You know what I mean. Wanted me to check up on Billy. See what he's up to. See if he's the type to lead their precious daughter down the path of debauchery."

"So what'd you find?"

"Not much. And I did a lot of digging. He was completely clean except for one thing, he was a small-time dealer. Real light-weight stuff. Just sold to his friends at school. Just to keep himself in spending cash. I don't even think he used the stuff himself—just made money off the ones who were stupid enough to use it. And from what I could tell, he really did make money at it, instead of getting into debt like some of these kids do. His connection is a guy called Pimples Wade. Ugly character who hangs out at that pool hall on Mission. You know him? Then you know what I'm talking about. Nasty guy. He's the sidekick to the man they call Bobcat. Couldn't find out what *his* real name is. This Bobcat is the main supplier, but Pimples is starting his own business on the side. But Billy never hung around much. Had Labude deliver the shipments to him. Billy was on the straight and narrow. This drug business was only to make money. And boy, does he love that girl. Spends all his spare time with her. If he was a hop-head he wouldn't be so devoted."

He grinds out his cigarette in a flimsy tin ashtray.

"You know, normally I don't discuss my customers' business, but since I'm no longer employed, it couldn't hurt now. See when I told them about Billy they didn't take it so well. Started a lot of crazy talk about the mob and drug parties. I was stupid, I stuck up for the kid. It wasn't my business, but they were looking at it all wrong. I defended him. Boy, was that dumb. Then they started blaming the whole thing on me!"

He puts his hand on his chest and laughs. "Well, as you can imagine, our association ended there. Lucky thing I demanded payment in advance."

"Last Wednesday Billy dropped from sight. Could you give me any clues as to what might have happened to him?"

"OK, I'll help ya, but you owe me one, right? OK. To tell you the truth, I can't be of much help. I haven't even thought about the case in at least two weeks. Anything that's happened to him since then is out of my range. I'd bet my bottom dollar that it wasn't this drug stuff that made him disappear. He wasn't involved heavily enough to be killed for it. However, if he was in trouble, he might run to his drug connections for help. If he needed a place to hide out, that'd

be the logical place for him to go. But I can't imagine why he'd be in trouble. I mean, who knows what really goes on in people's lives?"

"True. But I've got to do my best to find out what's going on in Billy's life right at this moment. Thanks for the tips. If I can help you on a case in the future," I say, dropping one of my cards on the desk, "you can contact me at the agency."

**Time: 1 hour**

## **CLUE 61**

Another trip to Oakland and I can't find Shuffy Schopfenheuer. I try knocking on his next-door neighbor's door. A young housewife with a screaming baby in her arms is not pleased to be interrupted from her ironing by a stranger. I ask her if she knows if Mr. Schopfenheuer next-door has a daytime job. She says that she's fairly sure he does, but she has no idea where or who would know. We both smell something burning in her apartment. I leave her to deal with the crisis.

**Time: 2 hours, 30 minutes**

## **CLUE 62**

I am directed to the office of Father O'Callahan resident expert on Eastern European religious art. He invites me into his stark office. I explain the reason for my visit.

"Triptychs such as the one you saw in Saints Peter and Paul Church are common in Eastern Europe. The one there, like many many others, is actually a nineteenth century copy of a fourteenth century original. You see, it was very common for the priests in the villages to have copies made of the icons in case the originals got stolen or destroyed. Most of the time they never informed the congregation of this fact, and almost always the triptychs on display in the churches were the copies, while the originals were kept under lock and key or hidden away. Nowadays there are few actual originals left, but the copies are fairly common. In monetary terms, they're worth very little—investors can pick them up for under fifty—but in terms of religious and sentimental value, they can be important to individuals or even entire villages, especially since most laymen can be convinced that a copy is actually an original."

"How much would an original be worth?" I query.

"You couldn't put a price on it. They're irreplaceable."

"And you're sure that one on the altar in the church is a copy?"

"A hundred percent certain. And I'm the expert in these matters."

I thank him as I leave.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 63

A line of miserable humanity stretches down the block from the door of the Salvation Army Mission. They file in slowly, their stomachs aching for the hot soup that awaits them inside. I squeeze my way through the door.

The long rows of tables are filled with men, some women, and even entire families, but mainly just men. Some are crazies or drunks or hopheads, but most are regular guys down on their luck, unable to get jobs. The food from the free soup kitchens keeps them alive.

I scratch my head and wonder how I can possibly find the person I am looking for in this mass of people. It would take me all day just to ask half of the people there if they know anything about a phone call made to Salsbury Studio.

As an experiment, I pick out a few obvious drunks and crazies and try asking them, but their answers are usually hostile and universally incoherent. I figure my task here will be futile, so I don't waste any more time.

**Time: 1 hour**

## CLUE 64

"Oh, you're a detective? We've always wanted to meet a detective. Come in."

I follow Mrs. Dillan into her living room. She looks to be no older than twenty-eight or so, but considering the age of her daughter she can't be younger than thirty-eight. And she still has a figure that can turn a man's head. She whirls on me as we come into the center of the room and gazes with her unnerving eyes right through my head. "And where would you like to sit?"

I feel paralyzed by her gaze, and for several seconds I can do nothing but stand there and stare back. Then she looks away and drops herself on a couch.

"Uh, this chair will be fine," I manage to say.

I regain my composure and explain to her the basics of the case. At the end of the explanation I ask her if she has heard from her daughter Sherry since Wednesday afternoon.

"Sherry?" she says, looking bewildered. Then a flash of recognition crosses her face. "Oh yes, Sherry, my sweet Sherry. She is an angel. She has brought us so many virtuous young men to visit us. My beautiful Sherry. I have not seen her since—" her gaze drifts upward, and she appears to be staring at the sky through the ceiling. "Since, yes, it was Wednesday. I am not surprised that you knew. I have heard that detectives know things. Would you like a drink?" Without giving me time to respond she goes to a cabinet and comes back with a glass which she hands to me. The glass is empty. Mrs. Dillan seems very pleased, with what I'm not sure.

I eye the glass and hold it in my hand. "Well . . . thank you. Mrs. Dillan, do you have any idea where your daughter is? Finding her could be important to solving the case."

Donna Dillan closes her eyes and smiles. She keeps this position for thirty seconds. I take the time to look

around the house, the first thing I notice is that the wall to my right has no less than four barometers on it. I have seen one barometer on a wall as decoration, but I can't imagine the reason for having four. On the coffee table in front of Donna Dillan is a small stand with a pendulum hanging from it. But as I look closer I notice the pendulum is not hanging straight down, but instead is pointing at a slight angle to a mark roughly in the shape of a five pointed star scratched into the mahogany of the coffee table.

My apprehensive inspection of the array of taxidermed animals lining the wall to my left is interrupted by Mrs. Dillan's voice. "No harm can come to my daughter. She is a chosen one. Perhaps the pirates have tried to take her. Maybe she has joined an expedition. It does not matter; she will always be in good—" she interrupts herself, and then looks at me as if I had interrupted her. "What strange sounds?" she asks.

Again I have no idea how to respond. I sit on the chair, empty glass in hand, staring dumbly across at her.

"Donna, darling, I've had the most unusual dream," says a tall, pajama-clad man who enters the room rubbing his eyes and smoothing down his dishevelled hair.

"Arthur, this man is a detective who wants to find Sherry. Say hello to him." Donna Dillan motions towards me. Arthur pays no attention to her. Looking at no one in particular, he starts his tale.

"I dreamt I was floating over a large lake—a red lake with a bubbling surface. An airplane came out of the lake and dropped a big black rock on my head. Out of my skull came a swarm of parrots . . ." I tolerantly listen to him for five more minutes. When it becomes evident that he has no intention of stopping, I decide it is best to get out while I'm still sane. While Arthur babbles on in the background, I nod goodbye to Donna, who waves at me and smiles back while still paying close attention to her husband's story. I take a deep breath as I close the front door behind me.

**Time: 45 minutes**

## CLUE 65

The doctors at the hospital say Lorick is sleeping like a baby and probably will continue to sleep for the remainder of the day. "He's had quite a bad shock and he needs rest. If you had been in an accident like that you wouldn't want visitors bothering you."

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 66

"Oh poor Frankie. They've taken him away".

"What do you know of Jack Bier's murder, Mrs Mirabelli?"

"Me? Why should I know anything? All I know is the police have arrested my husband. But J.J. says not to worry, so I'm trying not to worry. That's all I can tell you".

**TIME: 15 minutes**

## CLUE 67

Salsbury's wife answers the door. "Oh, Hal's out today. This morning he had to go answer some more questions down at the police station, and then he said he had some business to do."

"At the studio?"

"No. First he said he was going to the grocery store; I remember that because I told him to take out an extra three dollars for groceries. After that—I don't remember where he said. I seem to remember something about a 'watering hole' near his office, but that couldn't be right. I can never keep track of where he says he's going. Oh yes, he said not to tell anybody." She looks at me blankly. "That doesn't really matter since I can't remember, does it?" She gives a sheepish grin. "Should I tell him you stopped by?"

"No, forget it. It's not important."

Time: 30 minutes

## CLUE 68

I step from the fog-shrouded street into the entrance-way to the Club Alabam. The street outside is quiet, and I hear a muffled roar coming from inside the club. I open the door and slide in. The roar is no longer muffled. The sound of an eight-man jazz band is competing with the voices of sixty drunken, laughing customers. The decor is dark and simple, at least what I can see through the smoke. The crowd is integrated, whites and negroes laughing together. A rare scene. For some reason my mind flashes back to the bloody race riots of '19. That was a bad time for negroes. In most of the country things haven't gotten much better, but from what I see around me tonight I get the feeling that, in this city at least, people are starting to give each other their due respect.

I wind my way through the tables to the bar near the band. The bartender is busy. I order a drink and watch the band. I recognize a few of the faces. I notice how between songs the musicians joke around and play snatches of tunes on their instruments. Sometimes one will start playing a tune on his own, and then the others will pick it up and before long the entire band is playing it.

I wait until the bartender has some free time before I ply him with questions. He's big and burly, and if I had to guess at his nationality I'd say Polish.

"Is it always crowded like this?"

"Whenever a band's playing, yup." He cleans glasses as he talks.

"Was it this crowded last Thursday night?"

"Sure, had a hot band that night. This place was hopping."

"Any of these guys here playing that night?"

He looks over at the band. "Lucky Lewis, he was here for sure. Arkansas Bill and—who's that? No, that other guy wasn't here. Wait—Tiny Johnson played the ivories for a bit. Milt Kincaide's always on drums, every night. That's about it. Couldn't say for sure about those other guys."

I leave a healthy tip before heading over near the stage. After another song or two the band takes a break. The applause is wild. The dancers clear off the dance floor. As some of the musicians wander away to get fresh drinks, I introduce myself to the others and state my business. The mention of the word "Marquis" dampens the high spirits of everyone there. I notice a few questioning glances from various members of the audience. The band members become positively sad. Milt Kincaide, the drummer, speaks for the group. "Man, don't bum us out. The Marquis was too much of a kid to die. Don't matter how he died; it's too late now. No one here wanted to kill him. Any jazz man could call the Marquis his friend. He never did no one no harm. He gave a lot of new guys a break. If you was down and out, he'd get you a gig at the studio or at a club. I can't talk about it no more. It's too—too . . ." He can't continue. He quickly gets up and leaves, most probably to hide the tears I see forming in his eyes. Everyone else remains silent.

I wander back over to the bar along with a few of the glum band members. I feel a little guilty having ruined their good mood. One of the musicians sits at a small table in the back of the club, catches my eye, and motions for me to join him. I bring my drink with me.

He reaches out to shake my hand. "Shuffy's my name. Pleased to meet you."

I shake his hand and sit down. I recognize him as the trombone player. He is thin, has a ruddy complexion, and slicked-back light brown hair. Although it is warm in the club, he's wearing a thick sweater. He has a smile on his face, unlike most of the musicians after I had reminded them of the Marquis' death.

"That's quite an odd nickname. What's it stand for?"

He laughs. "You think that's odd? My real name is Comet Schopfenheuer."

"Schopfenheuer is German. But why on Earth did your parents name you Comet?"

"My father was very superstitious. He was a German Catholic. The day I was born, a comet appeared in the sky. My parents had just come to America. He thought it was an omen, so—he didn't know if the comet had a name, so he just named me Comet to be safe. It doesn't matter anyway 'cause everyone's called me Shuffy since I was a kid. Most of the people in my family end up with that nickname." He seems to think the whole tale is amusing. I finish my drink.

"You were playing here with the Marquis the night before he was killed?"

"Yeah. Last I ever saw of him."

"Do you have a good memory of that night? Could you give me a complete rundown of who was there, when they arrived and when they left?"

"Sure, I remember pretty good. Some of those guys are here tonight." When he speaks he uses an occasional odd hand gesture that seems to be derived from his "waa-waa" technique on the trombone. "I came in a little after 10. Most of the guys were already here—"

Tiny Johnson, Lucky Lewis, Arkansas Bill, Milt Kincaide, the Marquis, Rinzler, Finkie Finkelstein. Alvin Burroughs was here, too, but he was sitting it out because we already had Tiny on the piano. We played for a bit, then Omar Simemening, or whatever his name is, showed up. He joined in. Then Tiny took a break and Alvin took his place. Then around 11:30 Maurice and Topaz came in, a little late for the early set, but who's complaining? I love playing with both those guys—so does the Marquis, for that matter. Topaz was hot to play the piano, so Alvin lets him in. We all jammed for an hour and a half, I'd say, and then the Marquis left with Topaz. I don't know where they went. Frenchy stayed on. Then around 2:30 Tiny and Omar checked out, maybe someone else too, I'm not quite sure. I left at 3:00. Just about everyone I didn't mention was still here. Heard that some of the guys stayed on 'til 5:00. I don't have that stamina."

"Did you notice how the Marquis was feeling? Did he act strangely?"

"Ah, he was kind of quiet. He was playing OK, nothing special, but still better than most guys could ever hope to. A little before he left he was—a tiny bit agitated, but I couldn't tell if he was happy or sad. Either way, he got worked up a bit. Nothing much, really. I heard he was upset about his old lady shooting the pin. Seemed to be glad he was leaving with Topaz."

"Who's his old lady?"

"Lydia. Lydia... Riddle... Russell... That's it, Lydia Russell. I really don't know her."

"Was anyone else there acting strangely?"

"No, nothing out of the ordinary. Topaz always acts crazy. You know, I thought he was up in Napa. Kind of flipped and they put him away. I was surprised to see him. Guess he got out somehow. I'm glad. It's a shame to see a talent like that wasted."

I see that the band is reassembling again. I thank Shuffy as he downs the rest of his drink and heads off back to play. I decide it would be a good idea to go home and get some sleep so I can be on my toes tomorrow. It's going to be a busy day.

**Time: 2 hrs**

### CLUE 69

Mr. Greer has given the word to his secretary not to let anyone in to see him. I try every trick in the book on her, even the "I'm the mysterious visitor he's been waiting for and here's the pre-arranged password" one, but she's up to all of them. I can't get in to see him, she says, and that's final. She doesn't even pretend that he's busy.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 70

A young colored girl, aged eight or so, answers the door.

"Is this where Tiny Johnson lives?" I ask.

"Uh-huh. That's my daddy. You want to talk to him?"

"Yes, I want to talk to him about a friend of his."

"Well, hold on."

She goes inside and I hear her talking with a woman. She comes back to the door. "Daddy ain't here now. He's at—" She gets a puzzled look on her face and turns into the house and yells, "What's his name again, Momma?"

"Bill Stanley!" Her mother's voice cries.

"Bill Stanley. That's where he is."

"Thanks a lot."

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 71

I take the plunge and head up the stairs into Lucian Bushfield's office. The way I look at things, any lawyer who has his office over a delicatessen is suspect. I don't trust him before I even meet him.

The words "L. Bushfield, Attorney" are written so small on the glass door that I have to bend down to squint at them. Through the marbled glass, I can see someone moving. I straighten up and step inside.

A heavily rouged secretary turns and looks at me from her place by the water cooler. She walks back to her desk.

"You need any help?"

"I'm here to see Mr. Bushfield."

"Do you have an appointment?" She asks the question knowing full well that I don't have one. So I improvise.

"We had a verbal agreement. He told me to come visit him sometime."

She doesn't believe that lie. "I'll have to check with him."

She goes into the inner office. I move over to the inner door and try to listen in on the conversation. This is what I hear.

"... And I'd bet my bottom dollar he's a private dick. He's got those shifty eyes."

"Well, what's he want?" says a man's voice.

"Said he had an agreement to see you."

"Let me get a look at him. Send him in, but leave the door open in case he tries anything funny."

I quickly step over to the desk so that it doesn't look like I was listening in on them. She comes out with a disappointed look on her face. "Mr. Bushfield will see you."

I tip my hat to her as I step into his office, Lucian Bushfield is a rather bland-looking man; his only noticeable characteristic is his nervous hand gestures.

"Please sit down, Mr. —?"

"I'm from the Continental Detective Agency. My name isn't important. I want to ask you some questions about Howard Finkelstein."

He gets a bemused expression. "Oh, really? And just what would you like to know?"

"Like where he's hiding out."

He plays coy with me: "Oh, he's hiding out? Hmmmm, I wonder where he could be?"

"If anybody knows, you know. And if you're with-

holding evidence I won't hesitate to call the police."

"You must understand—I'm a lawyer. If I *did* have a client named Howard Finkelstein, our relationship would be confidential. I'm not so sure I do have a client by that name. What was it again? Howard... are you sure you got the name right?"

I can see I'll get nowhere with him. "Can the corn, buddy," I say, putting on my hat and getting up. "If you're hiding anything you won't get away with it. The truth will out." I try not to slam the door as I leave.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 72

"I can't talk to you much. I've got to balance these books." Ruddy-faced Oliver Kehoe does not seem too pleased with the world as he settles back into the midst of his paperwork.

"How do you like the new job?" I ask.

"Job? This is no job—it's slave labor! Do you know how many members this branch of the Seaman's Union has? Thousands! And look at this," he yells, holding up a small pamphlet about twenty-five pages long, "here's the fee schedule. It varies according to how long you've been a member and how much money you make a year. It's impossible to keep track of who's behind on their payments because the payments are different for everybody! I hate numbers." He throws the book to the floor.

"So I take it you didn't seek this job willingly."

"Willingly? They nominated me and elected me over my own protests. I even voted against myself. If only that other fellow had shown up. What's his name? You must know—Seeger or something."

"Zeager I think it was. So you don't know him?"

"No. I've met him a few times, but I know nothing about him. Except that he sloughed this miserable job off on me, the cad!"

Kehoe goes into such a state that he can no longer continue conversing coherently. I leave him to his agonies.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 73

"Yeh yeh, I remembuh dat dame. Wanted a gat. Didn't hardly know a word of American. I showed her our complete line." He motions to a case full of pawned handguns. "She made an excellent choice, she did. De lady had an eye fer quality. Picked out a thirty-two caliber snub-nose. A real beaut. Paid in<sup>l</sup>cash, fifteen bucks. Didn't even want a receipt. Some of these dames, I'll never figger 'em out."

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 74

This time many of the pool players don't bother to hide their glances of recognition. No one seems too pleased to see me again. I walk smoothly past the bar and head over to where I saw the Bobcat sitting the last time.

I feel a terrible pain in the back of my head. I try to look around but all I can see is darkness with yellow splotches floating about. Then my head feels nice and numb.

I wake up to the sound of a cat-fight taking place not too far from where I lie in the alley. A white tomcat chases a scarred Siamese across two garbage cans and over a fence. I have a tremendous headache. I manage to sit up. My watch says it's five hours since I went into the poolhall. That means either someone's been tampering with the hands or I'm seeing things. Or maybe I've been lying in the alley. A painful attempt at raising myself convinces me of the last alternative.

A mustachioed cook come out of a doorway and empties a pot of evil-smelling red sauce into a garbage can. He spots me.

"Hey, you! No bums a-here. Boss say so. Go away!" He shoves me out onto the Mission sidewalk.

**Time: 5 hours**

## CLUE 75

I ask the clerk if he remembers a woman coming in to buy a gun today; I give him Maria Czygelstreich's description.

"Oh, I remember her, of course. She wanted a handgun. When I told her that we only have rifles in stock she left without even saying goodbye."

**Time: 15 minutes**

## CLUE 76



**Time: 2 hours**

"Baby Lips" Rinzler is in his mid-twenties, has limp, light brown hair, dresses in flashy clothes and has big pink lips and sagging jowls, undoubtedly the result of an excess of trumpet playing. He mopes around his apartment and looks at me through sad, bloodshot eyes.

"I'm blue. My lady left me last week, and now the mellowest of saxmen has to go get killed. Maybe I can get another skirt, but there'll never be another Marquis."

I ask him about the musical session the night before the Marquis was killed.

"I don't remember a thing. I was amped to the gills. I was buzzing like a bee. I usually blank out after popping the uppers. I should lay off the pills, I know, but I can't help it. I need my kicks."

I ask him where he was at the time of the murder.

"Lying in that bed, snoring my head off. I didn't get to sleep 'til noon that day. Uppers'll do that to you. You want a witness?"

Despite my protests, he goes out on the fire escape of the rickety old building and yells up. "Hey! Mrs. Podowski!"

An annoyed Mrs. Podowski yells back, "What do you want this time?"

"A man here wants to know if I was in bed yesterday afternoon. You heard me snoring, didn't you?"

"Heard you snoring? You sound like one of those electrical vacuum cleaners. The whole neighborhood heard you. I'm glad you don't sleep at night like a normal person."

"Thank you, Mrs. Podowski."

I ask what he knows about the Marquis' personal life.

"He had a woman, though he didn't talk about her much. Cute little negro number, but she was always high. I mean, she hit the stuff every day. The Marquis tried to get her to kick the habit but no go—she was hooked but good. She probably still is. But the Marquis never touched the stuff, and that's smart. Can't say as much for myself."

"What's her name?" I ask.

"Lydia. Lydia Russell. Lives down near Daly City. I haven't seen her in months."

"What about his family life?"

"You got me there, buddy. Never talked about it. He kept to himself pretty much, though a little while ago he told me he was considering joining one of those crazy darkie organizations, something about going back to Africa. I told him he didn't need to go back to Africa, that he had plenty of friends here." He stops and stares out the window. He remembers how depressed he is. "Who'd want to do a thing like that to a great guy like the Marquis? Man, that gives me the blues."

I sense that his talking mood has passed. I take my leave.

**Time: 1 hour**

The Marquis' place is a small house in a working-class neighborhood South of Market. The yard is unkempt but uncluttered. I check the backyard to be sure no one's there, and knock loudly on the door. I'm grateful that there's no answer—having to break the news to someone would play hob with my work schedule. I fish out my lock kit, let it get acquainted with the doorlatch, and invite myself in.

The house has only three rooms—four, if you count the bathroom. I start with the bedroom.

The Marquis led a pretty Spartan existence—there are a few pieces of sturdy, plain and well-worn pieces of furniture, an enormous collection of records, and a beaten-up old record player. On top of the double bed is an instrument case, and inside is an alto saxophone. Must be a spare. On top of a small table against the foot of the bed are several saxophone reeds, an extremely sharp knife, and a whetting stone.

I take a gander at the records. Virtually all of them are jazz, and a foot and a half's worth feature the Marquis. He seems to have been quite a prolific musician.

I check out the final piece of furniture in the room: a dresser. I search carefully through all the drawers, and find nothing out of the ordinary: just well-made simple clothing. But then I hear a rattle as I'm searching his sock drawer. I fish around in back of it and pull out a sturdy box that makes a clinking sound. I open it up and inside are three unused hypodermic needles and a glassine envelope of white powder. I leave it for the cops to find.

In his closet are more clothes in the same style: carefully maintained but beginning to show wear and tear. I burrow behind the coats and pants hanging there, and find a shoebox on top of a jumble of musical instrument cases. I take it with me out into the light. It's full of letters—most of them from fans. I riffle through them quickly. Some are full of abstruse musical praise, some are just gushy, one contains a very graphic offer from a female jazzlover. But, there are some letters with a different tone; one from an unknown subject of God's kingdom.

"Your heathen savage 'Jazz' music is destroying the moral fiber of this country. So-called musicians such as yourself are leading our youth astray and turning their minds from God. They find the disgusting sexual rhythms irresistible. Repent! Stop what you are doing and give your life to Jesus. If you continue in your ways you are walking the path to damnation."

And another, from an E. Medak of thirty-three Chattanooga street: "You are evil!! You will go to Hell!! Your music is the Devil's music!! You are the Devil's servant!! The hand of God will move against you!! Repent now or die!!" I write down the address and put the letters back on top of the cases. I'm exploring along the back side of the closet wall when I trip on an irregularity in the floor. It's a nail sticking up from a board that's not quite level. It's too dark to see clearly, but I get down and feel the floor. My hunch is good—the floorboard is loose. Lifting up the nail with one hand, I reach in with the other, and pull out an envelope. I carry it out of the closet and discover it's a bundle of business papers—carbon copies of contracts with various studios. The top two-thirds of the stack

are signed by Hal Salsbury at the bottom, and stretch back over the last two years. Clipped together are also a stack of receipts from Frenzy Records, with a sheet of paper and a letter folded together and clipped to the front of the pile. The letter, typed on stationery bearing the letterhead of Manhattan Recording Sales, is dated June 21st, 1934 and is from a Frederick Armstrong. It reads:

Dear Marquis:

It was a real treat to see you again on the East Coast. Here are those sales figures you were asking after. I'm happy to report that we've distributed a total of six thousand, eight hundred ninety-seven Frenzy records in May, and three thousand, eight hundred sixty-five of them were your numbers. I know you'll probably pull another surprised-and-modest act, but believe it—folks back here go wild about your records. You're selling as well as the boys who perform for the big New York producers. So don't be blue—just keep on playing those great tunes, my man! Hope to see you again soon... don't hesitate to call or drop in our way next time you're back here again.

Regards, Fred

P.S. Please send my regards to Hal and Shuffy.

On the back of the letter is a long column of pencilled numbers with the bottom figure, 1,972, circled. I copy down all the pertinent information, including the figures and names and addresses, and carefully put the bundle back into the envelope in the order it came out, and then shove the bulky package back under the floor. I don't find much else of interest in the closet. The cases prove to contain what I expect: saxophones of various sizes, plus a beaten-up trumpet. I put everything back, and go into the kitchen.

It is immaculate. The green tile counter has been scrubbed clean, no dishes are in the rack, the battered table is clear. Nothing but food in the pantry and cooler, the icebox has a few vegetables and a pitcher of water, and the cupboards all contain cleaning supplies and dishes.

It's the same story in the cramped bathroom: toilet and sink in one room, all spotless. The shower curtain is a bit frayed, but that's the only sign of disrepair.

The living room is also the bare essentials. On the table next to the window is a letter from de Young's mother that's nothing but news of harmless family matters. It is postmarked Louisiana and mailed five days ago. The table also holds a few liquor bottles and today's *Call Bulletin*.

The table in front of the couch has a few old magazines, a vase with flowers that have seen better times, and a few odds and ends. One is a commercial piano score, an arrangement of "Sweet Lorraine." On the back is scrawled "nine fifty-one Eddy Street." Under the address is the word "TOPAZ." I note down the address, and pick up the other piece of paper. It is a cheaply-printed pamphlet from the "Universal Negro Improvement Association" telling of a meeting ten days ago. The circular outlines the group's credo: that since negroes can never achieve equality in the United States and Europe, they should all return to their African homeland and found a free negro state. The association goes on to state that it needs members and money (lots of both) to bring about its dream of establishing the "first civilized negro nation on Earth."

The statement of purpose has been underlined, but

there is no other handwriting anywhere on the page.

There is nothing of interest in the fireplace or on the floor—that about does it for this search. I give the yard a final once-over, then hop in my car and hightail it.

**Time: 1 hour, 15 minutes**

**Fingerprint Clue 400 (I believe this is also an error in the revised second edition, so you may do well to disregard it.)**

## CLUE 79

"Is Mr. Estrella in?"

"What you want with him?" says the dark old woman. She adjusts the faded shawl on her shoulders.

"I want to talk to him about the death of a friend of his."

"You wait here." She returns with a short, fat man whose stained white undershirt is stretched over his belly and who holds a newspaper in his hands. They have a short conversation in what I assume is Spanish. Then he turns to me.

"Who has died, señor?"

"Jackson de Young. The Marquis." This baffles him. He confers with the old lady again.

"I do not know that name."

"Aren't you Kid Estrella, the jazz musician?"

"No, señor. I work in brick yard. No play music. You have wrong man. Maybe another Estrella."

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 80

Even though I can hear someone inside, no one responds to my knocks on Skip Stirling's door. I twist the unlocked doorknob and peek inside. A big, burly blonde kid around nineteen wearing a white sweater with a red Stanford "S" on one side and the words "Varsity Football" stitched on the other is rummaging through the papers covering a large table in the middle of the room. He glances up at me and continues to rummage as he chews his gum energetically. "If yer lookin' fer Skip, he ain't here."

"Is this his room?"

"Yeah."

"Are you his roommate?"

"Nah."

"Then what are you doing?"

"Lookin' fer his notes, and the last three homework assignments. Damn swell of Skip to help me out like this."

He obviously doesn't expect me to believe him, and I don't. I leave him to his larcenous activities.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 81

I admire the view of the City, one of my favorites, as I mount the flight of outside steps to the door of Tom Fitzgerald's house. A face or two appear from behind the curtains at the front window, and hardly have my knuckles rapped on the door before it's opened wide by a little girl of about ten. Before I can even say hello, she is scurried away by a sweet-faced woman wearing a kitchen apron and a young boy on her hip. "Shannon dear, now out back with ye like I said."

Turning to me, she asks my business.

"Aye. But who are you? Tom wasn't expecting any visitors today." It doesn't take much imagination to understand that she really means 'strangers' when she says 'visitors.'

"You're right, of course, Mrs. Fitzgerald. Your husband doesn't know me." I decide to try the straightforward approach. "But I'm not from the cops or the FBI. I'd just like to talk to him about The Emporium."

"What about The Emporium? Are you a reporter?"

"Exactly." Straightforward, not exactly honest. "I'm doing a feature on contract negotiations—industrial unions, craft unions, shop unions, you know the sort of thing. I understand Tom can tell me more about the labor situation in the city's department stores than pretty much anybody." I try to stop my babbling before I blow it. She seems almost sold.

'Almost' is the key word here. Or maybe she's just well-trained. "I can't really say when Tom would be able to see you—he's mighty busy with meetings and rallies—but he always likes to co-operate with the press. If you'll just give me your card, I'm sure he'll get in touch with you when he can."

I pat my pockets and glance through a small collection of miscellaneous business cards before confessing. "I seem to have just given out the last one. Maybe I can just scribble down my number on a piece of paper." I write down the number of Hunters. "This is the number of a pub where I'll be later. I'm hard to get a hold of at my office."

As I'm walking back down the stairs outside the house I don't have too much confidence that Tom Fitzgerald will bother to call me. I almost forget to enjoy the view.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 82

It's a short walk from Market to the Mills Tower, and the plush lobby is quiet as I walk in. The elevator attendant, a quiet, reflective man who looks like he's been doing his job for at least forty years, nods affably when I tell him I need to see J.J. Roach, Attorney at Law. He puts the elevator in gear and the cage smoothly glides up the shaft.

At the fifth floor he brings the cage to a stop without a shudder, and opens the door for me. "Third door on your right, sir," he says. I pass the frosted glass doors. Pretty fancy tenants in this building. An art importer, a private investment brokerage firm, an architectural consultant, and then a door that states in

small, classic lettering "James Jonas Roach, Attorney at Law." I open the door and step just over the threshold. A little chime has gone off—just like the bells attached to the doorframe you'd find in a mom and pop store, only the sound is softer and more genteel.

As I look at the front room, I understand the reason. There's no secretary's desk—just a few, well-made, conservative leather chairs to wait in, and a large number of massive, glass-fronted bookcases full of the sort of light reading guaranteed to keep you up all night.

The door on the other side of the room swings open and in glides a tall man in his mid-forties, impeccably dressed in a beautifully tailored wool suit. "Good day. You must be the detective."

I incline my head slightly. "Mr. Roach, pleased to meet you."

"Glad to have your help on this." He exudes self-assurance as he continues. "Any information you can find certainly won't hurt our case."

I hesitate. "Mr Roach, can I ask you your opinion on a question concerning the case?"

"Of course, of course. No reason to be so guarded. Anything I can do to help."

"OK, who killed Bier?"

"There's no way to know that right now. I'm gathering evidence, and the case is in good shape. We should have no problem getting Frank released."

"What does this evidence indicate?"

"It wouldn't be worth while to either of us if I explained to you the evidentiary procedures which would support the conclusions. This is a difficult matter for someone who has not had the legal training to understand, but let me explain it to you if I may."

"Remember that a good many opinions and findings which are basic common sense are not necessarily, in fact more often than not, are undeniably not, introducible to the court under standard evidentiary rules. In other words, I could tell you things which would sway your opinion but would really have no bearing on the case. It is the task of myself and my fellow attorneys to discern what data are feasible and usable in an evidentiary sense. Evidence beyond that must be regarded as spurious."

"But can you tell me what the evidence you have indicates?"

"No. You don't understand. The evidence must only be considered in the light of admissability, i.e. the reality that is relevant to the case must be wholly presentable in court. Now, I have had substantial training in the legal strictures of evidence admissability. And these strictures are among the most intricate within the corpus of legal writing. The sources and commentary on these rules would fill several large bookcases. In fact, they do, as a cursory examination of those three bookcases on the far wall will indicate." He waves his hand toward the three large cases, crammed full of fat, leather-bound tomes.

"Now, unless you are an exceptional private investigator, your training in these cannons is minimal if existent at all. So it would scarcely do either of us a bit of good if I were to tell you my conclusions without supporting them with evidentiary law. And I cannot explain that in an afternoon, it might well take me a week. And that, clearly, would be a waste of our time."

I sigh in resignation. He smiles at me. "Don't

despair. I'm still culling evidence, and this is where you can help greatly. Keep in touch with me. Let me know what you find. I can then consider it in the light of our legal strategy, and use it or not, as the case indicates."

I realize that I'm not going to get anything while he's consciously acting like a lawyer. I try another tack. "Could you, as a friend of Mirabelli, answer two questions? Do you know Monique LaSalle? And do you get the impression that the police are out to get Mirabelli?"

"In answer to your first question; no, I don't recognize that name, I'm sorry. As for the second, I hope you realize I'm in no position to talk about my impressions. I think it's safe to assume that the DA's office and the police will do everything they think themselves capable of in order to convict Frank. Whether or not those capabilities are generally recognized as legal or ethical, I'm not at liberty to speculate."

It looks like he's going to spend the entire interview acting like a lawyer. I decide to check back with him, all right, and hope that he's willing to talk straight next time. I get up. "Well, Mr. Roach, I'd appreciate it if you would keep me posted too—let me know when evidence indicates something that's both true and admissible—so that I can benefit from your snooping too."

He starts a bit at the word "snooping." Law is one of those professions that contains people who spend their time trying to convince people that they are above the dirty work most of their cases call for. I get ready to leave.

"Well, thank you for your time, Mr. Roach. I'll try to keep in touch with you over the next week or so."

Roach smiles broadly, and starts walking with me to the door. "Please do. Oh, also, you may have to keep trying—in as much as I do not have a secretary, as I'm sure your observant eyes picked up right away. I hope to see you again soon. Do stop by whenever you feel the case demands it. Thanks again."

We shake hands, and I'm out in the hallway. I walk down the quiet hall to the elevator which takes me to street level.

**Time: 1 hour**

### CLUE 83

Shuffy Schopfenheuer is not at his apartment. Perhaps he is one of those rare musicians who is able to keep a daytime job. Feeling only a slight twinge of guilt, I fiddle with his front door lock after a quick glance up and down the hall. Something clicks and the door opens. I enter cautiously. There is no one inside.

The half hour I spend carefully searching his room yields me exactly nothing. I learn a lot about his life, yet from what I find it did not appear to overlap with Marquis'.

**Time: 45 minutes**

### CLUE 84

There is no name on the mailbox. I make my way inside the dilapidated, disintegrating house and find there is nothing inside, not even furniture, except for someone sleeping on the floor in the kitchen. He can't be roused, but from his stench and clothing it's obvious he's nothing but a drunk who's found a cozy place to sleep it off.

**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 85

A cop stands on the porch of 140 Julian Avenue. I stand hidden across the street for a few minutes to see what he's up to and to make sure no monkey business is happening. But he just stands there and whistles. I cross the street and talk to him.

"What's the scoop?"

"Counterfeiting ring got busted here yesterday. We got an anonymous tip this was the HQ, right here in this house. We came in and found they were counterfeiting *stamps*. Postage stamps. Can you believe that? We got the press and the plates, but it looks like the printers took it on the lam. No one was here. Anyway, we got boys out trying to track 'em down."

"Well, who lived here?"

"Some darkie named Ramey. Don't know if he was in on it or not."

"Uh, is it possible to take a look around inside?"

The cop gets surly. "Hey, buster, don't get any ideas. Why do you think they pay me to stand here all day? So nosy bums like you can't tamper with evidence. Just back off and be on your way."

I hesitate. He takes a step forward. "Go on. Git."

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 86

I stride the block and a half up from the Market street trolleys to Herbert's. This must be my thousandth or so visit to the place, but the first time I've been in the hotel—the grill, which serves some of the best inexpensive seafood downtown, has always had my undivided attention in the past.

It takes less than two minutes to spot the house dick. He's a co-operative enough guy, with two inches and maybe fifteen pounds on me, but he can't tell me much. "I was in the lobby with Perkins, the uniform they had stationed down here. We didn't know anything had happened until Lasnier came out of the elevator alone with his gun drawn. He asked if anyone had come down. No one had."

"He shouted to us not to let anyone leave the building and to put in a call to police headquarters and tell them that Bier had been killed. I made the call. Then I herded the people who were in the lobby into the restaurant and out of the way."

"Anything more?"

"Well, a few minutes later about ten cops showed up, took away Lasnier and McCabe, and removed Bier's body. They sealed off the entire fifth floor and questioned just about everybody who was in the hotel at the time. The lab boys spent a few hours going over the place. And that was that."

"So you didn't see anybody come in or leave through the lobby and there were no particularly suspicious guests. Mind if I look around upstairs?"

"Help yourself. I'll open the room for you if you want. It's empty right now. But there's nothing there. Bier was actually shot in the hallway, you know."

"Thanks. I would like to take a look anyway."

We take the elevator up and don't say much as the floors slide past. The elevator shudders to a stop at the fifth floor. Room number five-sixteen is to our left as we exit the elevator, the second room on the right, about a third of the way down the corridor, towards the stairs. He unlocks the door and says, "I'll trust you not to take anything. Make sure the door's lock when you leave."

It only takes a couple minutes to confirm the house dick's assessment that there's nothing to see here. There may have been, but the room has been cleaned and made ready for a paying guest.

The door locks behind me as I leave, and I head down the corridor to the stairs. I go up past the sixth floor landing and out to the roof. I walk around the perimeter of the roof and look down at the cable cars far below. The building to the south is quite a bit lower than Herbert's. The one to the north is of similar height, but a narrow alley separates them. The space between the two must be close to ten feet—substantially more than I would care to jump.

I walk back down to the street, and have a one-on-one with a broiled fillet of swordfish to console myself.

**Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes**

**Fingerprint: Clue 384**

## CLUE 87

The address is a gas station. I don't like the looks of the place or the grease-monkeys lolling about. I ask the pug-nosed punk manning the pumps where I can find James Burns. He tells me to wait and goes into the office. He stays there for at least five minutes. I cool my heels. When he re-emerges he looks much friendlier than before. That's suspicious.

"He's in back, Bub. Follow me." I follow him into the garage. As soon as I step out the back door my head goes numb and all I can see are swirling white spots. I feel myself falling but I don't remember hitting the ground.

I awake with a tremendous headache. I'm lying across a railroad track in the Southern Pacific switching yard. Holding my head in one hand I drag myself up and stagger to the nearest street. A glance at my watch tells me I've been lying there for three hours. I thank my lucky stars it was not a busy day for the railroads.

**Time: 3 hours**

## CLUE 88

I like the Pink Rat. It has that mix of Latin color and San Francisco fog that makes for a good place to drink. The tables are clean and spaced well apart. If it needs anything professionally it might be more tables near the walls.

I give my hat and coat to a pretty seniorita near the door. I go into the main lounge where I am supposed to meet Romeo Ruiz. I take a seat at the bar. I don't know the tender. Says his name is Bob. I ask him if he's seen Hayes' jockey.

"Didn't you know?" he asks. "That's why I'm on this shift. Joaquin is his brother. Romeo was killed down at the Hayes ranch after the race. Joaquin went down there and they called me in to replace him. They say a horse stepped on him, or something. Doesn't sound straight. Joaquin said the local cops are checking into it. Damned luck. He won the race and everything. Was going to get married to that little girl."

"What's her name?"

"You never met her? Real beauty and perfect for Romeo. Her name was Carmalita. Carmalita Biggie, I think. I hardly knew Romeo, but Juan used to talk about his famous brother a lot. Really cared about the kid. Said this girl was devoted to him."

**Time: 1 hour**

## CLUE 89

"Mrs. C. Kaufman? There ain't no Mrs. C. Kaufman here. My wife's name is Rachael."

"Well, did you or she buy a hat at Eagleson Hat Store?"

"What, are you a nut case? I don't even own a hat. Neither does my wife. And that don't mean we want to buy any either."

"I don't want to sell you any hats. I was just looking for Mrs. C. Kaufman."

"You got the wrong Kaufman."

"But you're the only Kaufmans in the phone book."

"Ain't that a cryin' shame. That's your problem, not ours."

**Time: 15 minutes**

## CLUE 90

"I'm sorry. I moved in just a week ago. I understand the previous tenant, Mr. Lew, was killed in an automobile accident."

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 91

There are no messages for me at the office. The Boss calls me into his office and argues with me over a five dollar charge I put on my expenses sheet under

"Miscellaneous." I refuse to tell him what it was for. He may be my boss, but that doesn't mean he has to know about all my methods. He says he won't reimburse me unless I can prove it was related to the case. I let him have it his way. I call him a cheapskate and leave.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 92

"I'm sorry, but all our radio lines are tied up. I can't find out where any of the cabbies are right now if they're out on the street. Some of them stop in for lunch, so you might try later. Maybe the cabbie you're looking for will be here."

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 93

The Kerns live in a well-kept, two-story house in a neighborhood filled with the houses of lawyers and bankers. The doorbell is answered by Mr. Kern. He looks mildly surprised to see me. "Oh, we didn't expect you over so soon. But you should talk to our daughter, Elizabeth. Mrs. Kern and I have some matters to discuss. We'll be upstairs. I think you can find Elizabeth in the living room. We've just told her about you, so she'll be expecting you."

Mr. Kern heads off upstairs and I go into the living room.

A small attractive girl of about sixteen or so is sitting on the floor. She lets her eyes wander over my body before she asks my business.

"Mr. and Mrs. Kern hired me to look for their son. They said his sister Elizabeth could give me some information about him."

"I'm Elizabeth."

I find a spot on the couch.

"Do you want something to eat?" she asks, raising her eyebrows.

"No thanks, I use my mouth enough just talking. Do you know where Billy went on Wednesday?"

She flicks her hair out of her eyes with a toss of her head. Apparently she thinks that's cute. "Sure I do."

"Your parents said he was going on some kind of date with friends. They didn't know with whom or where. Said you might know more."

"He didn't tell me where, but he did say who he was going with. It was a triple date. Of course he was taking Marianne. He's so old-fashioned." She stares straight into my pupils. "He is always faithful to one girl. I don't know why. What's your name?"

I didn't come here to flirt with teenagers. I don't mind being rude when decorum demands it. "Never mind that, sister. Give me the information straight. Who else went?"

She is put off, but she continues to tell me what I want to know, although now she seems bored and disinterested. "He said he was taking Sam Thacker and

Sherry Dillan, and Bradford Pirelli and Zena Jones." Once she has said that she clams up.

"Tell me about them. All of them," I say.

She takes a deep breath and rolls her eyes as if I were a schoolteacher making her take a surprise spelling test. "Marianne is nice enough, though she doesn't say much and refuses to talk about any boys but Billy. Sherry Dillan is my friend, but now she's hanging out with those college boys. She's already had seventeen boyfriends this year. We counted. She knows how to get them, but she doesn't know how to keep them. She sometimes spends *days* without even going home. If I did that my mom would just kill me, but her parents don't even care. I think they're crazy as a pair of bedbugs. Sherry's latest was this guy Sam Thacker. He went to Stanford with Billy, but I don't know much about him. Now Bradford—he's the kind of guy I'd like to get. He knows how to treat a lady like me. He's a friend of Billy's, too. Bradford's wild, the life of the party every time. I can't imagine that a guy like that would be dumb enough to go to college. His girl, Zena—she's filthy rich. Her parents live down in Hillsborough, if you get my meaning. Girls like that can get any boy they want. She's really pretty too. Her parents make her live in the girls' dorm at Stanford, even though they've got a mansion. Can you imagine that? I'd be furious."

"You say you don't know where they went?"

"Well, he did say they were going to look at the fireworks from up in the hills somewhere. I think they're all going to have a party."

"Who are his other friends?" I ask.

"There's this brainy guy called Skip—doesn't care about girls at all. Spends all his time looking through telescopes. Another guy called Paul—he's come around here a few times, but he's never said a word to me. I don't like him. Billy's also friends with this Chinese guy, but I forget his name."

"Spencer Moon?"

"That's it, Spencer Moon. He's pretty good pals with Billy. I only met him once, though."

I stand up. "Would your parents mind if I looked through his room? Maybe I could find something that could help me."

"It doesn't bother me." She leads me into Billy's room and stands in the doorway ogling me as I go about my search. The area around his bed is clean. His desk is rather messy, and in the bottom drawer I detect a faint smell of marijuana, although I can find no physical trace of the weed. In his closet I find three suits, five pairs of shoes, an empty suitcase, a broken tripod, but nothing else.

Next to his desk is a telescope mounted on a tripod that works, and the telescope is firmly fixed in one direction. I take off the lens cap and take a peek. I can see right into a bedroom through a window. I straighten up and look in the same direction with my naked eye and I can't even tell what building this window is in. The nearest house in that direction is too far away to make out clearly. "This is a powerful telescope," I mumble to myself.

"And he looks at more than just stars with it," says Elizabeth, taking a turn at the eyepiece. I put the lens cap back on.

"That's not for little girls to look at," I say.

"Who says I'm little?" She tries sidling up to me. A

stern look makes her step back.

"Tell me more about this mysterious thing between Billy and your parents. They keep saying he was supposed to be here this morning, but they wouldn't tell me why. Do you know?"

"Boy, do I. It's our great-aunt. She's a horrible witch but she's got barrel-loads of money and my parents want to get it. The whole thing makes me sick. She's my mother's mother's sister, but she won't leave any money to my mother and father because she thinks they're money-grubbers. But she kind of likes Billy, and said she would put him in her will if he grew up and behaved. She even said the same thing about me, but I refuse to see her. I can't stand to be in the same room as her. So I'm not getting a penny because I'm a 'bad girl.' But Billy, he can be pushed around more. Since my great-aunt arrived in the city recently, my parents were going to take Billy to see her. He's their only hope to get that money. He was supposed to make a big impression on her. The whole thing was arranged. But when the time came this morning, Billy just wasn't here. I'm glad to see him standing up for himself for once."

"Where's your great-aunt staying?"

"At the St. Francis. My parents probably went there to explain why they didn't bring Billy. Since she's a witch she probably won't believe anything they say."

"Do you think Billy ran away because of this?"

"No. It's not like him. I don't know what happened to him."

I make my exit before the girl gets any more ideas.

**Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes**

#### CLUE 94

The Universal Negro Improvement Association is located in an old storefront on Post Street near Steiner. They chose fertile ground for their headquarters, as this is the main colored neighborhood of the city. In the lobby, if it can be called that, are several men arguing about whether the conditions for black people are better in the United States or in Jamaica. They take no notice of me. At the back of the sparsely furnished front room, under a large portrait of Marcus Garvey, sits what I take to be the secretary or receptionist of the Association, a light-skinned negress with wire-rimmed glasses and an unkind face. I approach her and engage her in a battle of wits.

The end result of over twenty minutes of what, for the sake of convenience, can be called a discussion, was that I learned that no one by the name of Jackson de Young, or simply the Marquis, is now or has ever been a member of the Association. She explains the presence of the pamphlet in his garbage can by saying that many of their members encourage fellow negroes to join, and that the Marquis was undoubtedly proselytized by someone who had given him a pamphlet. She does not know if he attended the meeting announced on the pamphlet. My further questions about seeing the membership list and any literature they have about their philosophy meets with her icy stare. I can

squeeze no more information out of her. I'm lucky I got what I did.

**Time: 1 hour**

#### CLUE 95

The Astronomy Department secretary tells me that Professor Makarov will be in conference with his graduate students for many hours. She says I can wait if I want to, but that I may be there all day. Since I really can't think of any good reason why I wanted to see him anyway, I decide to spend my precious time elsewhere.

**Time: 30 minutes**

#### CLUE 96

The old matron who guards the front door of the girls' dormitory eyes me coolly. "You say you're a detective? Oh, no, I've heard that line before. You've got to think up something better than that to get past me."

"This is the building where Zena Jones lives, right?"

"Yes, it is, but no men are allowed, especially during the summer session. School policy. I'm here to protect the honor of these young ladies."

I whip out my fake undercover police badge. "This is an important case, ma'am. I've got to question Miss Jones. You wouldn't want a lot of policemen around here, now would you? Policeman's pledge I won't impinge on anybody's honor."

The badge convinces her. She lets me pass. "But I expect you back down here before half an hour is through," she warns.

I go upstairs and find Zena Jones' room.

The mousy-looking girl who answers the door tells me her name is Judith Van Allen and that Zena is not in. She agrees to talk about her missing roommate.

"Well, Brad—that's Zena's boyfriend—came to pick her up Tuesday afternoon. What does Brad look like? Oh, he's tall, handsome—" she stops and blushes. "Very handsome. But too wild for me. Oh, don't get me wrong, I would never try to steal away Zena's boyfriend. . . ." The blush is even deeper this time. I tell her to continue.

"Zena told me she would be back Wednesday night, but not to expect her home in time for dinner. That was the last I saw of her—or Brad." She starts to fidget with her long brunette hair. "You know, they haven't been together very long. Actually, I saw him first, but couldn't get up the nerve to, uh, well, you know. But Zena could. She's not shy in the slightest. Always just takes what she wants. Even if . . ." She falls silent. My questions about Zena's personality and favorite hide-aways meet with mute shrugs. She silently nods when I ask if I may look around the apartment.

It is an unremarkable college dormitory room.

Zena Jones left no clues as to where either she, Bradford Pirelli or Billy Kern may have disappeared to. Judith Van Allen does not respond when I thank her and leave.

Time: 1 hour

## CLUE 98

Joe DaCosta is out on duty, checking up on some stolen goods found in a car wreck near Twin Peaks.

Time: 30 minutes

## CLUE 97

I conduct another interview with Ellen Pembroke, but I can squeeze no more information out of her.

Time: 30 minutes

## CLUE 99

Mickey tells me that Bannon came in about five-thirty and closed the place down. Wasn't drunk, though, but a lot of the guys who sat near him didn't look so good.

Time: 1 hour

## CLUE 100

		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
		San Francisco	Alameda	Alviso	Belmont	Berkeley	Burlingame	Concord	Daly City	El Granada	Half Moon Bay	Hayward	Mill Valley	Newark	Oakland	Palo Alto	Redwood City	Richmond	Salada Beach	San Bruno	San Jose	San Leandro	San Mateo	San Rafael	Sausalito	South San Francisco	Tiburon	Vallejo	Walnut Creek
1	San Francisco	X	20	90	50	35	35	80	15	50	60	60	40	75	20	70	60	10	30	25	75	40	40	50	25	20	30	105	55
2	Alameda	20	X	85	65	20	60	70	35	70	80	40	60	55	10	80	75	35	50	15	55	15	55	70	15	10	50	65	45
3	Alviso	90	85	X	40	105	60	110	80	75	65	55	135	30	85	20	35	110	80	70	20	70	55	145	120	75	125	150	95
4	Belmont	50	65	40	X	85	15	105	35	30	20	40	90	45	75	20	10	100	35	25	60	50	10	100	75	30	80	155	90
5	Berkeley	35	20	105	85	X	70	45	50	85	95	50	50	75	10	105	95	15	65	60	75	35	75	45	60	55	65	45	30
6	Burlingame	35	60	60	15	70	X	100	120	35	25	35	75	60	55	35	25	75	20	10	60	45	5	85	60	15	65	140	90
7	Concord	80	70	110	105	45	100	X	90	125	115	65	90	90	55	115	125	60	105	105	90	65	95	85	105	100	110	40	15
8	Daly City	15	35	80	35	50	20	90	X	30	40	55	55	80	35	55	45	55	10	10	75	55	25	65	40	10	45	85	70
9	El Granada	50	70	75	30	85	35	125	30	X	10	60	90	75	70	50	40	90	20	30	70	75	30	100	75	35	80	155	105
10	Half Moon Bay	60	80	65	20	95	25	115	40	10	X	50	100	65	80	10	30	100	30	40	80	65	20	110	85	40	90	130	115
11	Hayward	60	40	55	40	50	35	65	55	60	50	X	100	25	40	60	50	65	50	45	25	15	30	110	85	50	90	95	50
12	Mill Valley	40	60	135	90	50	75	90	55	90	100	100	X	115	60	110	100	35	70	65	125	85	80	10	15	60	15	65	80
13	Newark	75	55	30	45	75	60	90	80	75	65	25	115	X	80	25	35	105	80	70	15	55	55	125	100	75	105	130	75
14	Oakland	20	10	85	75	10	55	55	35	70	80	10	60	80	X	90	60	25	50	45	65	25	65	70	45	40	50	55	35
15	Palo Alto	70	80	20	20	105	35	115	55	50	40	60	110	25	90	X	10	110	55	45	40	70	30	120	95	50	100	140	100
16	Redwood City	60	75	35	10	95	25	125	45	40	30	50	100	35	60	10	X	100	45	35	50	65	20	110	85	40	90	130	100
17	Richmond	40	35	110	100	15	75	60	55	90	100	65	35	105	25	110	100	X	70	65	90	50	80	30	45	60	15	30	45
18	Salada Beach	30	50	80	35	65	20	105	10	20	30	50	70	80	50	55	45	70	X	10	75	65	25	80	55	15	60	100	85
19	San Bruno	25	45	70	25	60	10	105	10	30	40	45	65	70	45	45	35	65	10	X	65	55	15	75	50	5	55	95	80
20	San Jose	75	55	20	60	75	60	90	75	70	80	25	125	15	65	40	50	90	75	65	X	40	50	120	100	70	105	120	75
21	San Leandro	40	15	70	50	35	45	65	55	75	65	15	85	55	25	70	65	50	65	55	40	X	40	80	65	60	70	80	50
22	San Mateo	40	55	55	10	75	5	95	25	30	20	30	80	55	65	30	20	80	25	15	50	40	X	90	65	20	70	110	95
23	San Rafael	50	70	145	100	45	85	85	65	100	110	110	10	125	70	120	110	30	80	75	120	80	90	X	25	70	25	60	75
24	Sausalito	25	45	120	75	60	60	105	40	75	85	85	15	100	45	95	85	45	55	50	100	65	65	25	X	45	20	80	80
25	South San Francisco	20	40	75	30	55	15	100	10	35	40	50	60	75	40	50	40	60	15	5	70	60	20	70	45	X	50	90	75
26	Tiburon	30	50	125	80	65	65	110	45	80	90	90	15	105	50	100	90	45	60	55	105	70	70	25	20	50	X	80	85
27	Vallejo	105	65	150	155	45	140	40	85	155	130	95	65	130	55	140	130	30	100	95	120	80	110	60	80	90	80	X	55
28	Walnut Creek	55	45	95	90	30	90	15	70	105	115	50	80	75	35	100	100	45	85	80	75	50	95	75	80	75	85	55	X

## CLUE 101

The three-story Queen Anne-style house is freshly painted and has a perfectly groomed garden. None of the stairs squeak when I step on them. The round-faced oriental girl who answers the door stares at me with dark eyes.

"Hello. I'm from the Continental Detective Agency. I'd like to speak to Spencer Moon."

All she can manage is the word, "Plee?"

"Is Spencer Moon in?"

She steps aside and motions me to enter. "Plee." At least it wasn't a question this time, whatever it meant.

I follow her through a tastefully appointed house to a small waiting room. The decorations are definitely oriental, but not the Chinese I'm used to from Chinatown. Korean, undoubtedly. The girl pats a settee as if she wants me to sit there. "Plee." I sit down. She starts to leave.

"Hey, how long will—"

She turns around, holds up a finger to stop me, gets a distressed look in her eyes, and begs "Plee!"

Quite a handy word she's got there. I sit and wait. The minutes pass. Occasionally I see someone walk by in the hallway, but none of them responds to my call. Although everyone who walks by is oriental, I can tell it's never the same person more than once. Old, young; men, women; I don't know the house well enough to know where they are coming from or going to. After 15 minutes the first girl shuffles back into the room and manages a hurried bow. She gets up and glances nervously over her shoulder several times before she motions with both hands for me to remain seated. She lets out desperate "Plee!"

She waves an outstretched palm at me as she backs out of the room. For the first time in my life my sense of etiquette outweighs my sense of curiosity. She wants me to stay seated so badly—how can I be impolite?

My manners cost me another twenty wasted minutes, during which I grimly watch the irregular parade of people up and down the hall. At length a young, bespectacled oriental man comes panting into the room. He is sweaty and his chest is heaving, yet he tries to act casually, as if he had not just been exerting himself. He extends his hand. "I'm Spencer Moon. Can I help you?"

I want to ask him what he's just been doing, but I know I won't get a straight answer. So I tell him who I am and my business and see what he has to say for himself.

"Yes, I had lunch with Billy on Tuesday. He seemed fine then. We talked."

"About what?"

"He was looking forward to a date he was going on with his girlfriend Marianne and some other friends."

"What other friends?"

"Zena and Sam—Zena . . . Jones, I think her last name is, and Sam Thacker; let's see, who else? Oh, a girl named Sherry, too. I don't know her last name. I don't know who else."

"Where were they going?" I get the feeling he may not know about Sam Thacker, but I want to see how much I can get out of him before I break the news.

"Down the Peninsula. Said he knew a great spot for making out with girls—secluded in the country, but with a nice view. Where was it exactly? Well, he

gave me directions, but he didn't write them down or anything. He said drive down the Great Highway south of the city limits, and where it branches go off along Skyline Boulevard. Then after a few miles—just before you get to San Andreas Lake—there's a dirt road that goes off into the countryside. When it branches, go to the left. Where that road ends is the spot with the view. Now don't quote me on that; I think that's what he said, though. I don't know if they went there, but that's where he said he was going. I haven't seen him since lunch that day." He pauses for breath. I can tell his heart is still beating quickly from the exertion. "Maybe if you talk to the people he was going out with they could tell you where he is."

I want to ask him why he's breathing heavily, but there's something about the politeness that permeates the house that prevents me. "We can't find the people he had a date with. Except for Sam Thacker. He was found in a spot much like you describe."

We're both silent for a minute while the news sinks in.

"That's terrible. What happened?"

"He was shot. That's all we know. Will you be available for more questioning if I need more information about Billy?"

"Of course. Come whenever you like."

He is charming, but for some reason I don't think he's sincere.

**Time: 1 hour**

## CLUE 102

Chocolate Brown lives in that fog-covered area of the city known as the Western Addition. His house is right in the middle of "the Old Country"—the colored part of town.

I knock on his door. No answer. I knock again. A sleepy voice mumbles something inside. So I cease knocking and wait. Someone plods to the door. A negro man wearing nothing but hastily-donned pants opens the door. I have obviously woken him up. He has trouble keeping his eyes open. "Huh? Whatcha want?"

"Are you Chocolate Brown?"

"I hope so, unless you a bill collector."

"No. I'm a private investigator, and I'm looking into the case of Marquis de Young. Can I come in and talk to you about him?"

He stands there, still not completely awake, wondering what to do. He has handsome features and very short hair. His skin is—well, chocolate brown. His name fits him perfectly. He rubs his eyes and tries to give me the once-over. His vision is still blurry. "Did you say you were the police? Or what?"

"Not the police. The Continental Detective Agency. I'm trying to find out what I can about the Marquis."

"Is this a con? If I let you in, how do I know you ain't goin' ta pull a knife on me and steal everything I got?"

"Trust me. See, look, no knives. You can search me if you want to."

"Maybe when I search you, you knock me on the head. I don't know who you are—I'm not goin' ta go feelin' 'round your body."

**CLUE 103**

He says this with no malice or threat. He's pleasant, but painfully honest and suspicious.

"OK," I say, "we can talk out here."

"I don't know about that. Why don't you move down over there so I know you won't pull anything funny."

I oblige him and move away.

"Is this far enough? Can we talk now?"

"A few steps more. That fine. Talk."

"Were you a friend of the Marquis?"

"No. We was friendly enough, but I didn't know nothin' 'bout his private affairs. We played together plenty times, though. He was a fine player. I must have made a hundred records with him. We worked together fine."

"Are you a saxophonist too?"

"Yeah."

"Did you ever play his horn?"

"Plenty o' times. He played mine too."

"Did you play his horn last Thursday night at the Club Alabam?"

He looks at me expressionlessly for five seconds. "Yeah."

"Did you know he was killed with his saxophone the next day?"

The same look. "Yeah."

"Your fingerprints are probably on the murder weapon."

That isn't a question, but he says "Yeah" anyway.

"Maybe if you went down and told the police now things would look better for you. The killer wouldn't admit something like that."

For the first time he says nothing.

"Do you have an alibi for the time when he was killed?"

"When?"

"A little after 3 p.m. yesterday."

"Yeah, I got an alibi." He doesn't continue. I wait for him to finish. He goes expressionless again.

"Well, what is it?"

"You said you ain't the police?"

"No, I'm not the police."

"Then I don't think it's the best thing that I tell you where I was. If the police want to know, they'll come ask me. I don't have to account for my self to no one but the police."

He has a point there. All the same, it does make it look like he has something to hide. I move to a different subject.

"Do you know who else played his saxophone the night before he was killed?"

"I don't know if it'd be smart to say something like that either. If the police want to know, they'll ask. And it's foggy as hell out here and I'm getting cold, so if you got any more questions make it quick."

I rattle off a rapid-fire version of the story Hal Salsbury told me about the Marquis fearing for his life.

"I wouldn't know nothin' about that. Didn't see anyone else pay him no mind either. I don't know. Maybe someone did. I'm shaking all over. I'm going back inside."

End of discussion.

**Time: 1 hour**

The door to Sam Thacker's apartment is slightly ajar. I lean in and make my presence known. There is no one there to respond. I enter and take a look around. If I thought the room was a mess before, now it is a disaster. It is no longer the mess left by a disorganized person—it is the remnants of an unchecked search. The bed is torn to shreds. Pictures have been taken off the wall and broken. Furniture is lying everywhere. Nothing has been left untouched.

I take a stroll around the apartment. I try to see if I can find where the search stopped. Maybe then, if I can tell where the looker stopped looking, I can tell what he—or she—took by noting what isn't there. But I can't find an ending point. The entire apartment, from wall to wall, has been turned upside-down. It seems that whoever it was didn't find what they were looking for. There are too many valuable things lying about for it to be the work of a thief. And I can find nothing that I didn't notice the first time I was here. I decide to beat it before somebody comes in and fingers me for ransacking the place.

**Time: 30 minutes**

**CLUE 104**

I manage to locate the business offices on the third floor of the popular department store. I also manage to locate Miss Charlotte Muncie, executive secretary to Mr. Bill Hayes.

"Excuse me, miss," I say as I flash my I.D. and my best smile. "I'm investigating Scott Hayes' murder, and I understand there's no one who knows the workings of the Emporium better than you."

"I want to do whatever I can to help, of course, but you've caught me at a very busy time. Mr. Hayes is in the conference room with the negotiating team right this minute. I've just come out to get a few papers that he needs. I'm sorry, but I really can't talk right now. If you come back later I'll be glad to tell you what I can."

**Time: 30 minutes**

**CLUE 105**

The sign on Thirsty Joe's says they open daily at 12:30 p.m.. I pound on the door but no one's there. If I want to talk to anyone I'll have to come back.

**Time: 15 minutes**

**CLUE 106**

It takes a little bit of doing, but I manage to pick the door's main lock. However, the second lock gives me trouble. It's too sophisticated for my crude lock-

picking implements. I go around to the side of his apartment to see if he has any accessible windows. I find one, but it has metal bars across it. I inspect them and find that the wood is rotted on one side of the window jamb. The two bottom bars come off with not too much trouble. I'm inside the apartment two minutes later.

On the living-room table is a set of delicate balance scales, the kind they use to measure gold dust. But Pimples uses it to measure a different kind of dust. The paper packets on the table are filled with a white powder. I smell the wood of the table—it has the definite odor of hashish. So he deals in more than one kind of drug.

Behind the toilet in the bathroom I find at least two pounds of marijuana hidden in toilet paper rolls. In his socks drawer there is a large supply of hypodermic needles in a box that was taken from a hospital. There is no point in reconfirming what I already know; that the guy is a dealer. I concentrate my search for signs of or references to the missing boy.

It takes twenty minutes but I finally find something—a scrawled IOU note!

I.O.U. \$20.00  
B. Ken.  
7.5.34.

On the back of the note, written in a different hand, is "Guy—570 Alabama." I pocket the note. Pimples will know he was visited anyway from the missing bars on his window.

I spend another five minutes searching in vain for an address book or list of contacts. Nothing.

Time: 1 Hour 30 Minutes  
Fingerprint: Clue 400

#### CLUE 107

The Club Alabam is all locked up in the daytime, but I manage to get the attention of the janitor, a droopy-eyed, graying old negro man. He tells me that the club doesn't open 'til eight at night, and that if I wanted to talk to the musicians I should come after nine-thirty. I thank him for the information and depart. I plan to return that night.

Time: 15 minutes

#### CLUE 108

I press my ear to the door after no one answers my knock. I listen for someone sleeping. As far as I can tell, no sound comes from inside the apartment.

Just then a middle-aged woman walks up the stairs behind me.

"Are you the manager?" I ask.

"Yes, I am."

"Do you have any idea where Mr. Rinzler is?"

"He should be home. I haven't seen him go out today. Those jazz types usually only go out at night, anyway."

"Well, no one answers when I knock. Is he asleep?"

She laughs. "If he was asleep you could hear him. He snores like a buffalo."

I listen to the door again. "I don't hear anything."

Next she takes a turn. She looks puzzled. "No, he's definitely not asleep. I hope there isn't anything wrong." She pulls out a large key-ring. "I'll just peek in to make sure he's not home." She opens the door and leans in. The key-ring drops from her hand. A scream comes from her mouth.

I push the door all the way open and jump in. "Baby Lips" Rinzler lies sprawled on the floor, motionless, his eyes wide open and bulging. The manager stops screaming and just stands there shaking. I pull her out into the hallway, grab her by both arms and look her straight in the eye. "Go to your room and call the police." I say it slowly and clearly. She nods, sniffs, and heads off to the phone. I go back into the room to see what I can find.

Rinzler's body is cold but not completely stiff. He has probably died within the last eighteen hours or so but not too recently to still be warm. I can find no obvious cause of death. There is no blood; his neck is intact and his skin isn't bruised or punctured anywhere.

I leave him alone and look around the room. I know I have very little time so I move quickly. I keep alert for anything that seems disturbed or out of place. I survey the area immediately surrounding the body. There is no sign of a struggle. I hear a faint hum coming from one corner of the room. I find its source to be a record player—it is on, and the turntable is spinning. A record is on the turntable, but the needle is bumping repeatedly against the central groove with a little "click" seventy-eight times a minute. Obviously he had put a record on to play, but when it was over he forgot to take it off—unless he died while the record was playing. I try to read the label, but the record is spinning too fast. I reach in and stop the record for a moment so I can read it: de Young's Youngsters doing "What Is This Thing Called Love" on Frenzy Records. There is no personnel listed but there is little doubt as to who de Young is. I let go and the record resumes spinning.

Next to the record player is a scattered pile of broken records. I estimate that four records have been purposely shattered. Their labels must have been removed so that whoever found them could not piece together the fragments and find out exactly what records they were. But why someone would want to conceal the identity of four records in the room of a dead man is beyond me. If they contained incriminating evidence, then why not just remove them instead of going to all the trouble of destroying them? Or even more simply, why not just leave them lying casually in a stack of other records where they would undoubtedly never be noticed? Why draw attention to them by breaking them? What evidence could they have possibly contained? It smells fishy to me.

For the moment I leave the records behind and look around the rest of the apartment. I'm nosing around in the kitchen when I hear a commotion in the

## CLUE 109

hallway. I step back into the room with the body to see what it is. The manager has returned, bringing several of the building's residents with her. She is sobbing and they are consoling her.

"That's just how we found him," she wails. "Me and this man had a suspicion something was wrong. So I opened the locked door, and..." She puts her face in her hands.

I go over to her. "Did you call the police?"

She nods.

"Are you sure the door was properly locked?"

Again she nods.

"Did anybody else have a key to the door besides you and him?"

She shakes her head. I go over to the dead man and find the keys in his pants pocket. If he was killed, the killer didn't leave by the front door. I look out a window and see that a fire escape gives easy access to the street below. But then I notice that the window is also locked from the inside. In fact, all the windows are locked from the inside. That gives me pause to think. And as I look out the window I see two patrol cars pull up. That gives me about thirty more seconds before the cops come in and take over, and I haven't even searched most of the apartment. An idea strikes me how to best spend my remaining time.

Ignoring the gawking residents, I return to the pile of broken records. I quickly try to piece at least one of them together. It's difficult; all four records are jumbled together. Finally I get most of one completed just as the cops arrive at the door. Although the label is gone, it is still possible to see the record company's official registration number inscribed in the blank space between the grooves and where the label used to be. It looks like this:



The rest of my visit to "Baby Lips" Rinzler's apartment is tedious and mainly involves repeating the same story over and over to the cops. No I didn't know him; yes I found the body; no I didn't tamper with anything; no I didn't see anybody; yes I'll be available for questioning if it's necessary. They tell me if I want to find out the cause of death I should go to the coroner's tomorrow. Then they tell me, and everyone else, to scram. We do.

**Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes**

A police guard is sitting on the porch, reading a newspaper and not being very attentive. I approach him and, standing at the bottom of the front stairs, ask him what the story is with the house. He's casual about handing out information.

"The Fed Boys got it quarantined off. Evidence inside that can't be touched 'til they decide what to do with the owners. They got 'em on an illegal immigration rap. They may send 'em back. If they do, the place goes up for auction. 'Til then," he picks the newspaper back up and starts to read again, "there's a guard on it twenty-four hours a day."

**Time: 1 hour**

## CLUE 110

Due to an accident at the Marin launching dock, all the car ferries have been delayed until 2:30. The ferrymen recommend coming back then, because no ferries are authorized to leave before that time. I mumble obscenities under my breath.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 111

A terribly emaciated teenage girl answers the door. She is of medium height, with light brown hair, but from her looks she can't weigh more than eighty pounds. Her face is pale and taut. Her stare is hollow. She looks like she hasn't eaten in a week. She tries to swallow but has great difficulty. She steps forward and clutches my lapel. "Do you have it? Are you from Paul?" She is holding herself up by clinging to my clothing. I pat her on the shoulder and reassure her.

"Yes, I'm from Paul."

"Oh, please, give it to me. I—I—" She starts to retch. I carry her inside. As I set her down on the couch I notice the track marks on her arms.

"Is Paul your connection?"

Her eyes are closed and she is breathing quickly. "Sometimes. I don't care who it's from. Please. . . ." Again she grabs at me. She starts sobbing. "Please. I don't have money now, but I'll pay you later."

I feel like a first class cad, but I have to ask her the question I came there to ask. "Do you know someone named Billy Kern?"

She is sobbing again. She manages to shake her head no.

"Are you sure? Has Paul ever introduced you to someone named Billy?"

She lifts up her head. "Yes, no, whatever you want me to say. Please give it to me. Billy? I don't remember. I don't know anything anymore."

I curse myself for getting into this predicament. I

don't have anything to give her, but I can't leave her like this. I take the only way out. "I'm calling the hospital. Don't worry." I make the call and leave before the ambulance arrives.

**Time: 45 minutes**

## CLUE 112

There is no one home at the Jorgensson's house. I want to poke around a little, but the elderly couple next door who are puttering around the yard keep glancing over at me suspiciously, and I don't want to have a run-in with the police. I beat a retreat.

**Time: 1 hour**

## CLUE 113

Murray Thacker's sad old eyes regard me from his doorway. "It's about Sam? Come in, come in."

He leads me into an apartment whose walls are completely covered with bookshelves. I catch a few titles as I sit down: *Folkways of Eastern Europe*; *A Critical Examination of Logical Positivism*; *Essential Meaning and Verifiability*; *Myth and Ancient Man*. Besides the books there is very little in the room, save for his desk, two chairs and a lot of dust. The only light comes from a small lamp over the typewriter on his desk. There are stacks of typing paper on the desk, some written on, some blank. Several books are lying open on the floor next to his chair. Stuck in the typewriter is a page half-filled with words. My suggestion that we open a window is nixed. "The wind blows the paper all over," he offers as an explanation. So we talk in the stuffy gloom.

Before I can start to question him he begins to speak: "Ah, Sam. Sam was my only child. There was no one left in the family except me and him. My own parents died long ago, and . . . ." He turns his pale face away and stares morosely at a row of books. "Sam's mother passed away when Sam was only eleven. We've been alone ever since." He lets out an ironic laugh. "I think he took it much better than I did. It's hard for an old man. I was so proud of him. He had such a promising future. And now he's dead."

I break in on his self-absorbed monologue to ask the questions I have come to ask. He finally gets to the point.

"No, I don't keep track of Sam's daily activities. He lived at school—at Stanford—but he came to visit every now and then. I hadn't seen him in over a week. I don't know how this could have happened. He was such a good boy."

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 114

A line of miserable humanity stretches down the block from the door of the Salvation Army Mission. They file in slowly, their stomachs aching for the hot soup that awaits them inside. I squeeze my way through the door.

The long rows of tables are filled with men, some women, and even entire families, but mainly just men. Some are crazies or drunks or hopheads, but most are regular guys down on their luck, unable to get jobs. The food from the free soup kitchens keeps them alive.

I survey the room and spot Hal Salsbury over in a corner, talking to a grimy, red-faced bum. I consider my possible plans of action. I choose one.

I grab a tray and, in order to avoid waiting in the long line, put a used, empty soup bowl and spoon on it. I turn up my coat collar and hunch over. I slide into the table directly behind Salsbury and the bum. I pretend to eat, and listen.

"But I tell ya, I *haven't* told a shoul, jes' like you said to do."

"That's good. I want you to keep it that way. Don't believe what you might hear or read. It will only get you in trouble with the police. You wouldn't want that."

"But what am I gonna read? You're not makin' mush sense. I said no talkin', an' I keeps my word. But who's gonna care 'bout one lousy phone call from a no-good drunk like me? I jes' said stuff into the phone; I didn't do nuthin' wrong."

"That's right. You didn't do anything wrong. Is this all you're eating for lunch?"

"This is all I've eaten so far this *week*."

Poor guy, I think. Here it is Sunday. But Salsbury plays along.

"Come with me. I'll take you to get some real food. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Shore."

They get up and leave together. They pass by my left. I look to my right. When they are safely out of sight, I get up to follow. But by the time I get outside all I see is the back of Salsbury's car speeding away. There aren't any taxis around and my car is parked too far away—I don't have a hope of following them.

**Time: 45 minutes**

## CLUE 115

There are enough wreaths and flowers to start at least three florist shops and more people than Hunters gets on a busy Friday night. I can't help thinking that, despite all his wealth and friends Scott Hayes is still going to end up six feet under like the rest of us.

I hang back on the fringe of the mass of mourners during a simple graveside service. I'm about to duck out when I spot a woman who I hadn't noticed before standing back a bit from the crowd. She's dressed all in black and is wearing a veil, so I can't get a good look at her, but she looks like she's not here to be seen which means she might have a good reason to be here which means that I should try to talk to her.

A detailed black and white illustration of a classic pocket watch. The watch has a round face with a white dial and black Arabic numerals from 1 to 12. The hour hand is positioned between 10 and 11, and the minute hand is pointing at 2. There is a small seconds sub-dial at the 6 o'clock position. The watch is encased in a dark, possibly metal, case. A decorative chain is attached to the top of the watch, featuring a ring and a loop. The chain is coiled and extends towards the right side of the frame. The overall style is that of a vintage engraving or woodcut.

In the drawer of the night table is a scrap of paper with initials and addresses.

The waiter brings us each a glass which is soon filled with beer from the large pitcher that sits on the table. As soon as the pitcher is empty one of the white-aproned waiters picks it up and, without a word, returns

with a full one. After we have all wet our gullets, one of our new co-workers asks for our attention.

"The Old Man asked me to fill you in on our operations. I know you're new to the city, but you'll soon learn your way around. We're here to help. This is Howard Black, Blackie to his few friends."

Black wordlessly lifts his glass to us and raises one corner of his mouth in what we assume passes for his smile.

"And this is Rob Bannon."

"Aye, it's a pleasure to have ye joining us." Bannon's face breaks into a large smile as he fills his glass with beer. "This calls for a celebration. Jimmy! Bring us a bottle of the Emerald Isle's finest." Jimmy quickly returns with a bottle of Irish whiskey and glasses.

The Op continues, "There's no way to learn this business but by hitting the streets and doing it. The agency has a lot of resources, especially if you need information from another city, but most of the time you're on your own. When you need help you'll take it from just about anybody—from good honest cops or from the sleaziest snitches. You'll gradually build up a circle of friends and informants who can help you out with a tip or by checking out a special angle. In the meantime, we thought we'd tell you about a few sources we sometimes have occasion to use as we peel away the city's facade. Maybe they can help you too.

"Always keep in mind who you're talking to and why they're talking. There's always something they want in exchange—to get the scoop on a good story, to pick your brain, to squeeze another con, to repay a past favor or to bank a future one, or plain old greenbacks. Sometimes they may just tell you what they think you want to hear to get you off their backs.

"You'll often be running into the police, of course. Joe DaCosta is a friend at the police department. He can be of help. He can also throw you out on your ear. Another good source on the right side of the law is Zack Evans, a reporter over at the *Call Bulletin*. He keeps his ear to every keyhole in the city. He likes to exchange information, but he's known to take more than he gives if he gets the chance."

The Op pauses to wet his whistle. He frowns at the note-taking he sees. "It's OK to write things down. Sometimes it's essential. But it's shoe leather and the old noggin that solves cases and not a pen and paper."

Bannon breaks a slightly uncomfortable silence, "While we're on the subject of honest folk, I might mention Oscar Hoffman who works on the docks. He's big in the union, keeps his eyes open and knows the waterfront. He's a good man and something of a philosopher. Must have a bit of Irish blood in his veins."

"Most of the people you'll be dealing with are not the most honest, upstanding sort, which means the people who know them are not the most square-shooting. Sometimes you'll need to grease a palm; sometimes you have to get tough." The Op pauses to light a Lucky and offers the pack to us as he continues, "I have a friend who's a small-time numbers runner, Joseph Marino. He knows a lot about gangland society. I've told him you might be around with some questions."

Rob Bannon speaks as he refills all the shot glasses. "If it's gambling information ye be wanting, go to the Dolph gym over on Turk and ask for Nick. Nick Lucas.

He makes book on any sport."

"If you're trying to track down any stolen goods, you might want to talk to Abe Cohn. He owns a pawn shop on Fillmore. Claims to be an ex-fence. I'm not so sure about the 'ex' part, but the goods he has for sale often include information."

Blackie pours himself another whiskey. He speaks for the first time since we sat down. "Sammy Fong can tell you about Chinatown. Hangs around at the Twin Dragons." Blackie's reticence and appearance of quiet strength remind us of Gary Cooper.

"Of course, there is one more important source of information we haven't mentioned yet," resumes the Op who has done most of the talking. "Fanny Feathers runs one of the most popular houses up on Nob Hill, on Pleasant street. She knows more than you may want to know, and she can be *very* friendly."

The whiskey bottle and the beer pitcher are both empty. The Op continues, "This is a lot to take in all at once. Maybe it's time to call it a night. The Old Man expects you in bright and early tomorrow morning, and it's best to do what the Old Man expects—at least most of the time. He'll ask you questions every day. Some of them are real doozies, but you'll find that if you've done everything you could or should have, and maybe ten times more, you'll be able to give him the answers he wants." His eyes smile. "Good luck to you, use your time well and be careful."

**Time: 0 minutes**

## **CLUE 118**

I can find no trace of Lucky Lewis or his saxophone anywhere around. No one I ask has seen him.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## **CLUE 119**

There is something unworldly and disorienting about the Francis Apartments as I step into its seedy lobby from the thick fog that covers this area of the city. I climb the stairs in search of room twenty-three; there is something about the hotel's atmosphere that makes me feel as if I am in a dream. I perceive things all around me that I doubt even exist. I seem to smell garlic-dominated food cooking somewhere in the building—but do I really? It could just be fifty years of odors accumulated in the musty hallways. I imagine mice and cockroaches out of the corners of my eye; but when I turn to look at them, there's nothing there. The stairs sway under my feet—or am I just dizzy? And that music—a crazy, tinkling music that comes and goes and swirls around me faintly, coming from all directions at once. When I hear it playing I'm convinced it's real, but when it stops I tell myself I'm imagining things.

I find room twenty-three without really trying; suddenly I look up and there it is. My hand raises itself and I knock on the door. I wait for an answer. I knock

again. I stand in the hallway for minute after minute, knocking and waiting. No answer. I turn around and head back to the stairs.

I decide to try to find the manager; for that matter, anybody—I realize that I haven't seen a soul since I entered the place. Moving slowly, I descend the swaying stairs to the erratic tempo of the nightmarish music. Down in the lobby there is a front desk, but it is completely unattended. I look around the lobby. There is a door at the back. Written in pencil on the door's cheap, peeling green paint are the words "Recreation Room" in childish handwriting. The peculiar sensations that I noticed ever since I first came in get stronger as I approach the door. I reach for the tarnished brass knob and twist it open.

The room on the other side of the door will take a bit of describing.

It is fairly large, about twenty feet deep by thirty feet. Most of the floor is covered by a worn, faded, imitation Persian rug. Hanging from the ceiling is a bright bare bulb that sways slightly back and forth. Accordingly, the shadows it casts also sway slightly, and that gives me the impression that the whole room is moving back and forth. In one corner, to my left, is an entire Filipino family cooking their dinner over a metal barbecue that was meant for outdoor picnics. Three women of varying ages bustle about, tending the food and babbling softly in Tagalog. Two children lie sleeping on the floor wrapped in blankets. One of the men is reading a newspaper, and three others are engaged in a heated discussion. The heady garlic smell of the food fills the room and, as I learned earlier, the rest of the building also. To my right are six men sitting around a table playing poker. They are dressed mainly in rags, like the men you see pushing carts down the street, picking up junk from the gutter. I look closer and see that they are not using chips or money for the betting; instead they bet with various items which I assume they've found—forks, old shoes, eyeglasses, pearl buttons, bottle openers, an occasional watch. They have apparently worked out some kind of barter system which assigns a relative value to each kind of object. But their casual and fraternal air makes me think that the value of any given object can vary according to who is betting it or how dramatically it is placed in the pot.

Finally, at the back of the room is a small man with his back to me, playing a weather-beaten old upright piano. The music he is playing, which I now realize was the prime cause of the uneasy feeling I had when I first came in, is chaotic, wild, like the music from an illogical dream. Oddly, no one else in the room seems to notice it; perhaps they have gotten used to it after hearing it often.

I know the man making that music can be none other than Topaz Munro. No one pays me any mind as I cross the room to the piano. He hears—or simply senses—me coming, and stops playing when I'm about eight feet away from him. I stop. He slowly turns to face me.

His skin is a smooth medium brown, and the excess moisture on his face makes it shiny. He is wearing a formal dinner jacket and tie, and his shirt collar is very high and comes up almost to his chin. His hair is fairly long for a negro's and it stands straight up two or three inches on top of his head. He has a perfectly symmetri-

cal large, broad nose and thick but effeminate lips. His expansive forehead reaches all the way to his ears, both of which stick out slightly. When he looks at me he tilts his head forward subtly so that he must raise his eyelids and look up with his penetrating eyes to see me. I stand frozen as he gazes at me and assesses me.

He walks over to the poker game and squats down next to one of the players. Someone makes a bet, and someone else raises—that is if I assume correctly that a silver spoon and a radio tube are worth more than a pair of wire-rimmed spectacles. The man next to Munro says "I'm out" and lays his cards down. But Munro shakes his head, picks up the man's cards and puts them back in his hand, and shoves a small pile of objects into the pot. The other players seem surprised, but play continues and the pot grows large. When the time comes to show hands, Munro's man wins the whole pot with only a pair of queens. Munro gets up and walks away without saying a word. He goes through the door to the lobby and I follow.

In the lobby I speak to him. "I've come to talk to you about your friend the Marquis. Had you talked to him recently?"

Again he tilts forward and looks up at me. "The Marquis told me many secrets. He always tells me his secrets."

"You spent some time with him a few days ago. What secrets did he tell you?"

That gets a little nervous laugh out of him. "All his secrets are gone now. I've just come from his funeral." He points to the door leading to the recreation room. "Now I'm going to get my money from Mr. Nose."

"What money?"

"The money he cheated from the Marquis and me." He turns slowly around in a circle. "And everybody else."

I stay silent. If he's in a talking mood, I don't want to disturb it with some overly-rational question that may miss the mark completely. "That's right. I'm going to get everybody's money back from big Mr. Nose. And I'll get all the contracts too." He collapses to the floor.

This display draws two of the Filipinos from the other room. They come out and see him on the floor. "You hit him down?" one asks.

"No, he just fainted."

"Sure, sure," says the other one sarcastically. They pick him up and carry him upstairs. I follow. They bring him into his room and lay him on his bed. "I'll take care of him," I say. The Filipinos look at each other shrug their shoulders and say "OK" in unison, as they leave.

His room contains very little. Munro has moved in only one or two days ago. In the closet I find what looks like a hospital gown. There is almost nothing else in the room. I try to wake him up. He opens his eyes. He's groggy. I shoot a question at him before he can fully regain consciousness. "Where were you around three yesterday afternoon?" I lean down to hear his answer. He sings: "Oh, my grandfather's clock was too big for the shelf, so it stood ninety years by the door. . . ." He whistles the next verse of the old nursery rhyme, and then sings the final verse slowly, with his eyes closed: "And the clock . . . stopped . . . never to run again, when the old . . . man . . . died." There is a pause. Then, with his eyes still closed, Munro speaks

softly, barely above a whisper. "But that ain't quite right, is it? The Marquis ain't that old. And the clock didn't stop at all."

I grab him by the shoulders. "Where were you at three o'clock?"

He opens his eyes, and there is fear in them. "I was running, running, 'cause I knew what he had done. I ran to the church. The big church next to the cemetery. To see if I could catch my friend's spirit before it went to God forever. But I couldn't find his spirit. Maybe it was the wrong church. . . ." He passes out again.

I lay his head on the pillow and leave him to his dreams.

**Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes**

### CLUE 120

Frank Ayoob's house—which is just a couple of blocks from the Palace of Fine Arts—is completely covered with a huge canvas awning. Perhaps it can be better described as a two-story tall canvas sack. On the expansive front lawn is a tent. I approach the tent and call out, "Hello? Anybody in there?"

A dark-skinned man wearing green pajamas and a turban crawls out of the tent on his hands and knees. "What? More poison?" He glares at me.

"No, no poison. I've come to ask you about your hat."

"My hat? My entire house is filled with your despicable American insects and your despicable American poison to kill those despicable American insects and now you come to ask me about my hat? Where will it all end?"

Obviously I have the wrong man. I take my leave as quickly as possible.

**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 121

There are two messages waiting for me back at the office. The first one is from the Kerns. They have nothing to say except that they are worried. The second one is from Ida. She's called the various hospitals and coroners' offices down the Peninsula. There are two bodies at the San Mateo Coroner's office that might be the bodies of the kids I'm looking for. I have until five o'clock to get down there.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 122

The door to Guy Labude's apartment is slightly ajar. I stand out in the hallway and listen for a moment, but hear nothing. I push the door open and take a look around inside.

There is not much left to look at. Guy has moved

out and he doesn't plan to come back from the looks of it. The only stuff left is the furniture that must have come with the room. I poke around but find nothing. He cleaned it out. As I am looking someone comes in the room behind me. I look up and see a meaty, sweating thick-lipped man in his forties wiping his hands on a rag and preparing to say something. I beat him to it.

"I'm looking for Mr. Labude."

"He moved out early this morning. Took everything, as you can see." He waves the rag around the room. "Didn't give a forwarding address, if that's what you want to know. Hey, you in the market for a place to stay? Only seven a month."

"No—well, come to think of it, that's not a bad price. I'd have to think about it. Mind if I look around a bit?"

"Nah, go right ahead. I'll be down in two-twenty-seven if you need any help deciding."

I continue my search but find nothing else.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 123

"Search Marianne's room? Oh, no, I couldn't let you."

"Please It could help me find her. She may have left a clue."

Mrs. Jorgensson looks distressed. She puts her hand to her mouth. She looks over her shoulder as if begging for help, but there is no one else home. She looks back at me.

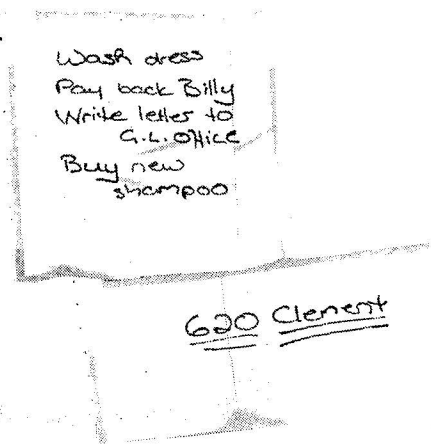
"Alright. You—you can do it. But I'm going to have to watch you. It makes me very nervous."

"Have it your way."

Unfortunately, her way is to hang over me, watch every movement, ask an endless stream of inane and meddlesome questions, and in general make my search a frustrating waste of time. She forbids me to look in certain drawers and parts of the closet, because "a girl has a right to her privacy." It seems like she's afraid of what I might find. After ten minutes I give up and only pretend to search. I am unable to find anything. I see that the trash can has several notes crumpled up lying on the bottom. If I were alone I would just pick them out and look at them. It's impossible with Mrs. Jorgensson monitoring my every movement. So I devise a ploy and "accidentally" drop my cigarettes into the trash can. I explain myself and retrieve them, and in so doing also palm a few of the notes. At least I get something out of the search. I smile and say thank you and leave before I waste any more of my time.

When I'm safely out of her presence, I flatten out the notes and look at them:

*Call Sandra  
- 11 a.m.*



Time: 1 hour

### CLUE 124

"I called up an art expert at the University of San Francisco and asked him to come over and evaluate the icon," says the priest. "It looked so old and I was curious. He's in my office now. Would you like to come with me and find out what he has to say?"

How can I refuse a priest?

"This is Father O'Callahan." The priest introduces us. After a few words of explanation from the priest, the Father gets down to business.

"Triptychs such as this one are common in Eastern Europe. The one here, like many many others, is actually a nineteenth century copy of a fourteenth century original. You see, it was very common for the priests in the villages to have copies made of the icons in case the originals got stolen or destroyed. Most of the time they never informed the congregation of this fact, and almost always the triptychs on display in the churches were the copies, while the originals were kept under lock and key or hidden away. Nowadays there are few actual originals left, but the copies are fairly common. In monetary terms, they're worth very little—investors can pick them up for under fifty—but in terms of religious and sentimental value, they can be important to individuals or even entire villages, especially since most laymen can be convinced that a copy is actually an original."

"How much would an original be worth?" I query.

"You couldn't put a price on it. They're irreplaceable."

"And you're sure that one out on the altar is a copy?"

"A hundred percent certain. And I'm the expert in these matters."

I thank them, make a small donation, and leave.

Time: 30 minutes

### CLUE 125

The boarding house in which Maurice Chaillou lives is occupied primarily by Basque and French

immigrants. I have problems making myself understood, since little English is spoken or understood there, but eventually I find myself introduced to Mr. Chaillou, a grinning, casually dressed French Canadian.

His knowledge of the English language is a bit rudimentary, but compared to my French he's a regular Shakespeare. We manage to carry on a limited conversation.

In summary, this is what I learn from him. He had arrived from Montreal a little over a year ago in search of work, had fallen in with the jazz crowd and had been making fairly good money as a guitarist. He had met Topaz Munro a few months after arriving, and there was an immediate bond between them. They had become fast friends and played together whenever possible. The Marquis also took a liking to both of them, and used them on his records. But Topaz acted oddly at times, and commonly missed recording dates without explanation. Around a month ago Topaz dropped from sight, and someone had told Maurice that he was in an insane asylum. Maurice didn't know if this was true, but Topaz had shown up unexpectedly two days ago, acted very excited and happy. They had gone to visit the Marquis who appeared depressed. Topaz and the Marquis talked for half an hour. Maurice did not know what they talked about, but part of it must have been to invite them to play at the Club Alabam that night. After they left the Marquis, they went to Jack's Tavern where Maurice had had some drinks and food and Topaz played the piano at the back of the bar. At eleven they left and went to the Club Alabam where they played until about two a.m., after which Topaz and the Marquis left together. Maurice stayed until late, probably four, and then returned home and slept until two the next day, and he stayed at home until dinnertime. I ask if he knows where Topaz might be now, and I learn that he has no idea, but that he does have the address where Topaz was staying before he disappeared a month ago: nine fifty-one Eddy Street.

I am about to leave when Frenchy calls me back. He tells me that earlier today before I came, a little after one p.m., Hal Salsbury, "*l'homme avec le nez tortu*," stopped by the boarding house to ask Frenchy some questions. Salsbury asked him if he had spent time with the Marquis during the few days before he was killed. Frenchy told him about the get-together with Topaz and the Marquis. Salsbury then asked him repeatedly what the Marquis had said, but Frenchy protested his ignorance of the English language, especially the type of slangy English Topaz and the Marquis were speaking. Salsbury didn't completely believe him, but he eventually gave up pumping him for information. He also asked if Frenchy knew where Topaz was, but by that time Frenchy didn't trust Salsbury, and told him he had no idea. Frenchy says that Salsbury left acting very nervous.

Frenchy makes me promise to tell Topaz, if I find him, to come visit him if possible. I manage a "*merci*" as I leave.

Time: 1 hour

## CLUE 126

The soprano screechings of the overpaid prima-donna cannot be contained by the soundproof walls of the True American Recording Studio. "What language is that?" I ask the recording engineer.

"Italian," he says. I can barely hear him over the din. I suggest that we go into an office to talk. He agrees.

I ask him if he knows anything about Salsbury Studio or Frenzy Records.

"No," he says. "We mainly make classical records. When we first started out a couple years ago we didn't have our own recording studio so we rented out Salsbury's. He seemed to be a square enough fellow. All our dealings with him were friendly enough."

"And you've had no dealings with him since then?"

"No."

"Do you know anything about the death of Jackson de Young?"

"Nothing outside of what I read in the papers."

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 127

The clerk at the Rowland Music Co. has no recollection of a customer answering to the description of the Marquis. I make a few suggestions of what he might have been looking for, but it still rings no bells. The clerk introduces me to the manager, who also has no recollection. He points to the crowded floor. "We get hundreds of people in here every day, looking at every kind of instrument. A hundred-dollar purchase would be nothing out of the ordinary. Besides," he motions to a box of business cards by the front door, "anybody can take a business card for free if he wants to."

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 128

No one answers my knocks, but a woman's face appears from behind the curtains in the window next to the front door. She regards me for a few seconds and then withdraws jerkily. I knock more insistently. No one responds. I try for another minute, then retreat.

**Time: 15 minutes**

## CLUE 129

I stand out in the fog and question as many more residents of the huge Terrace Apartments as will deign to talk to me. Its size prevents me from knocking on every door. I get a lot of answers, some of them quite fascinating, but none which contains any information pertinent to the case. Then finally, as I am just about

to give up and leave, I get an answer which strikes me as being more significant than the others. A young guy in worker's clothes and a cap at first ignores my questions and tries to pass off some union literature on me that shows unmistakable signs of being written by a communist. The only way I can shut him up is by telling him that he's wasting his time because I'm already a member of the party. After that he becomes very friendly. Actually listens to my questions. Doesn't remember anyone around the studio, but he had come downstairs to get his mail somewhere between two-thirty and two-forty-five on the day of the murder and he remembers seeing a drunkard using the phone in the phone booth next to the apartment building. He noticed him because he was swaying back and forth and talking loudly, although he didn't hear what the drunk said. That's all he remembers. He calls me "Comrade" and goes on his way.

**Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes**

## CLUE 130

"Let's see, license number 257 282. Oh, that's car thirty-four. Something's up. You're the second person to ask about car thirty-four in the last two days."

"Are you telling me someone else has been in asking the same questions? Who?"

"Just a normal-looking Joe. He was wearing a leather jacket and a hat. Had a mustache, I think. He asked about the license number."

"And what'd you tell him?"

"That Julius Czygelstreich rented it last Sunday and paid in advance for a week. Why do you want to know? Do you have good news for him too, or is this some kind of joke?"

"I don't have any news for Mr. Czygelstreich." I pull out one of the pictures that has Julius in it. "This was what he looked like, right?"

"Yeah, that's him. Had his wife with him too. Neither knew English very good. Told me they were Polish."

I show him the picture from the Park. "Was either of those two men in the background the one who came in and asked yesterday?"

"I couldn't tell. Can't see their faces very well."

"What was the address Mr. Czygelstreich gave on the rental form?"

"The Bellevue Hotel."

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 131

I ask the librarian if files are kept on every recording made in San Francisco County. She says yes and gives me detailed instructions on how to find them.

Half an hour later I am scanning the records of the Salsbury recording studio and Frenzy Records. The business was started back in the late twenties and has been putting out a steady stream of records, all jazz,

since then. Several other small record companies rent out the studio to make their own master recordings, which they then make into mass-produced records elsewhere at a record plant. Salsbury's "in-house" label is Frenzy Records, and its most prolific artists of the last three years has been Jackson de Young: the Marquis. He and his group are referred to on the records variously as "The Great Marquis and his Hotcha Men," "De Young's Youngsters," "The Marquis and his Quartet," "Jackson 'Marquis' de Young, solo artist," "Marquis de Young and the Frenzy Five," and "The Frenzy Orchestra, featuring The Marquis," among many others.

As far as I can tell, the company has been financially solvent, and the Great Depression seems to have had no effect on its business, except maybe to increase it. I can find nothing out of the ordinary in the library files.

**Time: 1 hour**

### **CLUE 132**

The minute I walk in the door I realize it is a mistake to return to the Universal Negro Improvement Association. The same receptionist is there, and as soon as she sees me she gets a cruel, yet bored, look in her eyes. I can tell she is going to do her best to give me no information.

She is very good at her job. I barrage her with a variety of questions; the few she bothers to answer she does with a curt "I don't know." I give up. She won't budge.

**Time: 1 hour**

### **CLUE 133**

"Oh, it's you again. I'm sorry, but I cannot ask you in. J.J. told me that I'm not to talk to anyone about Frank or his business or the murder or anything".

**TIME: 15 minutes**

### **CLUE 134**

Without much trouble I find the spot where the Czygelstreichs had their picture taken. Nearby, an old man sits feeding the ducks in the pool. I approach him. "Did you see someone standing right around here taking a picture of these people two or three days ago?"

"Sure I did," he says, looking at the picture. "I'm here every day to feed the poor ducks. Y'know they'd all starve to death if it wasn't for me? The city don't do a thing to keep these ducks alive. If I missed a day they'd all die."

"Yes, I'm sure you're very important. Could you

tell me what happened when you saw the picture being taken?"

He reaches into his paper bag and his hand comes out empty. He shakes the bag upside down and only a few crumbs fall out. The ducks scurry for them. "Will you look at that? I'm all out of duck food. Ain't that a shame? Half of these ducks are still hungry and I don't have any more money to buy food for 'em. A shame."

I slip him a quarter. His memory becomes better.

"Well, these two people were foreigners, lemme tell ya. I was just sitting here as usual, and they's takin' pictures. Then they come up to this guy sittin' right there and ask him to take their picture together. He acts a little funny but he does it for 'em. Then they head for their car, and this guy gets in his car too. Funny how he followed 'em like that."

"Did you get a good look at him?"

"Nah, only saw him from the back. He was wearing a leather jacket and a brown fedora."

"Did you see his license plate?"

"I didn't take no notice of it."

"Did the couple look happy or were they nervous?"

"They looked fine to me."

"Could you recognize what language they were speaking?"

"Sounded like Peruvian."

"They speak Spanish in Peru."

"Well, then I wouldn't know. If you keep askin' questions like this, these ducks are gonna starve to death waitin' around for me."

I get his hint. I leave him alone and survey the area for clues but come up with nothing.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### **CLUE 135**

The assistant consul general at the Consulate of Poland says that they are usually aware of any Polish nationals in the area, but that such information could be potentially politically sensitive and couldn't be handed out to just anybody. He refused to confirm or deny whether he had been contacted by the Czygelstreichs.

However, on more general informational matters he was more helpful. He told me that many Poles had fled in the late teens and early twenties of this century, and that a substantial number of them had ended up in the orient. He knows personally three refugees who still reside in Shanghai.

Showing his real talent as a diplomat, the assistant consul general made me think he was a right guy, even after I realized that he had actually given me very little useful information.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### **CLUE 136**

Another detailed interrogation of the staff and selected customers of the Krumpet Kafe yields me no

coherent answers concerning the day of the murder. I console myself by ordering the twenty-five cent Steak and Eggs Special.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 137

The clerk at the police station says Lorick is in Burlingame Hospital, and that he is still in a state of shock from the accident he was in yesterday. No one else there knows anything about the speeding report, and I'd have to talk to him if I wanted more information. "I doubt he's in a talking mood though, since they've been giving him sedatives every coupla hours. But you can try."

**Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes**

### CLUE 138

Stanley Mellin invites me into his apartment. "Hell, what a nightmare this is turning out to be. Everyone keeps asking me questions, questions, questions. And there's always the unspoken implication that I'm the killer. This is driving me nuts! I want to mourn in peace." He leads me into his kitchen where he is preparing a meal. He offers me a chair at the kitchen table. He stands over the stove, stirring a pot.

"How did you like working for Salsbury?"

"*Did!?! You mean he fired me? Because of the murder?*"

"No, no. I mean before all this happened. Did you get paid on time for instance?"

"Oh, yeah, sure, most of the time. And don't scare me like that." My verbal slip has had quite an effect on him. "He's always making 'investments' and buying up property, but he usually has money when payday comes around. Sometimes I might have to wait a few days or a week, but there's never been any real problem."

"And what did he pay the musicians?"

He moves about the kitchen, putting things in the pot to cook and washing dishes. "That depends. Most people agreed on how much beforehand. To be perfectly honest, I don't know what the going rate is. I don't keep track of that type of thing. People who were bandleaders or songwriters usually got royalty payment. There's a standard rate for that, but I don't know what it is either. I don't pay attention to that end of the business. I just try to make the music sound as good as possible."

"Did he pay the Marquis more than everybody else?"

"I should hope so. The Marquis not only played an instrument; he was also a bandleader, and he even composed many of the songs he recorded. Logic dictates that he should get paid more. And he must have, because he seemed to be a little more well-off than the other musicians; I mean, he had his own house. Most jazz bums can't afford a house."

I guess he would know. I try to squeeze some more

information about financial matters out of him. "So you've never seen any of the contracts that Salsbury has with the musicians?"

"Oh, I've seen 'em, all right, lying around on his desk or wherever. It's just boring legalities; they look no different than any other contracts I've seen. Why do you want to know about the contracts? We've never had any complaints or legal problems." He stops and stares into the pot he is stirring. "No, I take that back. Every now and then a musician will complain that he's not getting enough money for his royalties. But Hal always tries to explain to him about how many records were sold and the percentages and everything—no one can understand what he's saying, but when he shows his good intentions they seem satisfied."

"Speaking of that—just how many records *does* Frenzy Records sell every year?"

"Oh God, I don't know. It seems like a tiny little building on Grove Street, but from what I can tell it's got a big influence. Everywhere I travel people know and respect Frenzy Records. I guess we must sell a lot of them. I know we're very popular on the East Coast."

The guy obviously doesn't know the first thing about the money side of the music business. I try another topic.

"Could you describe the phone call at the time of the murder a little more in detail?"

He thinks for a while. "It was just as I said before. A salesman giving me the hard sell. He was kind of crazy, didn't always make total sense, but he spewed out a constant stream of numbers and prices and seemed to know about his product."

"You said he was with a company called United Equipment Sales. Where are they located?"

"I don't know. I've never heard of them before. I couldn't find them in the local phone book, even though it sounded like a local call."

"I couldn't find them either. Isn't it strange that you've never heard of this company? Aren't you an expert on studio equipment?"

"Yes, it is strange. I just guess they're a new company. Otherwise I definitely would've heard of them."

I think on that for a while. Then I ask a final question.

"Are you *sure* of the facts about what happened that day?"

"Yes. I've been over it a million times with the police."

I thank him again and leave.

**Time: 1 hour**

### CLUE 139

I stand on the sidewalk in front of the Terrace Apartments and look up at the immense eight-story building. Gray, low-hanging clouds shroud the upper stories. It would take me at least ten hours to knock on every door and ask every resident if they saw anyone leaving the studio next door shortly before or after three o'clock yesterday. As I'm standing there next to a phone booth wondering what to do, and old couple comes out of the building arm in arm. I approach

them.

"Excuse me, I'm from the Continental Detective Agency. I'm investigating a case, and I need to know the identity of someone who came out of that building sometime around three o'clock on Monday. Did you by chance see anyone then? Or do you know of someone who claims to have been out here at three yesterday?"

The gray-haired lady does the speaking. "Oh, the terrible murder—yes, we heard about it. Isn't that the awfullest thing? Makes me afraid to live in this neighborhood. Harvey here says it's nothing to worry about, but you never know. We may be next if there's a maniac on the loose. My niece Judy once got her purse snatched."

I hate to interrupt the old bat, but business is business. Actually, I don't really hate it at all. In fact I get great satisfaction out of shutting her up. "I just need to know if you saw anyone yesterday coming out of the studio around three o'clock."

Harvey finally gets a chance to put his two cents in. "Nah, we didn't see nothin'. We was indoors all day and we live on the other side of the building. So we couldn't have seen nothin'." He bustles her off down the street.

Not too long after, a young nurse gets out of a taxi and walks into the building. I ask her the same bit. The answer is no. I find that I can question a good cross-sampling of the apartment building's occupants by simply standing out in front and stopping whoever come or goes. A few get nasty, but most are cooperative. Unfortunately, nobody saw a thing. One Germanic matron who doesn't speak or understand English too well ends up giving me a quarter and a pamphlet inviting me to get my soul saved at an inspirational meeting that night. I keep the quarter and toss the pamphlet. A Filipino boy first says yes, he has seen someone, and proceeds to give me a detailed description, but halfway through remembers that he has seen this person two weeks ago, not yesterday, and that he was sorry he made a mistake. I give up after that and try to find more fertile ground for my investigations. Besides, I'm getting the shivers standing out in the cold fog.

**Time: 1 hour 30 minutes**

### **CLUE 140**

I enter Club Shanghai through a brass-studded double door and a parted curtain. It is very dark inside. At the long bar are half a dozen men in hats hunched over their drinks. As I come in, they all seem to raise their heads to look at me in the mirror. On the right side of the bar I see a small Chinese man, but most of the customers seem by their shape and size of their backs to be white, although I can hardly see anything more.

I do see a huge Oriental guy in a three-piece suit that seems about to split across the vest. He walks from behind the curtain to the left of the door while glaring at me.

"Want a table? Or the bar?" he asks.

"I'm looking for a white man who just came in here a few minutes ago," I say in a low voice.

"We no like questions, mister. Get out, or take a seat". His voice is loud enough to boom through the bar. The heads look up from their drinks. Their eyes look like a line of portholes in a ship at

night. I don't know if they can make me out in the darkness, but I'm pretty sure that I'll be get nothing voluntary out of any of them if I try to case in.

I'm still standing near the entrance trying to decide what to do when I hear a rustling noise to my left but before I can turn to see what it is I feel a searing pain shoot through my head and shoulder. The room goes black as I sink to the floor.

The next thing I know I'm aware of the stench of rotting produce, which comes, I discover, from the garbage bin next to which I am lying. Make that two too many times for me and the Club Shanghai.

**TIME: 3 HOURS**

### **CLUE 141**

I find the Dillans playing croquet on their front lawn. They are using coconuts instead of croquet balls and sledge hammers instead of croquet mallets. Mr. Dillan knocks a coconut between my legs as I walk up to them. "Oh, that's three points for you, dear," says Mrs. Dillan.

"Excuse me," I say, "but I was—"

"Don't move!" yells Mrs. Dillan. "This is an important shot." She takes careful aim and hammers a coconut right at my feet. Unfortunately she doesn't aim carefully enough, and the coconut ricochets painfully off my left ankle.

"Ow! I've come to talk to you about your daughter."

Mr. Dillan sends another coconut flying at me with a mighty swing of his sledgehammer. "Yes, where is she already? She's so late we started this game without her. When you find her tell her we've been waiting for her. It's her turn next." Dodging Mrs. Dillan's next shot, I swiftly beat a retreat.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### **CLUE 142**

My question about whether or not anybody there had seen someone leave the studio across the street a little before or after three o'clock on Monday sends the entire staff of the Krumpet Kafe into a huddle. Several of the customers look at me in annoyance since I have caused all the waitresses to abandon their duties for the sake of investigating a crime they couldn't care less about.

"Hey, I want a refill on this java," yells one, gesturing wildly at his waitress. She breaks away from the huddle and pours some hot coffee, some of it in his cup and some in his lap. She ignores his yowls and returns to the employees' conference. The head fry cook collects all the stories and comes over to me as everyone else goes back to work. He smears his meaty, grease-covered hands on his white apron.

"OK, here's the run-down. Janine says she saw you go in there about 3:40. Paulette says she mighta seen you, but maybe not. Me an' Eddie definitely seen that crooked-nose guy get into a taxi sometime about a quarter to three. I know that's for sure, an' it was a Yellow taxi. Paulette an' Samantha sez there was somebody walking through the parkin' lot there maybe after three, but they told me to say they ain't gonna

swear to that, offering the excuse that they's women and they ain't got the best kinda memory and I can vouch for that. Said they didn't notice anything about him anyway, so it don't matter, do it? An' if you ask me, it's just the power of suggestion and they didn't see nothin' in the first place and you put the idea in their heads and now they think they did and maybe not. Women, I tell ya." He manages to get out that entire spiel in under 20 seconds, and it isn't until five minutes later that I fully digest what he has said.

**Time: 1 hour**

### **CLUE 143**

"No, I'm sorry, none of our operators is named Edith. No one of that name has worked here for at least the two years that I've been here."

**TIME: 15 minutes**

### **CLUE 144**

Miss Biggie lives with her mother in a small house on Third Avenue in San Mateo. The home is very Mexican, and very neat. The mother seems to speak no English, but her polite head motions tell me very clearly where in her parlor I should wait.

In a moment, Carmalita comes in from the rear of the house, wiping her hands. She is a small, dark girl, with lovely black hair and a pretty face that glows when I ask about Romeo Ruiz.

"He is a very fine man," she says simply. "We will soon be married, with Momma's blessing." She looks toward her mother who smiles maternally, gives no real hint that she understands our words.

"Is there anything wrong at the ranch?" I ask.

"No, no, I do not think so. Romeo loves his ranch and the horses. I think he is very happy to be able to ride for Senor Hayes."

"Now, I am here to help you, and to find out what happened to Mr. Hayes. Are you sure you can't tell me more?"

The girl pauses, then speaks to me in a tone of great confidence:

"I think Romeo is a man who will do nothing wrong. He tell me that there is nothing which can make his Sundowner go slow like the man who came to see him wanted. He is very brave. He tell me there is nothing to worry about. I think after the race all will be well, for Romeo will win and we all will be able to live together far from here. Momma wants to see her family in Mexico. Romeo takes us there for sure."

I ask her again, "Do you know who the men were?"

"No, I am afraid I cannot say. Romeo tell me not to worry, and I do not. He promises to tell me all about it when we are away on our honeymoon."

"Sorry, but I've really got to ask this. Is there any-

thing you know of which could cause your fiance to give in to the men's demands? It's very important."

"No, Señor, never. After they hit him? They will never get what they want from him, of that I am sure."

**Time: 45 minutes**

### **CLUE 145**

"Jackson de Young? Never heard of him."

"How about the Marquis?"

"Never heard of him either."

The assistant manager of Far West Music obviously has no interest in jazz or my case. I probe a different angle.

"Have you ever had any dealings with Frenzy Records or the Salsbury Recording Studio?"

He makes a face. "Puh-leeze. We're a serious record company here. We have no use for their type."

The rest of the conversation brings no change in the mood of the assistant manager. I take my investigation elsewhere.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### **CLUE 146**

Ace Riley introduces me to the reporter who wrote the story about the Marquis' murder. He is a meek little bespectacled man whose fingertips are calloused from incessant typewriter pounding. I ask him where he got his information for the article and if he held anything back.

"Oh, I never even left the office. Just put a call in down to the police station and asked for the dope. I just reworded what the police told me."

Reworded is one hell of a way to put it.

"And you didn't hold any information back?"

"No, not a thing. I really had to stretch what information I actually did have. Believe me, I don't know a thing about this case. The boss just said, 'Whip something up on that jazz murder,' so I did it in under an hour. Sorry I can't be of any help."

**Time: 45 minutes**

### **CLUE 147**

The manager at Omar Simenon's boarding house tells me that he is out with several members of his family at some sort of family reunion and will not be back for the rest of the day. I ask the manager if Simenon was at home around three o'clock on the day of the murder. He tells me that it's possible, but he couldn't be absolutely sure.

I saunter around trying to get a chance to slip upstairs and search around in Simenon's room, but the

manager keeps a close watch on me and eventually I give up and leave.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 148

The bartender at Jack's Tavern clearly remembers the visit of Topaz and Frenchy. "Stayed 'til about eleven I'd say. The French guy didn't know much American. And that nigger drove out half the customers with his piano-playing—but the ones who stayed drank twice as much, so I didn't mind."

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 149

"Oh, man. What—a—drag." Red McGee expresses his disgust at my arrival. He rolls his eyes and falls back down on a mattress lying on the floor of his tiny room. The mattress serves as his bed. He is a peculiar man, much more yellow than red. His hair is curly like a negro's but ranging in color from pale yellow to orange. He is lanky, with bulging joints. The irises of his eyes are off-white. His skin varies in color from pinkish orange to dark yellow. Yet his facial features are those of a negro.

"I heard you were a friend of the Marquis?" I phrase it as a question to get him talking.

He answers with snide sarcasm. "Yeah, and my fingerprints are all over everythang. I confess. I like to touch thangs. Is that alright with you? I'm a regula' maniac fo' touchin' thangs."

"Let's get things straight right off the bat. I'm not a policeman. I'm not even a friend of the police. Hal Salsbury hired me to talk to the Marquis, and he died before I had the chance."

"That supposed to make me lak you? Salsbury's no friend o' mine. He done cheated me out o' my royalties too many times. I'd nevuh work fo' that man again. He's a crook."

"If he cheated you, why don't you take him to court?"

Red McGee laughs bitterly. "Court? Don't make me laugh, man. Look at me. He's a—white man. I'm a freak. I wouldn't stand a chance, no mattuh what the evidence."

"Mulattoes aren't freaks. People've seen mulattoes before."

Red is too bitter to laugh at that one. He shakes his head at my utter ignorance. "I ain't no mulatto. Both my parents was black as coal."

"But the police records say—"

"Oh, the police records. They's always right, ain't they? Just one hunnert percent right, one hunnert percent of the time. I nevuh saw a police record to be wrong once, not even once. In fact, I knew a man who was six feet tall, but the 'Police Records' said he was only five foot six. Had to go get his feet am-pu-tated because, as you said yo'self, 'police records' are nevuh,

evuh wrong."

The man has one hell of a sarcastic wit. I try to regain my footing. "I never said—"

"Don't care 'bout 'never said.' I ain't no mulatto. I'm what they call an albino. Doctors told my momma at the nigger hospital. People say she cried for two weeks. Back in 'Bama, people think albinos are freaks. Accused my momma of sleeping with a white man, but she nevuh did. My daddy believed her and he should know. Just sometimes people's born albino. If you white already then you lak a snowflake, but if you black to start with then you end up somewhere in the middle" —he looks down at himself, "Lak me."

His life story complete, he lies back down and puts his hands behind his head. "I didn't come here to talk about that," I say. "I don't care what you are. I want to talk about the Marquis. You said you were sleeping when he was killed?"

"Yeah, I slept from five in the morning to five in the afternoon. I was up jammin' 'til five."

"At the Club Alabam?"

"That's right."

"And the Marquis was there, too?"

"Not the whole time. Played the regular sets from ten 'til two, then he checked out. Said he had to wake up and make some record for Hal the next day. I nevuh saw him again."

"And you played his saxophone that night?"

"Hell yeah. He's got a fine horn. I took a turn on it, so did Chocolate, so did Finkie. Don't know, maybe somebody else too. I wasn't keeping track."

"What's Chocolate's full name?"

"Chocolate Brown. And I ain't got the slightest idea where he lives, so don't be a drag and ask me that too."

"Who else was playing there that night?"

"A whole mess of people."

"I'm sorry, but—could you name as many as you can?"

He looks at me as if I am a bothersome insect. "You're joking, right?"

"Nope."

He sags. Then he resigns himself to it and begins. "Ready? Arkansas Bill Stanley, bass. Omar Simenon, clarinet. Milton Kincaide, drums. Baby Lips Rinzler, trumpet. Alvin Burroughs, 88's. Lucky Lewis, bass sax. Shuffy, trombone. Tiny Johnson, 88's. The Kid, everything. Can't think of no one else."

"What's Shuffy's last name?"

"Hell, no one can pronounce it. I don't give a damn. All I care about the man is that he plays a jumpin' bone. He's alright with me—his name don't matter. Oh yeah, two guys came in late—Maurice the Frenchy and Topaz Munro. Maurice plays fine geetar, and he don't even know English. Topaz took over for Tiny on the piano."

I know it's not worth the effort trying to get the complete names and addresses of everyone he's mentioned. His impatience is beginning to get obvious. He wants me out.

"One more question, and then I'll leave. Do you know if he was worried about anything or if he feared for his life?"

He actually gives it some earnest thought. "He was a little upset about sumpin', but I don't know what. Said he was having a little problem with Hal, but that

ain't nothin' new."

"Thanks a lot—"

"You said you wasn't gonna talk no more."

I leave without saying a word.

**Time: 1 hour**

## CLUE 150

I find a listing for Saint Stanislaus in a special book about saints:

*Saint Stanislaus of Krakow. Bishop and Martyr. Born 1030. Died 1079. Canonized 1235. Feast day May 7th.*

*Stanislaus is greatly revered in Poland. He was elected Bishop of Krakow in 1072, and the story commonly told is that he came into collision with the vigorous king Boleslav II on account of disturbances in the king's private life. Boleslav attacked and murdered Stanislaus because Stanislaus had excommunicated him. Because of his violent death Stanislaus is regarded as a martyr. Many cities claim him as their patron saint.*

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 151

A large, broad-featured negro who has shaved his head to a shiny baldness answers the door. I introduce myself. "Is Booker Ramey in?"

He gives me a searching look, as if he is trying to match my face with some distant memory. Something about him strikes me as vaguely familiar also, and I give him the same look back.

"Booker Ramey?" he asks as a stall for time. His mind is obviously on other things. "What's he look like?"

I'm forced to admit my ignorance. "I don't know. This is listed as his address in the phone book."

Something changes in his expression. "Well, he ain't here. Couldn't say where he was. Left a long time ago." He closes the door and ends the conversation. I turn and descend to the mist-covered sidewalk.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 152

The door is firmly locked and no one answers my insistent pounding.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 153

I can't help but admire the huge variety of artifacts, castings, pottery, sculpture and who knows what else that is crammed into this tiny chunk of retail space known as the House of Cambodian Arts. At the back is

a counter and a receipt book, but no one is attending either at the moment. I ring a little peculiarly-shaped bronze bell to attract the attention of whoever might be working there. There is no immediate response. I ring again.

While I wait for someone to come from the back room I take the chance to look at the receipt book. It does me no good; the whole thing is filled with strange oriental characters that don't look quite Chinese. Undoubtedly they are Cambodian.

Finally a shriveled, tiny old Asian man totters up to the counter. He fumbles with a pair of chipped wire-rimmed spectacles. He looks up at me. "You need he'p?"

"Yes. I want to ask you about a metal box that was bought here by Miss Pembroke. I'm from the Continental Detective Agency."

He squints at my ID. "Very pop'lar box. I sell too cheap."

"Very popular? What do you mean?"

"Man come looking for it to buy. Very mad that it not here. He say it belong to him."

"Did it?"

"It come with shipment from Cambodia of many things. It special for Jimmy Lew. But Jimmy dead so I put on shelf to sell. Miss Pembroke good cus'mer. She buy it last Thursday for fifty dolla'. Too cheap."

"Tell me about Jimmy Lew. Who was he and how did he die?"

"Jimmy he'p me in shop. Sometime he get something special. But he killed two week ago in car accident in Marin County. He have no fam'ly so I take box and sell."

"What about the man who was looking for the box? Had you seen him before?"

"No. I not 'membe' him. He very mad that Jimmy dead. His hands shake when he ta'k and his eyes twitch. He ask who buy box. I not know if I should say, but he say he want to buy it back and pay good money, so I give him Miss Pembroke's name."

**Time: 45 minutes**

## CLUE 154

On my second visit to Frenchy, he is acting rather preoccupied.

He tells me that earlier today before I came, a little after one, Hal Salsbury, "*l'homme avec le nez tortu*," stopped by the boarding house to ask him some questions. Salsbury asked him if he had spent time with the Marquis during the few days before he was killed. Frenchy told him about the get-together with Topaz and the Marquis. Salsbury then asked him repeatedly what the Marquis had said, but Frenchy protested his ignorance of the English language, especially the type of slangy English Topaz and the Marquis were speaking. Salsbury didn't completely believe him, but he eventually gave up pumping him for information. He also asked if Frenchy knew where Topaz was, but by that time Frenchy didn't trust Salsbury, and told him he had no idea. Frenchy says that Salsbury left acting very nervous.

Frenchy makes me promise to tell Topaz, if I find him, to come visit him if possible. I manage a "merci" as I leave.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 155

I question the wisdom of taking the ferry all the way over to Alameda and back just to check up on an alibi. But I guess that's what being a gumshoe is all about: keeping doggedly on the track of the facts until all the pieces fall together.

I find my way to the Whoopee Ride through the crowds of bratty kids and their indulgent parents. The operator sends another batch of screaming thrillseekers off on a stomach-turning spin around the roller-coaster track. I show him the picture of Howard Finkelstein and his mother. "Do you remember this guy coming here with his mother last Monday and taking a few turns on this thing?"

He doesn't bother to look at the picture. "I wasn't working this shift that day. Tommy was. He's over at the kiddie train today."

I find my way to Tommy and the kiddie train. Tommy, a red-headed kid about seventeen years old, studies the picture intently. "It's possible," he says, "But I don't remember her getting on."

"She didn't ride the thing. She just sat and watched her son."

That rings a bell with him. "Oooooohh yeahhhh, now I remember. Sure. That guy was acting like a little kid, and that dame was bossing him around. Sure, yeah, they was here."

"What time?"

He rolls his eyes. "Gimme a break, buster. Didn't I do good enough for you already? They was here that day. In the afternoon. That's all I can tell ya."

**Time: 3 hours**

### CLUE 156

Red McGee is not in his room. I go downstairs to ask the manager if he can tell me about McGee. The manager's door is ajar. I lean my head in and say, "Anybody home?"

"Come on in. You don't got no woman with you, do you?"

"No, no," I say, entering the living room, "Just me." I find the manager sitting practically naked in an armchair. The paper he is reading is just about the only thing covering his body.

"You were looking for a room?"

"No. I just wanted to ask you a question about one of your tenants. I need to know if Mr. McGee up in room nineteen was in his apartment on Monday afternoon."

"Is that so? Well, that's a good question. Why the

hell don't you ask him?"

"I did. I wanted to see if he was lying."

"Buddy, I don't have the slightest idea. I don't have timecards for everybody who lives here. As long as they pay their rent, I don't care if they're never home."

"Does Mr. McGee pay his rent?"

"If he didn't he wouldn't be living here."

"Well, thank you for your time."

"No problem. And leave the door open. Bad circulation in here."

He goes back to reading his paper, and I take a chance and go back to McGee's room. The manager's nonchalance convinces me that he won't bother me if I try nosing around a little. The door's lock doesn't even need to be picked—because there isn't a lock. I just twist the knob and go in.

Unfortunately, inside the shabby little room there is nothing worth finding. A quick five-minute search turns up very little beyond cockroaches and dirty clothes.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 157

I leave my car parked on the side of the road and walk over to the windmill. The sounds of the breaking waves of the Pacific float across the Great Highway, sometimes momentarily drowned out by the whoosh of a passing car. The park gardeners have done a good job here and a lot of pretty flowers are in bloom. The place is empty of people. I try the small door which leads inside the windmill. It opens and reveals an empty room. I don't see any reason to hang around waiting for the action. There'll be plenty of time for that later.

**TIME: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 158

I take Black's notebook out of my pocket. How many times I'd joked about "Black's Little Book!" Now I'm getting to see it. Nothing personal. The book is printed in Black's neat style:

JULY 2, 1934

5 P.M. RELIEVED BANNON ON HAYES CASE. BANNON REPORTS NO DEVELOPMENTS. CAN'T GIVE MUCH INFO ON SCOTT HAYES' HABITS. PUT MY CAR WHERE HIS WAS.

5:30 P.M. CHAUFFEUR ROLAND JONES (ODD ONE) TAKES THE MARMON FROM THE GARAGE TO THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE. ASK HIM THE PLAN. SAYS HAYES GOING TO THE MALTESE CLUB. JONES' NIGHT OFF. SAYS HE'LL DROP HIM THEN TAKE THE CAR FOR THE NIGHT. —HE'S GREASED UP AND POLISHED, SCRUBBED CLEAN AND SMELLING LIKE A ROSE. ASK HIM IF HE'S GOT SOMETHING ON. JUST SMILES. —HAYES GETS INTO CAR.

5:40-6 P.M. FOLLOW HAYES' CAR TO THE MALTESE CLUB, 1789 MONTCALM. HAYES ENTERS. MARMON LEAVES, ROLAND AT THE WHEEL.

6 P.M. WATCH FROM OUTSIDE CLUB. GOOD VIEW OF FRONT DOOR AND SIDE PARKING.

7 P.M. N.C.

8 P.M. N.C.

9 P.M. N.C.

9:50 P.M. HAYES COMES OUT—IN COMPANY OF OTHER MAN. A DOORMAN BRINGS A CAR FROM THE BACK. BLACK CADILLAC, 1932 OR '33. LICENSE 653-244. HAYES AND FRIEND GET IN. I FOLLOW.

10:15 P.M. CADILLAC TAKES HAYES HOME. WAIT 'TIL IT LEAVES BEFORE DRIVING IN. GARAGE DOOR OPEN. HAYES AT THE DOOR WHEN I PARK IN FRONT.

INTRODUCE SELF TO HAYES. WON'T TELL ME WHAT HE FEARS. SAYS HIS LIFE HAS BEEN THREATENED. WON'T SAY IF HE KNOWS BY WHOM. BIG HELP!! TAKES ME IN FRONT DOOR, POINTING SHOWS ME HOW THE PLACE IS ORGANIZED. SAME STUFF I GOT FROM BANNON. I GO BACK TO MY CAR.

11 P.M. NO CHANGE. LIGHT IN BACK OF HOUSE IN STUDY.

12 P.M. N.C. HAYES STUDY LIGHT STILL ON. QUIET STREET.

1 A.M. N.C.

2 A.M. N.C.

**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 159

My knocks on the door draw no response. I listen intently but can hear nothing inside. Mrs. Pirelli is probably out making a living.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 160

Something about the man at the door arouses my suspicions. I get the feeling he is Booker Ramey, and for some reason does not want to admit it. I don't know what that reason is, but the mere fact that he has a reason is suspicious. I decide to hang around and see what I can uncover about this man.

I take a place across the street behind a sycamore whose upper branches are lost in the fog. I wait for only ten minutes before I get action. The same man comes out of the house, now clad in a gray overcoat and accompanied by two other men. One is a thin white man who does a lot of nervous looking over his shoulder. The other has his overcoat collar turned up and hat brim turned down so that I can tell nothing about him. They hurry along the street heading north, and I follow cautiously on the other side. They make their way toward Market Street. When they get there they wait at a streetcar stop. Soon a streetcar comes, and they hop on quickly. It wouldn't be possible for me to get on the same one without their noticing me, and I can't see a taxi anywhere nearby.

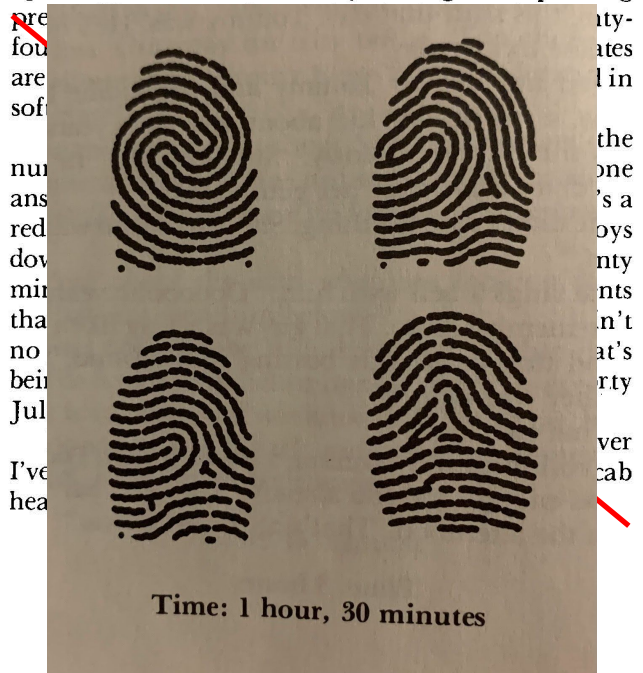
I take a chance and head back to the house. There's a good possibility that it's empty now, and I can probably glean more information about Booker Ramey from the house than I could from chasing a streetcar on foot.

Three minutes later I'm back at Julian Avenue. Again I knock on the front door. This time no one answers. I go around to the side of the house and peek in the windows. All the lights are off and I see no one.

I find the back door of the house nicely shrouded by plants and with an ancient lock that is no problem to pick.

Inside I find nothing relating to the Marquis or to any other musician. But I find more postage stamps than I've ever seen in one place; sheets and sheets of unused postage stamps piled neatly all over the house in stacks according to denomination. The most common one is the twenty-four cent stamp. After a minute of quick mental calculation I estimate the value of the stamps in one room only at over ten thousand. I pick up a twenty by twenty sheet of three cent stamps and inspect them with a magnifying glass I find in the kitchen. The printing job is excellent, but I'm not enough of an expert to tell whether they're bogus or not.

There is one room that has no windows and a locked door. I listen at it. Nothing. I try to peek under it. Nothing. So I try the third method. I take out my heater and put my shoulder to the wood. The door bursts open. There is no one there—~~just a high class printing~~



**Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes**

### CLUE 161

Lucky Lewis is involved in some kind of communal living situation, since, from what I can tell standing in the living room of his home, there are at least five other men who share the same house. It is one of those big, rambling Victorians that are so badly in need of repair, and having six untidy occupants hasn't helped the house any either. One of his housemates, dressed in a tattered bathrobe, explains where Lewis is: "He's out practicing that godawful horn thing. We boot him out every time. The racket drives me up the wall, and probably everyone else too." Grunts and expletives of assent emanate from various parts of the house. "He usually goes over to Golden Gate Park to practice. Near the Stow Lake Boathouse. Back in the woods a ways so no one will complain.

"Just go out near the boathouse and wander around.

That thing is loud. You'll find him alright."

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 162

A matronly woman opens the door. She is wearing a black dress to disguise her large hips. She is about fifty but has no gray hair. She doesn't open the door very wide.

"Is Howard Finkel—"

"No, he isn't here."

"I was wondering if I could talk—"

"My son says nothing to no one until he gets a lawyer."

"But you see I'm not from—"

"Shame on you to try get information out of an old lady. Shame on you." She closes the door in my face. I hear the bolts being thrown inside.

**Time: 30 minutes**

If you want to stake out the house  
go to Clue 212

### CLUE 163

I have to wait half an hour to talk to the president of Uptown Recording Company. He is in a meeting. He has no secretary so I wait alone in a small room. Finally, the meeting breaks up and about twelve musicians, some carrying their instruments, file out of his office. They all look rather gloomy. When they are all gone I introduce myself and sit down. The president is an affable old man. I judge him to be well into his eighties. He has a few yellow wisps of hair left on his head, but his face has resisted the urge to wrinkle and his skin is fairly smooth. He looks like anybody's grandfather.

"I'm from the Continental Detective Agency."

"I dig."

Before I continue, and while I'm pondering this old man's diction level, I notice that there is no other door leading out of his office—but there was only one door leading in from the public hallway of the office building. "Where's the rest of the studio?"

"Ain't no rest of the studio. What ya see is the whole company."

"Don't you have any employees?"

"Just me and my wits."

"Then how do you make the records?"

"I rent out a studio, I pay someone to master the recordings, and I have the discs pressed at a factory. I just sign the musicians, get 'em in a studio and let 'em blow. Get some labels printed up, slap 'em on the discs, and zowie! I'm a record company. Any schmoe with half a noodle could do it."

I motion with my thumb toward the outer door. "Did you just sign those guys to a contract?"

"Are you joshin' me? I booted those bums out of here. 'Rodney's Rhythm' my ass. They got as much rhythm as my dead grandma."

"Do you ever rent out Hal Salsbury's studio?"

"What's it to you?" This old man talks like a big-city street punk.

"I'm looking into the death of the Marquis."

"Oh, that was a bummer. Good kid, the Marquis."

"Did he ever work for you?"

"Sure, way back. When he was first coming out. He was hot and he knew it. Wouldn't sign no long-term contract. Just one record at a time. He was smart for a kid. Later on he signed with Salsbury, but I guess you already know that."

"That gets back to my question. Do you ever rent out Salsbury's studio?"

"Sure, whenever he can get me a good price."

"And all your dealings with him have been satisfactory?"

"Why the hell not? He's always kept his word to me. Seems on the up and up, though some of the studio musicians around grumble about him."

"In what way?"

"Like they're not getting enough money. But I don't buy that. He makes Frenzy Records out like it's some big deal, but I'd bet you he didn't sell too many more records than me last year. So people think they got more royalties comin' to them. Besides, those hop-head dingbats don't ever read their contracts anyway."

"Do you know anything about the murder besides what's been in the papers?"

"Nah. Haven't talked to the Marquis in years, an' I don't gab around with any of Salsbury's boys."

The rest of our conversation yields no significant information.

**Time: 1 hour**

### CLUE 164

Sure enough, I can hear the hooting and honking of the bass saxophone from quite a distance. I come upon Lucky Lewis standing under a eucalyptus tree, blowing with all his heart and soul into his instrument. The only thing I can tell about him from this distance is that he is a negro of medium height. I wait until he takes a break before I approach him.

He sees me from a distance and immediately takes off running. His saxophone is big, but he carries it with him. Within seconds he has disappeared among the plants and trees. I could try to follow him, but I might just be running into gunfire. Besides, even if I caught up with him, I couldn't make him talk if he didn't want to. I don't really know why he's running away, but he must have some reason. I decide there's no point in chasing someone if you don't know why you're chasing him. I let him go. I turn back to the boathouse and think.

**Time: 1 hour**

### CLUE 165

"Topaz Munro? That crazy coon? Nah, he ain't

here no more. They carted him up to Napa a couple months ago. These government guys came and took his stuff, so nothing's left."

The hard-faced old lady who runs the boarding house takes out a big cigar and lights it. She looks at me through the smoke from her first puff to see if I express any disapproval. I try to remain expressionless, as she undoubtedly has worked up a large reserve of caustic retorts in defense of her cigar habit. "Yeah, so we rented out his room to someone else. But he came back the other day—two or three days ago—to see if he had gotten any mail."

"Had he gotten any mail during the time he was gone?"

"Yeah, he did. But I threw it all out. I didn't know he'd get out of the bat-house. That sure as hell got him worked up. Said he wanted his mail. Told me to forward any more mail he gets from now on."

"He gave you an address?"

"How am I going to forward the mail if he didn't give me an address?" The old lady shakes her head at me as if I am a dimwit. She drags out a tattered address book and takes the opportunity to take several suffocating puffs on the stogie. Then, without warning, she reaches into her mouth and pulls out all her teeth. She puts the set of cheaply-made wet dentures on the counter in front of her. "Don't mind me," she says, "it's easier to smoke without my teeth."

She flips through the book. "Ah, here it is. Ten-ten Haight, Number twenty-three. The Francis Apartments."

I thank her and leave as quickly as possible.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### **CLUE 166**

The small, pretty girl with dark black hair is dressed in black and her mother hovers near her as I try to talk to her. Her sobs are deep and frequent.

I ask her about Romeo Ruiz, but she can only repeat, "We were to marry soon. Why this happen?"

I try to ask her that question, but she says only "I do not know. Romeo is a good man, why would anyone want to kill him?"

"You don't think it was the horse?"

"Oh no, horses love Romeo. He could never die to them. Why this happen?" she says, breaking into a new round of sobs.

"Now, I know this is terribly hard for you, Miss Biggie. He was a fine man and I'm anxious to find out why he died. You'll have to help me with whatever information you have. Anything might be helpful. Any small thing at all."

Her mother looks very protective, but the girl looks up, her grief-filled eyes show a flash of anger. "I know little for I trusted Romeo to protect us both. I only know that it must be the men who came to the Ranch. They try to make him lose. He would not. They hit him, but he never give in. He would tell me nothing of them, except he said they were not from here in California. They must be the ones. Find them, Senor."

The mother reads her daughter's gesture and puts

herself between me and the daughter, moving me toward the door.

**Time: 45 minutes**

### **CLUE 167**

A weary, bedraggled teenage girl whose brunette hair covers half her face answers the door timidly. The clothes draped unflatteringly on her shapely body are a drab color. She blinks up at me.

"Does E. Medak live here?"

"Oh, that would be Grandma. It's Edith. And if you're a lawyer, you won't get a penny out of her 'cause she doesn't have any money. She's been sued for slander dozens of times. She always loses, but since she's a charity case and over seventy years old there's nothing much they can do to her. So she gets off scot free and goes on bad-mouthing and damning everybody."

I hadn't asked for such a thorough analysis of the situation, but I was grateful to get it. "Is she at home now?"

"No, she's probably at her usual place."

"Where?"

"At the corner of Powell and O'Farrell, waving her cane at everybody and screaming about God and the Devil. You can't miss her."

**Time: 1 hour**

### **CLUE 168**

Alvin Burroughs is not at home, but his wife agrees to talk with me. She says her husband works every day at the Golden Gate Terminals at Pier forty-five and was there both yesterday and today until five. She says he was very upset at the news of the Marquis' death, but she knows that her husband knew him only slightly on a business level and had no personal dealings with him.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### **CLUE 169**

Tommy looks up from polishing the bar when I get up close to him. "Sorry to hear about Black. You never know. Just like that."

"Have you seen him since we were in here together the other night?"

"You mean since you brought in those new people and showed 'em around? No, no I haven't. Black was a quiet one. Liked him though. You know, he was sort of like, you know, that guy in the movies . . ."

"Gary Cooper?"

"That's it. Like Gary Cooper . . . What's going to happen to him?"

"The Old Man's arranged for the funeral. Sending his body back to Denver. Something about having family there."

"Too bad. What do you wanna drink?"

"Bourbon."

"On the house."

**Time: 1 hour**

### CLUE 170

Paul Manning opens his door just a crack. He sees my face, and before I can say a word he slams the door closed. I can hear him bolting it on the inside. He yells, "Get lost!" through the door. There's not much else I can do.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 171

Guy Labude's apartment is still abandoned. I can find nothing there that I didn't notice before.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 172

Makarov's office is unlocked. There is really nothing to see except a pile of notes and some scribbling on the blackboard. I look into the desk. Nothing special. There is a Russian Orthodox Bible in one drawer and a hand-painted illuminated miniature next to it.

His file cabinet is locked. Each drawer is marked by a label stating the name of the class, with the years taught after it. It looks like I could get it open, but then I hear somebody coming. I duck behind a curtain near the window.

A young lady, maybe twenty-five, comes in and leaves a huge pile of papers on the desk. She then sits down at the professor's desk, looks around the room, then begins to go through the pile. Must be exams or observation reports. She uses a red pencil and works her way through the pile.

She works diligently. Eventually she turns on the desk lamp. The pile seems hardly to shrink at all. I wonder what I am doing here, stuck next to the window in the professor's office. What did I expect to find?

At long last, the pile exhausted, she takes a key from her key ring and opens the file cabinet, depositing them in a file in the Astronomy One drawer. She turns out the light as she leaves.

**Time: 4 hours**

### CLUE 173

The young man at the Hollywood Florists on Geary is very friendly when I go in. A little friendlier than I like. He tells me that a delivery was made to 5533 California yesterday. Three dozen long-stemmed roses. "No card," he coos. "The gentleman wanted to remain anonymous. How romantic!"

The sender was J.J. Roach.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 174

Pimples goes straight back to the pool hall. I wait for half an hour in the candy store, but no one I recognize goes in or out of the pool hall. I'm not stupid enough to go back in there.

**Time: 45 minutes**

If you want to continue surveillance  
go to Clue 385

### CLUE 175

She leads him to a crude wooden table and brings him soup and a spoon. He raises his head to the heavens and says "Take pity on a poor fool!" then digs in.

I ask a Salvation Army soldier by the door who the old man is.

"Willie. Says he's Bill Shakespeare by name. Was a great actor once. Could be again if only he can be turned from the devil of drink."

I take a seat next to the man, getting a few less than Christian glances from a few of the men and women in the line. I wave off the offer of soup and try to talk to Willie. I ask him about Hal Salsbury. I get a stream of invectives about evil Henry from a man who transforms himself into a hunchback and then As Falstaff who praises "Good Prince Hal."

I try a different tack. "Did anybody ask you to make a phone call? Somebody you didn't know, but who gave you money?"

The man turns in my direction, but keeps spooning soup through his beard. "Many men have asked for my services."

I slip him a five.

"Honor cannot be bought for money. I made a call. That is all," he says, finishing his soup and staggering toward the door.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 176

Frank Schuler, the president of the Seaman's Union is not the salty old captain that I imagined, but instead a suave, affected, mustachioed man with slicked-back red hair and a penchant for smelly foreign cigarettes. He shows me to a padded leather chair in his nautically-

appointed office.

"I take it you haven't found Morris Zeager yet," says Schuler somewhat unconcernedly. "He probably realized he wasn't ready to do so much work and will reappear in a day or two with a perfectly plausible explanation for his absence. But Matt is convinced that there's foul play involved, so I agreed to call your Agency."

While he has been expressing this opinion, Schuler has pulled out an intricately-carved cigarette case which he opens and offers to me. I regard the fags skeptically. "Indonesian," he says.

"Anything more foreign than Virginia or North Carolina is out of my league," I say, pulling out one of my familiar Luckys.

"Could you give me some of the details of the election Zeager missed?"

"It was a regular election. I was running for president as I have for the past several years, other old sea-bums were running for the other offices, and someone had talked old Zeager into trying out for treasurer. I don't think he wanted to run, but he is a good-natured sort and went along with it. Well, on election night he didn't show up and the rules say you have to be present if anyone is to vote for you."

"Wait a minute." I interrupt. "That sounds like a pretty serious limitation for a maritime union."

"Yes, we had that rule rammed down our throats a few years ago, and it's near the top of the list of changes we're trying to effect. But in the meantime, Zeager left us in the lurch because nobody else wanted to run for the job."

"You mean no one wanted to be treasurer? Why not?"

"Oh, it's an awful lot of work with practically no pay. The only benefit is that the treasurer is exempt from paying his union dues. It's a full-time job, and everyone avoids it like the plague. The last treasurer nearly had a nervous collapse from lack of sleep."

"Doesn't the treasurer have control over financial matters?"

"No, not at all. He merely has to keep track of what's been bought and who's late with their dues and all that. The Board of Directors controls the purse strings, and they're appointed by the union headquarters back east."

"Any complaints about them?"

"Only perhaps that they're *too* frugal. They hardly spend a dime on anything. Heaven knows what they're hoarding it for."

"Who eventually became treasurer?"

"Oh, that was a struggle. No one volunteered. Finally we had to resort to nominating unwilling candidates. Oliver Kehoe was the unlucky winner. If you want to talk to him, he's probably at home, though I doubt he could tell you much about Zeager."

"Did anybody dislike Zeager in any way?"

"Oh, he was a regular old guy. Got along with just about everybody in the union, though he must have bored some of them to tears with his tall tales of going around the Horn and all that. No, I don't think any of the sailors had any reason to do Zeager harm. His disappearance must have had something to do with his private life."

"Well, thank you for your time, Mr. Schuler. Perhaps I could speak with the man you referred to as

Matt. If he has suspicions maybe he has reasons. Where can I find him?"

"Sure, Matt Jurgensen. He's probably down at the B & M. Bunch of the guys hang out there. It's not too far from the Ferry Building."

**Time: 45 minutes**

## **CLUE 177**

I find a convenient doorway across the street and settle my back against the hard cold tiles for what I hope will not be a lengthy stay. I keep checking my watch, but the more I look at it the slower the hands seem to move. After an hour and a half I begin to wonder if maybe the guy didn't make an exit out the back. Perhaps I'm wasting my time here.

**TIME: 1 HOUR, 30 minutes**

**If you want to continue surveillance go to Clue 225**

## **CLUE 178**

I follow the man as he walks two blocks to a new gray Packard parked in front of a fire hydrant. He takes the ticket off his windshield and simply tosses it into the gutter. Some people have no respect for the law—especially lawyers. While he is doing this I assess my chances of getting a taxi on this street: pretty slim. I know that I can't follow a car that fast on foot, so I decide to pull a stunt I'd sworn off years ago; that old vow did me no good, since I've found myself in situations that required pulling the very same stunt many times since I made it. When he climbs into the car I dash up behind it, making sure I'm in the blind spot so he can't see me in his rear view mirror. Right when he starts the engine and steps on the accelerator I hop up on the rear bumper and cling to the spare tire for dear life. Luckily, he doesn't notice me. He shoots off into traffic with me stuck to the back of his machine.

I don't know the exact route we take: my eyes are shut tight with fear most of the way because the man piloting the heap drives like a sailor on the third day of a three-day pass. All I know is that we end up at a small cottage less than half a block from Mission Dolores on Sixteenth Street. The moment the car comes to a stop I hop off and crouch down next to the right rear wheel. The man I assume to be Bushfield gets out, crosses the street and knocks on the door of the cottage. Someone lets him in. I move over to some bushes a few houses down and wait.

Bushfield only spends ten minutes or so inside. He comes back out, gets in the car and zooms away. I let him go and head over to the cottage. I don't hesitate as I knock on the door. It opens. The man standing there is tall and suntanned. The shock shows in his green eyes. He tries to find words but fumbles. I make it easy for him.

"If you'll just let me in, Mr. Finkelstein, we can have a nice, calm discussion. There's nothing you can do about it now; I've already found you."

He doesn't know what to do so I just step past him and go inside. He closes the door and follows me. He finally gets some words out "But . . . how did you find me? How did you know who I am? Who are you?"

"I'm from the Continental Detective Agency. I know who you are because I've been looking into the circumstances surrounding the death of Marquis de Young. How I found you is my secret."

He sits in a chair. "Well, I didn't do it, you know. Really, I didn't find out about it until my ma told me. I didn't know the Marquis, at least not personally. He seemed like an alright guy for a darkie—I'm the last person on the planet to have a motive for . . . killing him." He says the word "killing" very softly.

"Well, then, why did you hide out here if you were innocent?"

"I just—panicked. Actually, my ma told me to come here. I don't know why I'm here at all. But Lucian and my ma tell me not to go outdoors or talk to anyone but them. I haven't seen a newspaper in days."

I pause to give him time to prepare for the inevitable question. "Where were you around three last Friday afternoon?"

"Probably on the Whoopee Ride."

"The Whoopee Ride?"

"Oh, that's the roller-coaster over at Neptune Beach in Alameda. I was there with my ma. She's my witness."

"You were riding on a roller-coaster with your mother?"

"No, she just sits there and watches."

"Do you have any other witnesses?"

"Well, thousands of people must have seen me, but I'm sure none of them remember me."

"Well, you're all the more suspicious for hiding out like this."

Finkelstein pales under his tan. "I told you," he blurts out, "I don't have any reason to hurt the Marquis."

"In that case, help me out. Do you know anyone who *would* want to kill the Marquis?"

"N-no, I can't think of anyone."

"Did the Marquis seem distressed at all the night before he was murdered?"

"He seemed a bit worried about something, but I didn't talk to him about it. I was really too tired to notice, to tell you the truth."

"What do you know about your lawyer, Mr. Bushfield?"

"Practically nothing. Ma got him for me. He brings me food. That's about all I know of him."

There seems to be little else left to ask. I ask him for a picture of him and his mother. "It could help you get an alibi," I offer in way of explanation. He obliges and hands a photo to me.

**Time: 1 hour**

## **CLUE 179**

One of these days, I'm going to have to read a book about marble. I've spent so much time staring at the

stuff in various government buildings that I always think that I should know more about it. The particular specimen I'm looking at right now is nothing special, particularly since it seems I've spent about half the day staring at it.

"Mr. Wentworth will see you now," the studiously anonymous secretary intones, as if it were an invitation to High Mass. Once I'm in the office, it turns into what the English call "low dudgeon."

I know that Mr. Wentworth is a very-busy-man-and-he-has-no-time-for-the-likes-of-me long before he can open his mouth and pronounce the words. He is a short man with an incredibly aristocratic bearing—he carries himself like someone who is well over six feet tall, even though he's only five-two.

He is impeccably groomed, wearing a precisely tailored gray wool suit and a tie that's drab in color but whatever it's made out of—polished silk?—gleams in the artificial light that floods the office.

"Come in, ah—" He has forgotten my name, if the secretary ever told him. I shove my Continental Detective Agency card across the polished walnut desktop at him. He squints slightly—too vain to wear glasses, I guess—and pronounces my name. Then he sits back, ramrod straight, in his leather chair and looks at me. "What can I do for you?"

"I've been hired to investigate the Bier killing."

He smiles bemusedly, and looks steely-eyed at me. "Ah, you mean Mirabelli's murder."

I begin to lose patience. If I had wanted to play with words, I would have stayed at home with the crossword puzzle. "No one knows that for sure. I know Mr. Mirabelli hasn't confessed to it."

"That fact is of no importance whatsoever. The facts that are of import will remain unchanged regardless of what you or anyone else turns up. The murder weapon was Mirabelli's, and he cannot produce anyone who will serve to alibi him. And due to the deplorable—" I can tell by his voice that he hardly means it—"the deplorable unveiling of our possession of what the criminal world refers to as a 'stoolie,' Mirabelli's motive is all too clear. It is—" He looks at me pointedly "what we at the justice department refer to fondly as 'an open and shut case.'"

"But all your evidence is circumstantial," I protest. "You can't in all good conscience send Mirabelli to prison."

"Oh, can't I now? On the contrary, I can and will send Mirabelli one step further—to the gas chamber, all in good conscience. I believe in a concept called 'preventative justice.' We're talking about one of the rottenest ganglords in this benighted city. Mirabelli and his boys have been running a crooked numbers racket, a widespread bookie racket, underwriting prostitution and, worst of all, running heroin and other opiates—importing it and then selling it in the white neighborhoods. For years Mirabelli has been getting away with murder in the figurative sense, and as a result, over the next week—that's about how long it'll take, no more—I can convince any jury you could put together to convict him of murder in the literal sense."

"Mr. Roach thinks he can find the dame Mirabelli was with on Thursday night."

"I'm sure Mr. Roach would tell you that. I happen to know J.J. well, though we frequently find ourselves on opposite sides in court. J.J. often thinks he can

outsmart anyone. Most of the time he is right. But there's no question that I will win this case, no matter who or what J.J. can bring forth. The evidence, taken piece by piece, is circumstantial, true. But taken as a body it is incontrovertable."

"It could as easily be a frame-up."

"I think you're missing the point. We have him, we can convict him, we're not letting him go. It's not a question of circumstantial evidence. Even with hard evidence in Mr. Mirabelli's favor, we will go to great lengths to win a conviction. And we will, it is certain." He flashes a phony smile at me. "Preventative justice, pure and simple."

"And that's all I have to say on the matter. Now, if you'd be so kind . . ."

I shrug, and saunter to the door. I turn, my hand on the knob. "For a steward of justice, you certainly have some foul ideas about how it should work."

He sighs, but does not look up from his paperwork. "Good day."

**Time: 1 hour, 15 minutes**

## CLUE 180

"Nah, we haven't seen Lucky around here since yesterday morning—don't know where he's disappeared to," says one of Lucky Lewis's many housemates.

"Went off to practice his sax in Golden Gate Park and never came back," says another who walks into the room in a bathrobe and with shaving cream all over his face and a razor in one hand which he waves around dangerously as he speaks. "Jest went off without telling any of us. Real courtesy, I tell ya."

I step back a few feet to avoid the flying razor. "Would it be possible for me to look at his room? Maybe I could find something that would help me find him."

"Sure thing, guy. Just right through that door and down the hall."

I step over the piles of dirty clothes in the hallway and find my way to Lewis' room. It is a terrible mess. There are pictures of half-naked girls on the wall. A candle has burned itself out and dripped red wax all over a pile of books on the floor beneath the candle. I pick up the books and look at them. The majority are cheap novels. But the two on the top appear to have been more thoroughly read and thumbed-through than the others. One is titled *Advanced Printing Techniques for Professionals, 1933 Edition* and the other is *The Art of Engraving*. I flip through them but find no page marked or anything written in the margins besides a few indecipherable notes. The books are highly technical. I replace them.

In a drawer I find several envelopes that have been mailed to L. Lewis at this address. They are all sealed and have not been opened. I hold them up to the light. Every single one of them is completely empty. I look very carefully but cannot find any trace of them being steamed open or there being anything inside any of the

envelopes. The cancellation marks say they were mailed only four days ago from San Francisco. The handwriting of the address looks familiar: I compare it to the handwriting in the books. They are the same. I find other examples of Lewis' handwriting around the room, and it only convinces me more that he mailed several blank envelopes to himself. The mystery becomes even more baffling when I notice that some of the envelopes have much more postage on them than necessary. Again I inspect all the envelopes carefully. Zilch.

The room has two closets. One is full of the usual junk. But the other is locked. I try to peer through the keyhole but find nothing. Making sure there is no one spying on me, I take out my lockpicking kit and fiddle around. The outdated lock is no match for me. I open the door and look inside.

The closet has a baffling array of items: four brand new RCA radios, a woman's fur coat, a small box of watches and rings, a strange electronic instrument that resembles an oscilloscope, a set of fine china, and an ivory carving of an elephant, as well as a smattering of worthless garbage. I can find no sign of where it came from or what it's all for. I back out and relock the closet door.

I continue my search around the room, but I am interrupted by one of his housemates. "Find anything, guy?" He has finished shaving and is now slowly combing his sandy blond hair.

"I've found a lot of things, but nothing that tells me where he might have gone."

"Why do you want to talk to him, anyway?"

"He may have some information about a friend of his getting killed."

"Hey, wow, that's too bad. Anybody I know?"

"Jackson de Young, goes by the name of the Marquis."

"Gee, never heard Lucky talk about him. But I didn't know much about his friends. I mean, Lucky's alright for a colored guy, but that don't mean I gotta start hanging about with all his nigger friends. That ain't such a good idea for a white guy."

I let that one pass. I move on to fresher topics. "Was Lucky a printer?"

"Used to be. Talks about finding a printing job, but he hasn't been able to find one since he moved here three years ago. There ain't too many printing jobs open, and that goes double for a nigger guy, no matter how good he is."

"So he was out of work?"

"Him and a lot of other people."

"How did he support himself?"

"You got me. He's always griping about how he can never hit the big time, but he's always managed to pay his share of the rent. I think he's got some deals going with some of those creepy characters he has coming over here. Maybe he thinks my friends are creepy too, but I tell ya, I wouldn't want to have too many of his friends at my birthday party."

"Can you remember the names of any of them?"

He thinks. "Nah. He never introduced us, if you get my meaning". I turn to leave. I stop and ask one more question.

"Do you have any idea why Lucky would mail empty envelopes to himself?"

"Why would anybody do that?"

"Don't worry about it." I find my own way to the front door.

**Time: 1 hour, 15 minutes**

## CLUE 181

Sometimes it gets hard to keep all of the insignificant mysteries associated with a case out of your mind while you're trying to solve the big question. Like what in hell is an address in the unassuming middle-class neighborhood south of Golden Gate Park doing on the contact page of a drug dealer? I stride up to the door of one thirteen and decide to try to solve it.

The man who answers my knock looks like he's a user of some sort. He is in his mid-thirties, hasn't shaved in eighteen hours, and his eyes have more red in them than a business ledger from the first quarter of 'thirty. Beyond him there is a thick swirl of acrid smoke, and the pungent odor of marijuana. He nods hello to me.

"Mr. O'Keefe?"

"Uh-huh, what can I do for you?"

He seems freindly enough. Perhaps he thinks I'm a salesman. I decide to play it straight. "I'm looking for a guy named Billy Kern. Do you know him?"

"Kern . . . Lessee . . . You mean Billy who's a regular at Forbidden City? He was there last night—I gig there with Steve Hero. Said he really liked us."

His speech is coherent but it slows in odd ways. I decide to go fishing for information. "So you're a musician?"

"Yeah. I play guitar. Uptempo jazz . . . most of the time. Look, want to talk to Billy, come to the club. He's there most every night. . . I play with Steve . . . Thursday to Sunday . . . keeps me in food and rent, anyway."

I look around the hall. "Pretty swank place for a musician."

"Well . . . my folks own the building . . . helps on the rent."

"It also helps keep you in reefer, right?" Anyway, I don't think that's the Billy I'm looking for. Billy Kern goes to Stanford . . ."

"Billy . . ." He hesitates some more.

"I got your address from Paul Manning. He and Billy are friends."

"Oh him. Haven't seen him around. Last I saw he was hanging out with Labude and Pimples at the Anchor. But that was a few weeks ago."

"What's the Anchor?"

"Pool Hall over on Mission." He realizes he's talking too much. "Uh, Billy and uh, those guys go there to shoot pool. Billy doesn't show that much . . . I don't know him too well. But you might try there."

"Who's Labude?"

"Look, I gotta woodshed. Got this great new arrangement . . . gotta try it out tonight. See you around."

"Mr. O'Keefe . . ." It's too late. He's shut and locked the door. Softly strummed progressions are the only

answer to my pounding on the door. I give up after a few minutes.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 182

I wait for a minute to catch my breath before I step into the dimness of the Twin Dragons. I've been here a few times with Sammy Fong but not enough to know the regulars. When I enter the only customers are three men sitting at the bar. Two of them are white, and they both are wearing tan shoes. Coat and hat hooks stretch down the left hand wall. There are three hats, two of them are dark fedoras. Three jackets hang nearby. One is the light gray color I have been chasing. Of the other two, one is dark brown and the other is black.

I take a stool at the end of the bar and order a beer. There is no conversation between the patrons or with the bartender. I try to inconspicuously study the two white men, but their faces tell me little. One of them drains his glass, leaves two bits on the bar and walks over to the hats and coats hanging on the wall. My muscles tighten as I wait and see which jacket he takes. He puts on a dark fedora, and takes the dark brown jacket. I breathe a sigh of relief as I narrow my man down to the one sitting four stools away. My relief is short-lived however. What if he took the other jacket to intentionally mislead me?

**TIME: 30 minutes**

**If you want to follow the man go to Clue 34**

**If you want to stay and watch the other man go to Clue 368**

## CLUE 183

The B & M is a typical, dark, dingy bar catering to sailors and longshoremen. A few heads turn towards me as I enter, but nobody seems too interested. With a beer in my hand, I ask for Matt Jurgensen and am directed to a table where three men are seated. They look up as I approach.

"I'm looking for Matt Jurgensen," I say, trying to sound friendly but not too friendly. I can feel eyes on my back.

"Yeah, that's me." The voice belongs to a good-looking man with an expression of openness.

I identify myself and they pull out a chair for me. "I've talked to Frank Schuler. He seems to believe that Zeager's disappearance has nothing to do with union business. You think different?"

"I don't have any proof, and Zeager wouldn't be a particularly logical target, but the employers are fighting us with everything they've got now. They're running scared, and we've got a lot to fight for." Jurgensen is very wrapped up in his cause. I decide to let him talk. "When the nineteen-nineteen strike was smashed, the seamen and the longshoremen were left with our useless 'Blue Book Unions' and the same low wages and long hours we've always known."

"I know something about the raw deal the longshoremen have with the problems of getting hired by the straw bosses and no hiring hall. But I thought you seamen worked eight-hour days."

"That's the theory, at least for most of the men."

The sailors in the Stewards Department work twelve hours a day, including Sundays. But we have to work long hours of overtime in our home ports when we would rather be spending time with family and friends. And we don't get paid for that overtime. They give us time off for compensation. But they give us the time off in some foreign port where it's of little value. The vast majority of seamen make less than fifty dollars a month and live under almost unendurable conditions."

"So what does all this have to do with Zeager?"

Jurgensen looks a little embarrassed. One of the other men, a large bearded man who looks to be about thirty, speaks for the first time. "It doesn't have anything to do with the old geezer. He was only interested in the job when he thought he might be able to get something out of it. He wasn't interest in work, so he took a powder. He'll turn up in a few days with some sort of tall tale."

"So why hire us?"

Jurgensen still looks a little uncomfortable as he answers. "At first I really did think the waterfront employers of the Industrial Association might be behind Zeager's disappearance. They would certainly not hesitate to stoop to such tactics. You can see that for yourself. But I think Hutch is probably right about Zeager. I guess we really can't afford to hire you anyway, but we could stand some good publicity, and I would like to know what happened to him."

I finish my beer and wish the struggling seamen good luck.

**Time: 1 hour**

## CLUE 184

I stride purposely in to the Eagleson Company Store. I may be imagining it, but it seems a hush falls over the store as soon as I enter. The clerks look at me as if I am something the cat dragged in. Maybe I'm violating some kind of dress code, I think to myself, surveying the fancy duds on all the other customers. I do my best to ignore the stares and I head over to the nearest clerk.

I get straight to the point. "Do you sell many camel-colored Hoosier hats, size six and a quarter?"

The clerk gives me a condescending smile. "The Hoosier is indeed one of our most popular stylings, and camel is certainly a fashionable color at the moment. But no, we do not sell many in six and a quarter. That would be a hat for someone with . . . a . . . a rather small head." This comment draws faint smiles from the other clerks.

"I'd appreciate it if you could tell me who's bought a hat in that exact style, size and color in the last, let's say two years." I flash him my Continental Detective Agency card.

The sight of it knocks some sense into the clerk. He scurries into the back room. I stand and wait for him. I glare back at anybody who dares to glance up at me. Everyone there tries to pretend I don't exist, but they don't do a very good job of it.

The clerk takes only a few minutes looking up the

information. He comes back with a list in his hand. "Only three people have hats like that," he says. "Mr. Frank Ayoob, Mr. Michael Utterback, and Mrs. C. Kaufman. Is that the information you are looking for?"

I may have muttered something like "Yes" as I left.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 185

I try to bring Labude around. I throw about half a gallon of water on his face, and he moans. I repeat the procedure. He opens his eyes. I pull my gun out and aim it at his face.

"Who shot out your lock, Labude?"

He stares at me. I cock the hammer of my gun for emphasis. "You'd better level with me."

"Alright, it was Brad Pirelli."

"Pirelli! Where'd he go?"

"How should I know? He knocked me out."

"What did he want to know?"

"He was asking after that kid Kern."

"And where is Billy Kern?"

Labude starts whining. He sounds like a sick puppy. "I haven't seen him. Honest."

"Somehow I have a hard time believing you, Labude."

"No. It's true. I really don't know where he is."

It sounds like he's not making this up—Labude's shaking like a leaf.

"Do you know where Pimples is?"

"N-no. He said he'd get word to me today about what he wants me to do tomorrow."

By this time he's trembling so hard I can't get much more out of him. So I take my leave as sweetly as I can while threatening to beat him up much worse if it turns out he's lying to me.

**Time: 45 minutes**

## CLUE 186

The Pink Rat is maybe a step above the run of the mill lounge and has a hint of "south of the border." I slide onto a seat at the bar and order a brew. I take a long cool swallow and try to engage the bartender in conversation.

"Yeah, I knew Romeo Ruiz. Well, I didn't really *know* him. His brother Joaquin tends bar here maybe five nights a week. Romeo came in sometimes. Never drank much though. Always watching his weight. Worse than a woman that way. His death came as quite a shock to everybody, especially Joaquin."

"What nights does he work?"

"Well, usually he would be here tonight. But I'm working for him on account of his brother being dead and all. I told him I'd take tomorrow's shift as well,

but I think he'll be here. Said he needed to get his mind off things for a while."

**Time: 30 minutes**

## **CLUE 187**

Hal Salsbury's house in Cow Hollow has an expansive view of the Bay and Alcatraz. It isn't large, but its antiquity and excellent condition combined with its picturesque setting undoubtedly increase its value, and I'm sure Salsbury didn't come by it cheaply. The sun peeps through the fog along the street, but the gray banks hang low over the Bay and I can't see Marin although it is just a few miles across the water. Salsbury's car is parked in the driveway.

A plain woman, who turns out to be Mrs. Salsbury, answers the door and directs me to the back yard where she says her husband is reading.

I find him sitting in a lawn chair in a lush green yard that is shielded from its neighbors by high bushes on all sides. He looks somewhat like an invalid, sitting with a blanket wrapped around him and a book on his knees. He turns and greets me.

"Hello again. It's getting cold out here. Damn fog."

I sit opposite him. "I didn't reach him before he was killed."

"I know. It happened while I was at your office." He stops and stares moodily off into the mist. "What damned perfect timing. If I hadn't come to ask you to talk to him, he'd still be alive."

"Do you still want me on the case?"

"Of course. If you can find who killed him my money will be well spent."

"Could you tell me what happened that day?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary. I came to the office around ten. Stanley arrived a little after that and worked on some of the equipment. I was making phone calls to assorted musicians, producers, agents, all about a show a bunch of us are arranging down in L.A. I left him around noon to pick up the Marquis at his house and brought him back to the studio to finish a recording. I left him in the studio with Stanley to do the recording, and I went into my office to do paperwork. On the way to the studio the Marquis told me the story I related to you yesterday. Normally I would have discounted it, but something made me worried. He wasn't in the mood to talk to me, yet he seemed more . . . earnest when he did talk.

"I stewed over this while in the office, and by two o'clock I had decided to do something about it. I told Stanley I was leaving and wouldn't be returning for the rest of the day. The Marquis was in the middle of a recording, so I didn't disturb him. But before I came over to your office I had to go look over some property I'm interested in out on the Avenues. So I drove out there first—and if you want the address it was on the block of Quintara between 39th and 40th—and inspected the lot. I still don't see how they plan to turn all those sand dunes into a neighborhood, but they sure are selling that property cheaply. I was out there for a while and then I drove back downtown and came

into your agency's offices a little before three. You know the rest. Did you talk to Stanley yesterday?"

"Yeah. His story is pretty much the same as yours. He wasn't sure of the times because the clock in the engineering booth is broken."

"Since I'm going to continue my investigation for you, I might as well start here. Do you know anybody who was mad at the Marquis or who might have had a reason to kill him?"

"I'm afraid not. I wasn't close personally with him. We were more like business partners. He seemed to be well-liked."

"Do you know who his friends were, who might know about his personal affairs?"

"I don't really know who his friends were outside the studio. I could rattle off a list of musicians that he preferred to play with."

"That would be a start."

"Shuffy Schopfenheuer, Arkansas Bill Stanley, Do Jarvis, Baby Lips Rinzler—even I don't know what his first name is—Chocolate Brown, Milton Kincaide, Topaz Munro, Red McGee, Booker Ramey. Others, too, but I can't remember everybody's name. Really, I don't know much about these musicians' personal lives, so I couldn't tell you anything about them or if they ever spent any time with him outside of the studio. You'll have to ask them."

I try to get more details out of him but he claims to have nothing to give. He also claims to be upset the death of the Marquis for a variety of reasons, not the least of which is that the Marquis was Salsbury's biggest money-maker. "I know that sounds cold-hearted of me, but in purely financial terms, his records sold well and he brought me an income. I'm sad to see it go."

I asked if he knows whether the Marquis had a will. "I doubt it. He didn't have a wife or kids, and all his relatives are somewhere back south. Louisiana or somewhere. I guess whatever he had would go back to them, including the royalties for whatever records he's already made."

I tell him I'll do my best, and his wife escorts me to the door.

**Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes**

## **CLUE 188**

I jump out of the police car and hurry past the burning get-away car, following my quarry from the tunnel out into the bustle of Chinatown. I see him rushing through the Chinese throng past grocery stalls and vegetable stands. He's less than a block ahead. I can't tell if he knows he is being followed, but he hasn't slowed down a bit. Fedoras are pretty common on the streets of Chinatown, but this guy's a good head above the rest and his light gray coat frames his shoulders quite well.

I pump my legs as hard as I can, but I don't seem to be able to gain on him. He turns right into Sacramento. As I get to the

corner and turn after him I can see his dark fedora, gray coat and tan shoes turning left down Waverly. I sprint after him, but by the time I get there he's nowhere to be seen.



**If you want to continue down Waverly go to Clue 220**

## CLUE 189

I walk the two blocks to the three-story garage on Stevenson. The wind is blowing in strong puffs, like the breath of some asthmatic Greek god trying to blow up a storm but not quite making it. Old man Becker, the ever-present caretaker of the garage, is at his post just inside the large roll-up door. He is balanced on the two hind legs of an old kitchen chair, his feet propped on a wooden fruit crate. His eyes are closed, and from the sound of his breathing—almost as loud, certainly as asthmatic, as the puffing Greek god outside—I assume that he is asleep. I decide to let him rest and walk up the ramp to the second floor and get the car myself.

The agency's two black Whippets sit side by side. I look at the gas gauges and find that one is full; that's the one I hop into. It starts right up and I head down the ramp giving a blast on the horn as I pass Becker. He snaps his head up with such force that it hits the wall and knocks the chair legs out from under him. I turn right and head towards Second street. In my rear-view mirror I see Becker get up and shake his fist at me as I turn down Second. I turn up Mission and head for Highway 101.

Traffic is light and I soon find myself heading south on 101. The Whippet's six cylinders are running smoothly. I push the speed up to fifty and enjoy the countryside as it speeds by. There is nothing like the solitude of driving to give you time to think. The hardest part of the detective business is avoiding the trap of forming conclusions before you have all the evidence. Being a private dick is a lot like being a bloodhound. You don't think much, you just put your nose to the ground and push ahead.

The traffic is now getting a little heavier. A blue Ford pulls out in front of me. I jam on the brake causing a great squeal. A shake of my fist at the two young men in the front seat of the Ford only brings laughter and the shake of their middle fingers. The kid driving tosses a beer bottle out the window, sending glass all over the highway. I swerve quickly, sending two wheels onto the dirt shoulder. By the time I get the Whippet straightened out the kids are well ahead of me.

I abandon thoughts of catching up to them. What

the hell, we were all young once. The kids' car soon pulls off the highway and heads up a winding dirt road to the west. I soon see Tanforan Race Track to my left. I pull the car into the dusty parking lot and find a parking space. It looks like a good crowd, the parking lot is full. The sun is reaching its noon position and the heat is rising with it. I loosen my tie and wish I could remove my coat, but I promised myself long ago to always carry a gun when working on a murder case. Always. So that means leaving my coat on.

As I approach the gate I see that I am not the only one who has to wear a coat. I see Roland Jones dressed in full black uniform, cap and all, standing next to the shining Marmon. He is resting his booted foot, also shiny, on the running board while talking to another man. The other man holds a small notebook and is writing something down with a short stub of a pencil. Roland reaches into his pocket and pulls out a roll of money, peels off a few bills and hands them to the scribbling man who quickly pockets them.

"Think you're in the boss's will, Roland?" I call out.

"What're you doing here, shamus? Looking for a job in the stables?"

"I see you still have yours." I kick one of the Marmon's tires and flick a spot of dust off its shiny hood.

"Yeah, the kid gave in. Now that he has a position to keep up, he'll keep me and the cars."

"Did the kid come down by himself?"

"Nah, his mouthpiece, Van Ness, came with him. You just missed the tribute to the old man; made him sound like a saint. The only saintly thing he did for this bunch was to give them Sundowner to bet on."

"See you around, Roland."

"Up yours, shamus."

I work my way into the crowd and let it's current carry me into the track. The second race is about to begin. The odds on Sundowner are four to one. I expected the odds to be closer to two to one. The gamblers must think Sundowner is in mourning. Rainbow's End's odds are three to one. The odds have really changed. Sundowner was the favorite a few days ago. I head for the window and place a fin on Hayes's horse.

I head over to the owner's box and see Bill Hayes and T. C. Van Ness. They both wear black arm bands and seem more interested in their conversation than in the races. I find an empty seat behind them, clear my throat and wait for them to notice me.

"Oh, hello, detective. Here to see the race?" asks Hayes.

"Among other things. How are you, Mr. Van Ness?"

"Alright, given the circumstances." He now finds the racing form more interesting than my conversation.

"Have you talked to your jockey today, Mr. Hayes?"

"My jockey?"

"Romeo Ruiz."

"Oh, no. I had nothing to do with my father's interest in horses. I have never met Mr. Ruiz. I may be selling—"

"I don't think you should say anything until everything is worked out, Bill."

"Of course, you're right."

"I thought that I made it clear, detective, that we felt it was best for the police to handle this," the lawyer

says.

"I haven't forgotten, but don't you forget that one of our men was also murdered. I'm going to find that murderer." That's probably as good an exit line as I can come up with so I take advantage of it.

I make my way to the railing just as the race starts. Romeo Ruiz is hunched low on the back of a golden brown Sundowner, the bright red of his silk sparkles in the bright sun. From the very start the race is between Sundowner and Rainbow's End. They are nose to nose until the final stretch where Sundowner breaks away and wins by a length. There is a lot of cursing around me, tickets being torn up and tossed to the ground. A few, like me, cheer and head for the window.

As I walk away from the window I see the little man who was talking to Roland. He is flipping quickly through his notebook making scribbles after some of the entries. I work my way through the crowd and come up behind him.

"Want me to take Roland his winnings?" He quickly turns his head and looks up at me. His eyes narrow and his forehead develops a bad case of wrinkles.

"I know you from somewhere."

"A lot of people know me from somewhere."

"Yeah. You're that wise-ass from the DA's office. Yeah, a real wise-ass."

"Yep, that's me, Eddie, a real wise-ass. I'm glad you remember me. Thought your brain might have rotted away over the years. How's the bookie business?"

"If the bookie is good, business is always good."

"So how is it with you?"

"Good. Now beat it unless you want to place a bet." I pull out a fin and hold it out to him. His eyes drop from mine to the bill and back to me. "Are you sure you can afford that, shamus?"

"What are my odds?"

"What's the question?"

"What horse did Roland bet on?"

"Rainbow's End."

"Who tried to fix the race?"

"You can't afford that bet," he grabs for the bill, but he's not quick enough. I pull it up, out of his reach.

"Two for five. What can you tell me about Ruiz?"

"He's a good jockey. Maybe too honest for his health."

"What do you mean?"

"I hear that some out-of-town boys did a dance on his face."

"Who and why?"

"You're the detective, you find out and let me know." I let him grab the fin and put it in his pocket. Without a look or a word he slithers back into the crowd.

I head for the winner's circle to watch Ruiz and Sundowner receive the winner's wreath and Billy Hayes the check. He looks as excited as an orthodox Jew at an Arkansas pork barbecue. No, the fast and exciting life of the turf is not for Bill Hayes. Van Ness is standing in the front rank of onlookers. The smile on his face would send shivers down a prosecutor's back. What does he know? You can't trust shysters. You never know what they know and they'll be the last to tell you.

I follow the entourage of onlookers and photo-

graphers as Sundowner and Ruiz lead them back to the stables. But fame fades fast, and after a few minutes most of the well-wishers are off to the track for the next race and the next winner. I speed up my pace, move next to Sundowner and call out to Ruiz, who still sits atop the winner. I reach up and hand him one of my cards. He looks at it, reins in Sundowner and looks down at me.

"Tommy! Take Sundowner!" Ruiz jumps off the horse and Tommy takes the reins. Sundowner doesn't seem to like this change and swings his head from side to side while snorting out his displeasure, but Tommy is not intimidated and moves him forward. To me he says, "I expected to see you tonight."

"Came down to see the race."

"Hope it was worth your while."

"I put a fin on Sundowner."

"Good for you."

"Romeo, Romeo!" We both turn around and see a comely young woman running toward us. Ruiz opens his arms and receives her. "Romeo, I was so worried."

"I told you I would be alright." He smiles down at her. "This is Carmalita," he says to me as if that tells me everything. It doesn't, but the look in his eyes does. Before he can say more his name is called out again, but this time lacking a tone of love.

"Hey, Ruiz, the boss wants to see you." A large man in a dark suit and fedora is standing next to a large black V-16 Cadillac. The heat of the mid-day sun is reflected off the car's shiny surface in visible waves giving it an eerie quality. Ruiz looks around, like a young puppy making sure it has a way out before accepting an offer from a stranger. "Ruiz, get over here!"

"Don't go, Romeo, don't go," pleads Carmalita, tears forming in her eyes.

"I've got to. Running won't do me any good."

"Do you want me to go with you?" I ask.

"No, stay with Carmalita. They won't do anything here."

He walks over to the Caddy and up to the rear window. I can't hear what is said, but I can tell that Ruiz is not doing most of the talking. He is standing in front of the lowered window, cap in hand, like a schoolboy being reprimanded, but after a moment he breaks into an outburst.

"I don't care who you are, no one tells me what to do. This is a free country and I have all the rights you do!" With that he walks away from the car.

"Get back here, you wetback. The boss isn't through with you." Ruiz pays no attention to the large man in black.

"Let him go, Angelo. Get into the car!" comes a voice from inside the Caddy.

Carmalita is in tears. She again rushes into Ruiz's arms. He turns to me. "I can't talk to you now. I have to get back to the ranch. I've got a few things to do. You can meet me there later or tonight at the Pink Rat." Ruiz leads Carmalita away trying, without much success, to comfort and reassure her.

**Time: 2 hours, 30 minutes**

**If you want to follow the  
Cadillac go to Clue 268**

McGreedy is clearly anxious to get back. We climb into the patrol car, and wind our way back to Skyline Boulevard towards the City. I can see occasional glints of fires off the road, and some wisps of smoke rise above the woods bordering the road, from the fires we can't see.

"A lot of people building fires on private lands," I mumble to the cop.

"Yeah, I know. They're probably trespassing. But July Fourth is only once a year. I don't want to bring anyone in unless they're starting forest fires. We gotta get back."

McGreedy has gotten real sour on something. I can't figure whether it's the hideously burnt body, or the escape of the other robber that's set him off. Or perhaps he's annoyed that some other police department is now hot on the case while he has to report back in up in the city. I don't really feel like questioning him; he is getting more and more impatient with the holiday drivers as we get closer and it gets later. Finally, we zoom past Lake Merced and head back to the heart of the city. McGreedy lets me off downtown. I thank him for having me along, and he smiles and says you're welcome. I think he means it, too.



## CLUE 191

Zack Evans is his usual sardonic self, wisecracking to me about the mayor's press conference and telling me anecdotes about the waterfront strike. It takes me about ten minutes of swapping stories with him to get to the point I came to talk about.

"Look, Zack, I'm investigating the Bier murder."

"Good luck. There's something fishy going on, like there's something fishy at the waterfront—and I ain't talkin' about rock cod. I've been trying to tie a few things together for a newspaper exclusive—that's right—for once I'm the one working on the story you're investigating."

"What about the waterfront?" I ask, pretending ignorance.

I don't need to beg. He *wants* to talk about it. "There's a funny pattern to the people being arrested in the riots. If you spend your time reading police blotters, and it's something I enjoy doing, or else I wouldn't be here, you'll notice something strange. Used to be that everyone killed, hurt, or arrested in the riots down there were, by and large, first-timers. No records. Just young idealists who haven't figured out that there's no connection between making money and morality, embittered Joes who have watched the

Feds take most of their paychecks due to bad decisions and your usual collection of Reds, many of whom *had* been arrested before, but not on violent offenses. I mean your average Red would rather stand on a soapbox and make himself a target than even own a gun. But in the last couple of months, the pattern's been changing. There're more and more guys with heavy arrest records being booked for rioting. They're not getting killed—too streetwise for that—but they are getting swept up, usually on minor charges. And a large proportion of them are from Mirabelli's gang."

"So you think the gang is involved in organizing these riots?"

"That's for certain. Let me put it this way—how much do you know about Mirabelli and his playmates?"

I chuckle. "Just what I read in the papers."

"Hoo boy. If I knew only what I wrote in the papers, I'd be a full-time ignoramus. OK, you need a bit of background about these guys, and it's the sort of stuff you ain't gonna see in the papers . . . number one, because these guys can find out where reporters live, and number two, 'cause there's this nice set of laws about libel that the courts cooked up to tie the hands of any newshound who'd be dumb enough to ignore number one. In a way it's good. Keeps the newstrade from dyin' out. OK, enough philosophy.

"Mirabelli, as far as I've been able to find out, came to SF in the early twenties, twenty-one or twenty-two. He has a record back east, arrested a couple of times in New Jersey in connection with a bootlegging operation, then once in connection with numbers-running. Nothing too serious, not the sort of thing anyone gets hurt by.

"Anyway, he came out here and set up a bootlegging operation. Was doing really good too—supplying a bunch of speakeasies downtown, and was well-known in clubs throughout the city. Of course, with the repeal of Volstead, a lot of bootleggers were left high and dry. But not Mirabelli. He had a coupla operations busted up by the cops, and had always kept up with his Jersey skills. And he had good advice—Roach had been his mouthpiece for years, may even have come west with him. Anyway, the bottom line is that Mirabelli diversified—started a numbers operation soon after he began running liquor. But the numbers game, it was a bit too visible, he had trouble with the runners being threatened by the cops and by rival hoods. So he got into something with a lower profile and more money—running a bookie racket. This was all around twenty-six or seven—ancient history. And damned if his operations weren't entrenched enough to survive the Crash. He picked up his other right-hand man, Bier, sometime early in thirty or thirty-one. And when prohibition ended, Mirabelli was sitting pretty, running a thriving betting ring.

"So much for history. With the cops freed from chasing small time boozers last year, they've had time to wipe out a lot of gambling action, and Mirabelli has definitely been hurting, although he's not down and out. But this murder is crazy. It doesn't make sense that Mirabelli killed Bier, although I can't figure any other way to read the evidence. . . ." He pauses and waits for me to speak.

"One minute, Zack. You haven't tied in the waterfront. Spill what you know about that, then I'll speak my piece."

"Oh, well, I don't know much more for sure. Evidently Mirabelli is trying to diversify again, and trying to infiltrate the unions. I'm not really sure what percentage there is in that. It seems too weird a thing to be spending that much muscle on, although there's sure as hell a lot of money tied up in shipping—it's the lifeblood of this town, even though the strike's spillin' it out all over the place. But I'm not telling you anything you don't already know. C'mon, your turn—return the favor."

Quickly I tell him about my talk with Mirabelli. I stress that it doesn't add up that Mirabelli killed Bier: Mirabelli may not be God's gift to genius, but the evidence against him is so good that it looks like Mirabelli would have to be real stupid. Or really framed.

"That's the way I read it, too," interjects Zack. "But who could frame Mirabelli so completely?"

"We've got a lot of the same questions. I'm tryin' to dig that one out. Do you know whether Mirabelli's gang has stomped the toes of any big operations recently?"

"What a metaphor. Good thing you don't write for a living, gumshoe."

"At least I'm not talking about an operation with two right hands . . ."

"OK, OK. Two points for you. Anyway I can't think of any flagrant rivalry. Wait—there was a small shootout between Joey Capirci, a thug who's been running with Mirabelli a long time, and Bo Johnson, a big drug figure among the negroes out in the Western Addition. The police never came—what do they care? I heard about it from a smalltime stoolie."

"What's his name?"

"Sorry. Some things I'm not even gonna tell you. Anyway, my source thought maybe Capirci's thugs might have been tryin' to muscle in on some drug action. But he wasn't sure, and he didn't wanna talk about it. I never got any definite tie back to Mirabelli from my informer. Capirci has cut loose to go into drugs on his own. I just don't know."

"You know how to get a hold of Capirci, or Johnson?"

"Yeah. Capirci hangs out at the Traffic Club out Market near Church. You should be able to find him there. He's a short guy, a little over five feet tall, and has a lion tattoo on his arm. Johnson is harder to track, and unless you have a negro op at Continental, I don't think you can safely find him. He doesn't trust white guys at all."

"Do you know any other members of Mirabelli's gang?"

"Well, there's Mario Muzio, who's tied up pretty heavily in the gang. Don't know how you can find him, though—I've never had to. You might try talkin' to 'Shrimpy', lessee, his real name is—Jim, Jimmy, something like that. He's a punk that was running numbers for Mirabelli before he got caught. He's young, he might talk to you. But Christ, be careful. I get the feeling that these guys are into something big, and they might just rub you out if you ask the wrong questions or ask the wrong person."

"Thanks for the warning, Zack. Anything else?"

"Not that I know of, but you let me know if you stumble onto anything more, OK?"

I promise to clue him in, in case I do come across anything hard and fast. Then I bum a cigarette from

him, and let him piece together tomorrow morning's fantasies.

**Time: 1 hour**

## **CLUE 192**

I arrive at the ranch and ask for Romeo Ruiz. I am told he is not there. No one can, or will, tell me where I can locate him.

**Time: 15 minutes**

## **CLUE 193**

The girl's description of her grandmother is correct. At the corner of Powell and O'Farrell stands a small, gray-haired old lady whom, now that I see her again, I remember seeing many times before on that exact same spot. She is one of those street people who serve the purpose of making the city colorful. She addresses anyone who dares to pass her way.

"Shame on you, young lady! Showing your ankles to the world like that! The Bible tells us to dress decently. Don't you read your Bible? How can you call yourself a Christian?" The poor young woman walks away quickly. "Repent, young lady! Repent!" At this point two young kids run up and start making faces at her and laughing. She swings her cane at them but they dodge away. "You little rascals! God will punish you for attacking his servant. Shoo! You little demons!" They scamper away. I approach her slowly with a big smile.

"Hello, Mrs. Medak? I was wondering—"

"No! I will not talk to a lawyer. Your type has given me enough trouble."

"You don't understand—" I mean just to ask her where she was at the time of the murder, but she doesn't give me a chance. She starts to beat me with her cane. She swings with all her might, but the blows are feeble. I beat a retreat amid a hail of blows.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## **CLUE 194**

The Reverend Alfred Engstrom sits behind his desk and eyes me through his thick, wire-rimmed glasses. He is a tall, thin man with thick, white hair that is neatly trimmed and combed. He has been patiently listening to my questions about Morris Zeager.

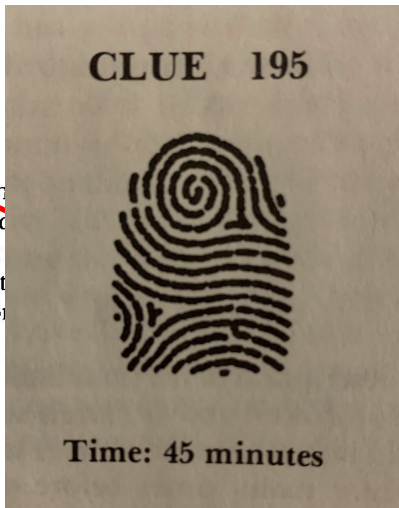
"I have never had the pleasure of meeting my wife's brother," he says. "But I have a feeling you knew that—my wife must have told you. She is very

close-mouthed about her past. I think that she feels that I have very little compassion, for you see, my wife is a proud woman. I know about her first husband, he wasn't a doctor and he's not dead. My wife thinks I would think less of her if I knew she was divorced. Of course I wouldn't, and I don't."

"So you have never met her ex-husband or her brother?"

"No. Someday I am sure she will tell me the truth, and then maybe I will meet them."

**Time: 30 minutes**



**CLUE 196**

I can hear the screams of the baseball fans as I pass by Seals stadium on my way to Arkansas Bill Stanley's place. Kids are scrambling around trying to devise new ways to get in without paying. I find the address I'm looking for about four blocks south of the stadium.

I climb the three stone steps and rap lightly on the door. A tall, burly, colored man, dressed in shabby but official-looking regalia, vaguely reminiscent of a Prussian military officer's uniform, answers the door with a well-phrased "May I help you?"

In the ensuing tensely polite conversation I learn that the man I'm speaking to is Arkansas Bill Stanley, professional bass player and treasurer of the local chapter of The United States Aframerican Negro Back to Africa Party, that I am interrupting an official meeting of the party, but that in light of the fact that I have come to discuss the affairs of "Brother Marquis" and that only three people showed up for this meeting of the party I am welcome to come in and state my business.

In a large room sit a hugely fat negro who struggles immensely to raise himself to shake my hand, and a prim, middle-aged negress wearing conservative clothes and sitting stiffly, with her back straight as a rail. On the wall is a portrait of a light-skinned, bespectacled negro; under the portrait is a plaque reading "Marcus Garvey, Our Spiritual Leader." Bill Stanley introduces the two other people as Tiny Johnson, the famous piano player, and Mrs. Jackson, secretary of the San Francisco chapter of the party. She forces a grin and nods. The huge Tiny insists on shaking my hand again. On the coffee table in the center of the room is a large map of Africa which was the focus of attention before I arrived.

I explain why I'm there and ask them to give me whatever information they can. Stanley sits down, unbuttons the top of his gaudy green and gold coat and begins.

"Brother Marquis was a good man. We tried to bring him into the ranks of the party. He agreed with me when I told him that the negroes must return to Africa if they want to be truly free. He was a thinking man. But he hesitated when pressed to join. I don't think he had the commitment that is needed. But with our encouragement, I think he would have joined in good time. It would have been a boost to our cause to have such an admired man in the party."

"Did either of you play a gig with him at the Club Alabam the night before he was killed?"

Tiny Johnson answers in a deep, raspy voice. "Oh yeah, we was there fo' sho'. Good band that night. Me and Bill was there, so was Alvin Burroughs—me and him trading off on the ivories, 'til that kid Munro came in, then we let him play. Man, can he pound 'em! He came in with that French guy who plays the rhythm guitar. Who else? Milt was on drums, like always, and Lucky Lewis was on bass sax, and Red McGee and Finkie and Chocolate Brown played with Brother Marquis in the sax section, and uh, Omar was there, and oh yeah, Kid Estrella was mooching off everybody. He can play almost anything. Can you think of anyone else, Brother Stanley?"

"No, I can't. Things were very successful that night. The players were all getting along fine, and the audience was appreciative. It pleases me greatly to see brothers and white peoples enjoying together, although Brother Garvey tells us that we negroes should separate ourselves and found a free nation in Africa. We are working toward that, but until that time it is good to get along with the white people of this country."

"Ain't that the truth," says the woman, who up to this point has not said a word.

There follows an interlude during which they offer me some snacks and drinks. I end up with a cup of orange juice and a slice of cake. I steer them back to the matter at hand.

"Did you notice anything unusual about the Marquis that night? Did he act upset?"

"Naw, he was all right. Was playin' fine. Though he left early with that Topaz kid. I wasn't paying much attention, to be perfectly honest. But I didn't notice him upset or anything." Stanley agrees with Johnson's statement. "There was nothing out of the ordinary to make us note him or his actions."

I explain Salsbury's statement that the Marquis feared for his life. They both claim utter ignorance. Then Stanley offers a biased opinion: "I wouldn't trust a story like that coming from Mr. Salsbury. He's one of those white men we have been warned against. He pretends to be our friend, but I believe he is a criminal. I've made records in his studio, and I don't think he honors the contracts he signs. When I went back to complain, he confused me with lists of numbers and a complicated story. I think he's stealing from the black man, and maybe from his fellow white man, too. I don't trust him. How about you, Brother Johnson?"

Johnson looks kind of sheepish. "I never pay attention to them things. I just sign and take whatever money they give me. I could never figure out them percentages anyway. But I always got the same pay as

all the other backup men, so I never paid it no mind."

My further questions about the Marquis' personal life and who they thought might want to kill him come to naught. I leave amid a flurry of handshakes and "Good luck"s. They return inside, presumably to ponder where to found their new nation.

**Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes**

### **CLUE 197**

I jump in next to the sergeant. I'm barely able to get my foot in the door before the squad car screeches away from the curb and takes off down the street, siren wailing. Other police cars lend their voices to the din, as we go up Post following the three cars used by the robbers. We gain on them as we streak after, tires squealing as we turn right and go up Stockton, across Sutter and into the Stockton Tunnel.

McGreedy has almost brought us up behind the last car when the driver suddenly seems to slam on the brakes, putting his car into a spinning skid nearly blocking the tunnel and forcing McGreedy to brake sharply and go partway up the concrete footpath.

As I'm checking to see if my head is still attached to my shoulders after cracking into the roof, the crook who was driving the car jumps out of his car, with a gun pulled I reach for my rod, but he's blocked by the car. I can see him through the window as he shoots three shots into the gas tank of his car. It explodes in a gush of orange flame and black smoke and sends a gust of warm wind in our direction. I can catch a glimpse of the man's light gray coat and tan shoes running off up the walkway on the other side of the tunnel leading out into Chinatown.

**TIME: 15 minutes**

**If you want to follow the man on foot go to Clue 188**

**If you want to continue chasing the other two cars  
go to Clue 228**

### **CLUE 198**

I have been standing across from one-fifty-two Powell for two hours. No one has entered or left the building. I can see my raven-haired prey sitting in front of the window. She doesn't seem to be doing anything but staring out the window.

**TIME: 2 HOURS**

**If you wish to keep the office under surveillance  
go to Clue 205**

### **CLUE 199**

"Left, go left! They're closer and the jewels will be where more than one can watch 'em, that's for sure."

McGreedy shows why he was one of the first 'Frisco cops to get a car by cutting through the pile-up at the

corner, siren screaming, taking off after the Cadillac.

Right turn on McAllister, left on Divisadero, right on haight, left on Clayton, right on Carl, right on Judah, left on Sunset Boulevard to Skyline Boulevard. Practically made it to the Fleishhacker party the hard way!

We roar down Skyline south of Sloat into the ocean bluffs south of the City. Scattered groups of people on holiday picnics look up at the sound of squealing tires and howling sirens. We pass Fort Funston, pass the Olympic Club, and head into San Mateo County. McGreedy drives like a man entranced: he is so intent on the Caddy's every move that I dare not break into his thought until I see the tough on the passenger side shove a .38 through the window. "Look out," I yell; McGreedy pulls the car slightly to the left as the shot whizzes by my window. The driver up ahead guns the car; we're losing him. McGreedy guns the patrol car as the Caddy screeches around a curve. We almost don't make it; we begin to spin, but McGreedy straightens out the car and gives chase once again. He pushes the throttle to the floor and we begin to close the gap.

Two more shots are fired from up ahead. We're getting closer. I can now see the flame and the burst of smoke. I can almost see the man's eye close as he aims, hanging out of the right window.

Wham! A shot has hit the right post next to the windshield of McGreedy's car. I don't like the thought of what would have happened if I'd been out there shooting back. Or if the windshield had been shattered by that bullet!

We pick up a little escort outside of Thornton as two local patrol cars appear behind us. The driver ahead really steps on it then and we roar along, past Miramar Road. Some cops from Colma join in the fun as two more cars squeal onto Skyline from San Pedro Road. So it's six cars that are speeding down Skyline now. We scream past the Coast Highway exit, and Chinese Cemetery Road. As we round a curve somewhere south of Sneath Road North, one of the cars from Colma blows out a rear tire. Fortunately, he's next to last, and his buddy behind him is a good driver. He is able to slow down in a hurry and stays with the disabled car. The three of us speed onward. Just as I'm wondering how it will all end, we come up to Sneath Road South. The jewel thieves step on it, and then, with a tremendous screech of rubber, they whirl around and fishtail down Sneath Road towards San Bruno. We begin to turn after them, but just then, they hit a large pothole. There is a sharp, ugly metallic crack; the car sloughs off the road and plows down a scrub-covered embankment. It runs up a tiny hillock, then dives nose-first into a bank of scrubby oaks overgrown with underbrush. The vehicle rests there for a few seconds, and then erupts into a huge blossom of orange flame.

McGreedy and the other cops slam on their brakes and pull over to the side of the road. We get out and a horrible, wavering scream assaults our ears for a few seconds, and then suddenly is cut off. Eight pairs of eyes peer at the inferno trying to catch any sign of life, but the blistering wave of heat from the wreckage keeps us looking at it for too long, even though we're a good hundred and fifty feet uphill. The surrounding brush begins to catch fire. There's nothing we can do—we have to wait for the firemen.

More police cars come in response to the radio calls and the cops join our silent vigil. Finally, an enormous hook and ladder truck chugs up the hill from San Bruno, and a crew of heavily-clothed firemen drag a huge hose down the embankment and blast the wreckage with it. Within a few minutes the flames are gone, and there is a charred hulk of a Cadillac on a smoldering circle of underbrush, like some macabre entree at a fancy French restaurant.

Heat waves still ripple from the tortured metal of the car. We sit and say very little as the sun sinks behind the hills to our left. I kick myself for getting into this mess, nothing can possibly be left alive in the car, and I have no interest in the long, drawn out, excruciatingly thorough investigation of the wreck that's sure to come. It's dead end as far as I'm concerned, but I can't get back—I came here with McGreedy, and that's how I'll have to leave. And to make things even worse, it'll be another half hour before anyone can get near the still-smoldering car.

Finally, we clamber down the embankment and peer into the wreck. It's hard to see in the shadow of the hills, but an electric torch brought down by one of the Thornton cops convinces us of the unbelievable; there is only one body in the car. I come very close to getting sick as two of the more hardened cops pry open the door and pull out the stiff, blackened hull of what was once a man. The stench of burnt flesh and hair is sickening. We search the wreck thoroughly, and find that the passenger door is not latched. There is no sign of anyone thrown clear, but then again, all the underbrush has been burned away. Several of the cops, especially some recent arrivals from San Bruno, are interested in trying to pick up the trail of the second occupant of the Cadillac, despite the failing light.



If you want to go back to the city with McGreedy  
go to Clue 190

If you want to join the search party  
go to Clue 230

### CLUE 200

Nothing much doing on Capp street. Labude is still indoors. I look at my watch—2:05. All of a sudden, a dark, tall, tough-looking guy comes up Labude's steps. He bangs on the door. Labude shouts something at him; I can't make it out. Tough-guy pulls a heater, blasts the lock twice, and barges in. I get closer. I can hear Labude whining. "Brad, honest, I don't know where they are. Ya gotta believe me." The tough guy yells back at him with a voice so strong and furious I can't make out the words. The shouting match begins to turn into a struggle, and all of a sudden Labude yelps and is silent. The guy with the gun runs out into

the street, and heads south on Capp.



### CLUE 201

The drive down to San Mateo seems to take forever. But the Coroner's Office down there won't release anything over the phone unless you're the cops, which I'm not.

I saunter on into their office, show the joe behind the desk my ID, and ask him if he can give me the run-down on those two bodies found out near Skyline.

"Sure thing, gumshoe. We haven't gotten word to the press, but we have positive ID on both of 'em." I've always wondered why coroners were so damned casual when they talk about bodies.

"So spill it," I growl.

"They're Zena Jones and Sherry Dillan of Hillsborough and San Francisco, respectively. They both died of massive third-degree burns."

Just what I was afraid of. I thank him and head back up 101.

Time: 15 minutes

### CLUE 202

I knock on the door to three-thirty Capp and it swings open; surprising the hell out of me until I look at the lock. There's not much left of it.

I head right on in and find a lanky, funny-looking guy sprawled on the floor in the first room. He's out cold, so I decide to have a look around. The apartment is small, a table in a kitchen, with a small bedroom. On a nightstand near the bed is a bag containing small bags of marijuana and glassine envelopes with a white powder. I don't care if it's heroin, cocaine, morphine or baking soda—I see nothing I can connect with the case.

If you want to wake the unconscious chump, go to  
Clue 185.

Time: 15 minutes

### CLUE 203

An uncharacteristic breeze stirs the somber industrial neighborhood south of Market. The early morning light gleams through my window as I roll up to 570 Alabama Street. Bannon remains propped up in his car, barely awake. His relief as I get out of my car is obvious.

"It's certainly about time you got here", he mutters. "I was about ready to drift off".

"Thanks for shooting your night, Bannon. Anything to show for it?"

"Not really. There are a hell of a lot of noisy kids in this neighborhood, but not a sound from inside, and it's certain not a soul's come in or out".

I watch as Bannon smiles. "See you around the office," he murmurs, and pushes his starter button. He's off in a beeline for downtown.

A few minutes later, there's the rattle of a chain being unlatched, and the loading dock door rolls up, just enough to let Guy Labude, his face bruised and his eyes bloodshot, emerge from the building.

**TIME: 15 minutes**

**If you want to continue surveillance go to Clue 266**

## **CLUE 204**

Outside the door I hear someone playing musical exercises on a clarinet. I stand and listen. The player quickly moves on to more difficult exercises, all of which he handles with ease. He then starts to play a classical sonata. His fluidity makes it obvious he has been practicing for a long time. I decide to knock. The playing stops and the door opens.

"Yes?"

"Are you Omar Simenon?"

"Of course. Why would I be in his house?"

"I'm a private detective, from the Continental Detective Agency. I've come to talk about Marquis de Young and his death."

"Why must you speak with me?" The gaunt, olive-skinned man holding a clarinet in his left hand doesn't give the impression of being a great conversationalist, or even a passable one.

"I was hoping you could give me some information."

"Are you saying I am implicated?"

"No, merely that you knew him and saw him less than half a day before his death." This explanation mollifies him a little. He lets me into his rooms. They are decorated lavishly with Persian rugs and posters announcing long-past musical concerts, both classical and swing. He shows me where to sit. I eye the peculiar pile of pillows on the floor, but eventually take my chances. Either they're terribly uncomfortable, or I don't know how to sit on them. He sits down on a chair in front of a music stand, the only real chair in the whole room.

"You are a private detective? What interest do you have in his death? Why come to me?"

"I was hired by someone to look into—"

"By whom?"

"I must respect my client's privacy."

"Did he send you to me?"

"No, I'm merely checking around. I'm talking to anyone who might shed some light on the Marquis' death. Your name has cropped up in conversations I

have had with other people."

"Who was speaking of me?"

"Don't let that bother you. I'm going to ask you some questions; if you want to answer them, fine. If you don't, that's your privilege. Were you playing with the Marquis and others at the Club Alabam last Sunday night?"

He pauses at first, then answers. "Yes, of course I was."

"Did you notice that he was disturbed or depressed?"

"No, why do you ask?"

Because I have heard that there were threats on the Marquis' life. Have you heard anything of the sort?"

"No, I haven't!" Simenon's face is flushed. He's really getting worked up about something. "Look, let me be frank. Even though I played a great deal of music with him, the Marquis and I were . . . well not close friends."

"May I ask why?"

"It's none of your . . . oh, very well. Once, some years ago, the Marquis stole one of my songs. I never played it in public, but somehow he managed to make a record of it before I had even written it down!"

"Perhaps it was just a coincidence."

"That was what he claimed. But I could not believe him. The melody was the same. Of course, he gave it a different title and different lyrics, but it was my song."

"When did this happen?"

"Oh, years ago. I would say three years ago, or more. Since that time, his record never sold much and no one else has recorded the song, so it does not matter financially. But at the time, he angered me."

"Was there any animosity between you since then?"

"Ah, you think this was a motive for murder? That is nonsense. Once the incident passed, we got along well enough. He thought me a fine musical technician, and often requested that I help with his records. I, like everyone, admired and respected him for his musical genius. He has written many fine songs—except for the one of which I spoke. That was my song."

"What did he call it?"

"I was planning to call it 'Tiger's Rhapsody,' but his title I believe was 'Swing for the Moon.' But the name means nothing."

After this interchange, Simenon seems to feel that he has passed the test, and talks more freely. But there is little left to talk about. He claims that he was at home at the time of the murder. He knows nothing of the Marquis' personal life, and his memory is vague concerning the details of that night in the club. I leave without gaining any additional information.

**Time: 1 hour**

## **CLUE 205**

Another couple of hours pass. The only activity consists of the building manager leaving. He comes down the stairs, gives a big stretch and a yawn, and walks across the street into the bar at Herbert's Hotel. Nothing like a drink after a hard day's work.

**TIME: 2 HOURS**

**If you wish to keep the office under surveillance go to CLUE 369**

## CLUE 206

I take it that the tall, rough-looking guy with a scar on his cheek who's just answered the door is Mario Muzio. But it never hurts to be sure.

"You Mario Muzio?"

"Yeah, who are you?"

"I'm trying to get to the bottom of Jack Bier's murder."

His breath hisses through his teeth, and he reaches into his coat and pulls out a .45. "You didn't answer the question. Who are you?"

"I'm not a cop. I'm a private investigator hired by Mr. Mirabelli. He says he was framed. Do you know who killed Bier?"

"You got a lotta nerve and not much sense to ask questions like that. I'm not supposed to say anything to anyone about Bier."

"Under whose orders?"

"The boss's lawyer. Now get outta here before I put a window between your ears."

**Time: 15 minutes**

**If you want to watch the house go to Clue 277.**

## CLUE 207

I decide that it might be better to move along than provoke a fight in the middle of a stake-out. The big hood just stops when he gets to where I was standing and looks in my direction. I catch a glimpse of him over my shoulder and see him go back toward the pool hall. I've been around this neighborhood too long to blend in with all the eyes looking my way. Some surveillance!

**Time: 15 minutes**

## CLUE 208

The short stretch of Bernard looks peaceful enough. There is certainly no swarm of cops like I expected to find. I see two little girls playing hopscotch on the sidewalk. They are eyeing me with some curiosity.

"Hello. Were some policemen here earlier examining a car?" I ask, giving them my friendliest smile, which always seems to frighten kids.

"They took it away. It had bullet holes in it", one of them is brave enough to venture.

"Thanks." I wish I had some candy or something to give them, but I don't.

**TIME: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 209

There are enough wreaths and flowers to start at

least three florist shops and more people than Hunters gets on a busy Friday night. I can't help thinking that despite all his wealth and friends Scott Hayes is still going to end up six feet under like the rest of us.

I hang back on the fringe of the mass of mourners during a simple graveside service. I'm about to duck out when I spot a woman who I hadn't noticed before standing back a bit from the crowd. She's dressed all in black and is wearing a veil, so I can't get a good look at her, but she looks like she's not here to be seen which means she might have a good reason to be here which means that I should try to talk to her.

I start toward her but she quickly turns, gets into a waiting coupe and speeds away. I can't tell if her quick getaway has anything to do with me or not.

**Time: 15 minutes**

## CLUE 210

Seven hundred Vicente is a neatly-painted house out in the Sunset. A weary woman who seems determined to remain cheerful in spite of it all answers the door.

"Mrs. Jorgensson?"

"Yes. Who are you, pray tell?"

I flash her my card and tell her I'm working for the Kerns and am looking for her daughter. She breaks into tears.

"Pardon me. I'm just sick with worry about my darling Marianne. And my experience with detectives has been horrible. And to have to deal with one now..." She begins to sob again.

"Excuse me ma'am, what other detectives have you known?"

"That horrible man; Ron, no, it was Roy Steele. We hired him to look into Billy Kern's background. Ivan and I were so worried about our daughter—she was getting home later and later every night, and sometimes wouldn't come home at all."

"Then this Steele man brings in his report; he tells us that our daughter's friend is mixed up in drugs and the gang and the mob and..." she gasps for breath, her voice won't go any higher. "And the very worst thing of all, it was horrible! He started laughing at us and said Billy Kern didn't seem like such a bad boy after all. We asked him to leave on the spot. We haven't heard from him and I for one hope that I never see his leering face again!"

I take a deep breath and start in. "Mr. Jorgensson, I can tell you've been in on some rough times, but I don't know this Roy Steele, I'm acting completely independently. I am working for the Kerns, but we're all trying to find out what happened to the kids." She breaks into tears again.

"Look, calm down. Can you tell me anything about where Marianne went?"

Her sobbing slows up a bit. "Not really. Marianne has gotten to be so wild the last few months. It's as though she doesn't need to tell us anything. She just mentioned that she and Billy and some friends were going on a camping trip. She didn't ask us if it was okay or anything. I don't know where she went or what she did."

This interview looks like a dead end. I begin to think of ways out.

Time: 30 minutes

If you want to inspect Marianne's room go to C-123

## CLUE 211

All seems peaceful as I approach the low, squat building that houses the Salsbury Recording Studio. A wildly painted sign to the right of the door proclaims this place as the "Home of FRENZY Records." The word "Frenzy" is composed of pink lightning bolts which emit shooting stars in every direction. Just the sight of the word makes my heart beat faster. The sign seems crazily out of place in the calm of the empty parking lot. Wisps of fog float by as I knock quietly on the door so as not to disturb anyone who might be recording inside.

There is no answer. I knock louder. Still no answer. I twist the knob. It is unlocked. I open the door and step inside. I walk down a hallway and pass through another door that leads to a small anteroom that contains a red light and a lit electric sign that says "Quiet: Recording session in progress." I press my ear to the door under the sign; I hear nothing. Softly, I twist the knob and peek inside.

On the floor in the middle of the studio is the body of a small negro man. His body is limp and his mouth is hanging open. I brace myself and go over to him for a closer inspection.

He is wearing a white shirt with no tie. His black baggy pants are held up by red suspenders. A straw hat is lying on the floor next to his feet. There is a chair a few feet away that has what I take to be his coat draped over the back. A microphone stand is in front of the chair, and it has been knocked to the floor. A saxophone lies on the floor near him.

I feel for his pulse. Nothing. I bend down and see that his head has two small holes where small caliber bullets entered. The shots must have been fired at very close range as part of his hair is singed.

I rifle through his pockets: some loose change, a book of matches, two saxophone reeds, and a wallet. In the wallet is a driver's license which gives his full name as Jackson Xavier de Young, his birthdate as July twenty-fourth, ought eight, and his address as eleven twenty Howard. Also in the wallet is a business card for The Fisherman, a jazz club at seven-o-one Northpoint, another business card for the Rowland Music Co. at thirty-eight Mason, a receipt for ninety-six dollars, twenty-four cents that has no name or date on it and a slip of paper with the phone number IM-6049. There is nothing else in his wallet. I inspect his clothes for anything unusual but find nothing.

I stand up and hear a faint thumping sound coming from somewhere else in the building. I look over at the east wall of the recording studio, which is mainly glass. I go to a door and open it; the thumping is loud now. Lying on the floor with his hands and feet tied and a gag in his mouth is a short blond man. He is struggling to free himself and pounding his feet on the floor.

I untie him. He starts talking quickly. "The Mar-

quis! Something happened to him." We should get an ambulance!"

"It's too late," I say. "He's dead."

The man stands up and rubs a bump on the back of his head "Ooowww. Then the cops! Let's go!" He grabs the phone and calls the police.

We have a long time to talk things over while we wait for the police to arrive and get organized. I tell him who I am and why I'm there. I ask him to tell me what exactly happened leading up to my arrival. He tells me his name is Stanley Mellin, and that he is the recording engineer at Salsbury Studios. He continues: "Hal brought the Marquis over a little after lunchtime to finish some recordings he brought up from L.A. Hal went into his office while the Marquis warmed up and I got the masters ready in the engineer's booth, right here. Then we started to dub in the saxophone over the band on the recording. I was playing the master on one machine and the Marquis was playing into the microphone, and I was recording both his and the master together on the other machine. This was taking a while because there was a lot of music to do. Then—it must have been around two o'clock or so—I'm not sure of the time because the clock in the booth is broken—Hal comes in and tells me he's got to go check out some property he was interested in out on the Avenues, and then he had some errands to do, so he was leaving and probably wouldn't be back for the rest of the day, so he told me to lock up after we were done. Oh yes, he also said he was expecting a call from a salesman about some recording equipment that we need around here, so he said he left open the doors leading from the engineer's booth to his office so I could hear the phone and answer it if someone called.

"So he leaves and we go back to recording. Then a bit later—I guess it was about an hour—I hear the phone ringing down the hall, right in the middle of a song. So I let the Marquis keep playing and leave the machine on and go out into the hallway from the booth and answer the phone in Hal's office. It was the salesman. He was giving me quite a spiel, quoting prices right and left, giving me the hard sell. I tried to take notes for Hal 'cause he said he was interested in the equipment. He said he represented United Equipment Sales. But right in the middle of the conversation I hear what sounds like someone opening and closing the door to the studio. I thought maybe it was the Marquis coming in to ask me a question, or something like that. So I hang up on the salesman—and I notice the time exactly because Hal's got a big clock on his desk right next to the phone, and it was five past three. I come back down the hall, step through that door there, look through the glass wall at the Marquis lying on the floor, and bam! I feel something hard come down on my head. I turn around as I fall and see a guy with a handkerchief tied over his face just as he conks me again. I go out like a light. I don't know how long I was out, but when I came to I was tied and gagged. I was still trying to get the ropes off when you came in."

"Was the man white?"

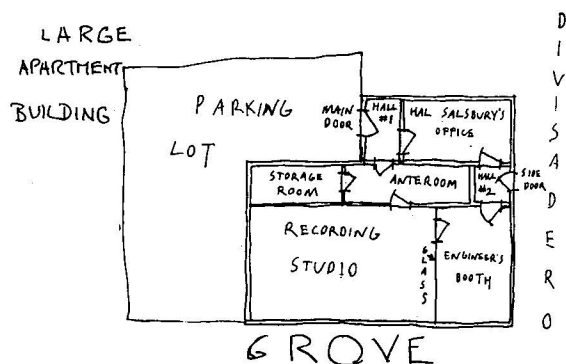
"Yes, I'm almost positive."

"Were the doors outside locked?"

"Usually they're not. You came right in, didn't you?"

"That's right. Could you draw me a diagram of the

studio? It will make things easier for me.”  
He obliges:



“Which doors are locked?”

“The one leading to the storage closet and the one between Hal’s office and the first hallway. The doors to Hal’s office have different locks, and he’s the only one with the key that fits them. My key fits all the other locks. But Hal hardly ever locks his office anyway; there’s nothing really valuable in there.”

“What’s in the storage closet?”

“Just music stands and broken old equipment.”

“You didn’t hear anything when you were on the phone?” I ask. “You didn’t notice someone else coming in the building?”

“No, I probably couldn’t hear even if ten people came in. All the walls here are soundproofed. This is a recording studio, remember. It’s designed so that as little sound as possible can pass from one room to the next.”

The blond engineer seems to have gotten over the jittery panic he had when I first freed him. I decide to ask him the question that’s been nagging at my brain since the start. “You say you left the recording going when you went to get the phone?”

“Yes. . . .” He realizes my meaning and his eyes widen. “My God! Do you think I recorded the murder?”

I nod solemnly as he quickly resets the recording.

“OK, it should be right around in here.”

He plays the recording and we listen. I hear an entire band swinging “I Know That You Know.” I can’t distinguish the alto saxophone part from the rest. Then the Marquis starts to take a solo, but after a few notes he stops. With the band still stomping away in the background, we can barely hear him speaking, but the words are completely drowned out by the music. Another voice seems to be speaking also, but it is quieter and we are unable to distinguish it. From what we can hear they are having an affable conversation. Then there is an unidentifiable clank and the Marquis, with effort in his voice, rises above the music with a few unintelligible words: “Stop, man!” What do you think . . .” and then “Hey! What’s the . . .” after which there is what sounds like a short struggle. A few seconds later there are two staccato gunshots and the thump of body falling to the floor. The song ends and another one starts. We hear a door opening, and about twenty-five seconds later a faint grunt and then another soft thud. “That’s me getting bopped on the head and falling,” says Stanley. Then there is a door closing and after that there are no more discernible sounds outside of the music. “That’s it. Not much,” Stanley complains.

By this time several cops have arrived, including a delegation from the homicide squad. Before I leave I manage to get in a discussion with the homicide detective assigned to the case.

“I still plan to continue my investigation for my client. Can I have a look-see at the information you boys uncover?”

The detective is an affable fellow. “Can’t promise you anything, but I’ll see what we can do. We’ll be doing the autopsy tonight. If you want the specifics of what we find out come down to the station and see what people will tell you. I can’t vouch for how talkative the folks in the other departments are.”

We shake hands and I take my leave.

**Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes**

**Fingerprint: Clue 407**

## CLUE 212

Thinking that the woman inside is still looking at me from behind the curtains, I walk around the corner and wait for a minute before I slink over behind a telegraph pole across the street from the Finkelstein house.

I stand there and watch for almost an hour. Beside an occasional movement of the curtain in the window next to the door, nothing happens. But then a cab pulls in front of the house and honks its horn. The broad-hipped woman in her fifties comes out of the house and climbs into the cab. The car slowly starts pulling away toward the Panhandle. I break off into a run after the cab, but after only a block it pulls away and I lose sight of it. But I was smart enough to catch the license number and cab company name. I find a phone booth quickly and put in a call to the Luxor Cab company. I had had dealings with one of the dispatchers there, named Luke, in the past, and he had proven pretty friendly. I ask for him to come on the line. Luckily, he is there.

I explain my predicament and ask him to call the cabbie on the radio to see where he dropped the woman off, or where he was going to drop her off if she was still in the car. Luke agrees and tells me to hold on.

Three minutes later he comes back on the line and tells me that she got out at two-o-four-one Union. Easy as that. I promise Luke that I’ll take him out to lunch next time I see him. Then I ask him to send a cab quickly over to where I am. He says one will be there in five minutes.

Sure enough, four minutes later a Luxor cab zooms up and I hop in. Before I know it we’re at the two thousand block of Union St. I pay the cabbie and get out.

I survey the building before approaching it. There’s a delicatessen on the ground floor. On the window of the second floor are the words “Lucian Bushfield—Attorney at Law.” I take a chance that the mother of a murder suspect didn’t take a taxi halfway across the city to go to a delicatessen: I keep my eyes on the entrance to the lawyer’s office.

**Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes**

**If you want to stake out the lawyer’s office go to Clue 178**

## CLUE 213

The spotlights on the stage glare in a twisted rainbow of colors, the sequined dancers do a bump and grind, throwing light all over Meet the Quinn's like a group of those crazy mirror balls you used to see all the time in speakeasies. I look at the bartender. "Is the owner here?"

He looks at me suspiciously. "Why? Something wrong with your drink?"

"No, I just need to ask a favor."

"Well, ask away. I own this joint. Name's Jim."

"Great. I'm looking for a dancer, name of Monique or Alicia. She could be going by either name."

"Sure, sure you are. Well, that's a favor I can't help you with, 'cause no one named Monique or Alicia works for me."

"She might be using a different name. She's a friend of a client who's trying to beat a murder rap—" I flip him a Continental card "—and she can provide an alibi. Can I talk to your dancers anyway?"

He peers at the card and decides it's legit. "Sure, be my guest. But wait until they get off the stage, ok? Hey, Milt!" he yells at the goon guarding the dressing room.

Milt ambles over. "This is a private dick; he's got my OK to talk to the girls."

The bouncer looks me over and nods. "OK."

And so I wait until the number is over. The girls come off the stage, and I shout to the bevy, "Monique! Alicia!" No one bats a mascaraed eyelash, but one woman comes over and looks at me as if I were crazy. I quickly explain what I'm doing. She shakes her head. "You got the wrong club."

"Well, are all the dancers working tonight?"

"Yeah, except Francie. Haven't seen her tonight. Must be sick."

Another dancer shimmies over. "Joanie, didn't you hear? She quit last night. Said she had to leave town. Something about her brother getting hurt in an accident."

I curse under my breath. "Do you know where she went?"

"No. She just shook her head when I asked her what was going on. Wouldn't say a peep. She wouldn't even tell Jim. Just had the manager write out a paycheck and left. Didn't even say good-bye."

I thank them and go back over to the bar. I ask Jim whether he knows anything else about Francie. He says no, she had only been working a short time, was a good dancer but withdrawn and not very friendly. He had no idea where she went. "It's none of my business, y'know. I'd rather not know about the girls' personal lives."

I can see that I'm not going to find out anything else here. I thank him, tip him well, and head for the door.

**Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes**

## CLUE 214

I use the house phone to call the hotel switchboard and ask for Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nelson. They ring room seven-twenty-two, and a baritone voice answers

the phone.

I put on my best Texan accent. "Howdy, friend, can I speak to Zelda?"

"Zelda? You must have the wrong room, buddy."

"Oh, isn't this eight-twenty-two?"

"No, like I said, you got the wrong room."

I hang up the phone, take the elevator to the seventh floor and knock on the door of seven-twenty-two. The man who opens the door fits the description of Nelson that Hank gave me on the phone.

"How you doing, Harry?" I say as I push my way into the ritzy suite.

"Hey, who are you? What're you bustin' in here for?"

I ignore Harry and turn my attention instead to the blonde beauty by the window. "Miss Miller?"

She looks to Harry for help but seems to draw on some inner strength as she draws herself up to her full five feet seven inches and acknowledges her identity.

"I understand your mother is worried about you."

"Worried about her precious jewels you mean. I don't know who you are, but I'll tell you right now that I don't intend to let my mother run my life anymore. She's spent the last fifteen years controlling my trust account and every other aspect of my life. She's chased off any man who showed the least interest in me." Her expression and voice both soften as she looks towards Nelson and continues, "But now I've met Harry and he's opened my eyes."

I can't help wondering if he's opened them or pulled the wool over them, but if this looker is the "plain Jane" Hank mentioned then I'm all for Harry.

Nelson walks over and puts an arm around Joyce Miller's shoulders. He does his best to sound tough. "We've broken no laws and we've taken nothing that doesn't belong to Joyce, so why don't you just scram. We intend to be married, and the old battleax better get used to the idea—that is if she ever wants to see her daughter again."

I must be getting old. I have a soft spot for these two. I wish them luck and tell them good-bye.

**Time: 45 minutes**

## CLUE 215

I rush into thirty-three twenty Nineteenth and find Pimples floating in a pool of crimson. He's dead but good, with an ugly gaping hole in his belly and a dark red stain defiling his temple.

I hear footsteps from the back of the house. I start to thread the labyrinth of tiny rooms to the back, and give up, running instead to the front. Sure enough, a dark skinny guy about six-two is tearing down Nineteenth like a bat out of hell.

**Time: 15 minutes**

If you want to chase the murderer, go to Clue 222.

**Fingerprint: Clue 410**

## CLUE 216

The one-story, whitewashed wooden house sits

alone in the flat, dusty lot. The whiteness is almost blinding in the bright July sun. I mop the small beads of perspiration from my forehead before turning up the narrow concrete sidewalk. A porch runs across the front of the house and sitting on it is a woman who looks to be in her mid-fifties. She is seated in a well-worn, yellow wicker rocking chair. Fortunately she is a small woman and the chair continues to hold together.

"Good day." I touch my hat and give her what passes for my smile. "I'm looking for Warton Usinger."

"T'aint here," she answers with a Texas or Arkansas twang. "T'aint seen him fer a week er more."

"Know where I can find him?"

"No reason fer him to've told me." She fans herself with a bamboo and paper fan. On the paper part is painted a picture of a grass-skirted dancing girl and across the top is printed 'Fun in the Sun, Waikiki, 1929.' "What fer you want him?"

"I'm looking for his brother-in-law."

"Mildred's brother, huh? What happened to him?"

"Do you know his wife?"

"His ex-wife, you mean. No, but he still talks about her. He still loves her, I think."

"Where can I find her?"

"I don't know. I think she may live in Oakland."

"Could I see his room?"

"No reason I should."

I reach into my pocket and remove a five dollar bill and hold it out to her. She gets up from her chair, which creaks and continues to look like it will soon fall apart. She opens the screen door and holds it for me to enter. As I walk by she takes the fin from my hand and slips it into her pocket.

The interior of the house is dim after the bright sunlight outside. No breeze relieves the oven-like heat of the house. The landlady points to a door which I open. The door opens into a small room with a bed and dresser. No curtains hang from the one window, just a torn, dirty shade. I immediately spot two whiskey bottles, each about a quarter full. One sits on a side table with a dirty shot glass next to it. The other lies on the floor next to the bed.

A check of the dresser reveals a mixture of cheap clothes and underwear. A picture of a man and woman on their wedding day sits atop the dresser along with six pennies, a book of matches, a penknife with a broken blade and a blank penny postcard. In the closet are two pairs of work overalls and a small brown leather bag. Inside the bag is an old Colt six-shooter.

The only other contents of the room are heat and dust. I turn to the landlady. "Thanks for the tour. If Usinger shows up, give me a call and you'll earn yourself another fin."

**Time: 45 minutes**

**Fingerprint: Clue 367**

## **CLUE 217**

I knock on the door to the bunkhouse. Someone yells "Come in!" I do. The bunkhouse consists of one large room with four sets of bunk beds lining the walls. In the center of the room is a long table around which a group of young men sit. One plays a guitar

while the others play cards.

"Is Ruiz here?" I ask.

"Yeah, that's me," says the guitarist. I tell him who I am. He puts his guitar down and suggests we take a walk. We head away from the bunkhouse and make small talk for a few minutes.

"I heard about the boss, uh, Mr. Hayes, this morning. He was a good man. He was killed because of Sundowner."

"Sundowner?"

"Mr. Hayes's racehorse. I was approached a few weeks ago about throwing a race. I said no. I told Mr. Hayes about it, and he was very upset. A week later I was beat up and told that if I didn't want worse, to do what I was told in the future. Again, I told Mr. Hayes. He said that he also had been threatened and pressured to sell Sundowner. He said he was proud of me, and that if I could stand up to them so could he. He gave me a bonus. He was a good man. Now he's dead."

"Do you know who these men are?"

"No. They were not the type to give names."

"If you hear anything else, let me know. Be careful, you may know too much."

"I'll be all right."

I give him one of my cards and tell him to call me if he needs help or if the men who had threatened him contact him again.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## **CLUE 218**

Paul Bender's seedy office was obviously not set up to receive the public. He runs a low overhead operation with an army of seedy salesmen roaming the city selling inexpensive insurance policies to poor people who can't afford them. In this way he gets a few months' payments out of them before they stop paying and the policy is cancelled. The overhead is low because he never has to pay out on any policies. Well, almost never, as I was about to find out.

"Look at this!" shouts Bender as he waves a paper at me. "A claim for five thousand dollars! Five thousand dollars! How can I stay in business if I have to pay out sums like that!?"

"Well, you are an insurance company." This statement seems to Bender to be wholly irrelevant to the subject at hand. Bender is as seedy as his office and his sales force. He looks the same as he always does: his face sports a day-old stubble, his hair looks like a resting place for migrating robins and his size forty-eight body is fighting to stay in a size forty-four suit. His shirt collar is unmentionable. "What's the story?"

"Scanlan, one of my best salesmen, sold a policy to a Doris Driscoll on July second. On July fourth she falls down the stairs and kills herself leaving a Maurice Ryan five thousand dollars richer."

"Sound very inconsiderate of her, but what do you want me to do about it?"

"Investigate! Find a loophole! Find a suicide! I don't care, just get me off the hook!" Bender picks up another sheet of paper from his desk and waves it at my face. "Here's a telegram from the home office wanting some sort of resolution."

Even the dirty halls of this decaying building seem fresh and clean when I step out of Bender's office. I light up a cigarette and look at my notebook to make sure I got all the info. As a private investigator you accept the fact that you're not going to like all your clients, but you must really be careful that you don't start hoping that you lose one.

**Time: 45 minutes**

### CLUE 219

Two hundred twenty-three Masonic is a small but elegant two-story house set slightly back from the street. The garden is unspectacular. I approach the house cautiously, keeping an eye out for anything unusual before I get too close. The windows are all covered with shades. I step up on the porch and listen for half a minute before I knock. I hear nothing and apparently there is no one inside to hear my knocks, because they go unanswered. I knock again. When I decide that I could knock all day and get no answer I descend to the front lawn and peek around the sides of the house. The windows all have iron bars bolted over them. I test one. They are sturdy enough to keep out all but the most determined housebreakers.

The side door seems like the most promising point of entry and so it proves. Inside the house has a slightly musty smell. The furnishings are all quite nice with a bit of an antique air about them. There are also quite a few oriental-looking things about: ivory figurines, cloisonne bowls, and such. A wooden crate with more oriental artifacts sits in the middle of the living room floor partly unpacked with packing materials strewn about. Two suitcases lie open on the floor of the bedroom as if someone were living out of them.

Despite the oriental artifacts I do not see a collection of puzzle boxes or even a single one matching the description of Miss Pembroke's recent acquisition. I leave without disturbing more than a bit of dust.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 220

I peer through the open door of the tiny shop. The old man behind the counter is folding laundry.

"Did you see a man run by a few minutes ago?" I ask.

The old man only looks up at me and waves his arms which are almost as thin as those chicken legs you see in the shop windows all along these streets.

"No Englishi, Go. Go."

I try again, taking a fiver from my pocket, holding it out, but he gets very animated, shakes his chicken arms at me, and shouts in a loud voice up at me, "Englishi no. Go. Go. No beti"

This seems to exhaust his vocabulary.

**TIME: 15 minutes**

**If you want to continue down Waverly go to Clue 235**

### CLUE 221

Johnson at the Denver office of Continental takes the death of Black hard. "I knew him pretty well. At least as well as anyone here. You know Blackie, kind of quiet sort of like...who's that actor?"

"Gary Cooper?"

"Yeah, Gary Cooper. He was sort of like Gary Cooper. He kept pretty much to himself, but you couldn't help liking the guy. It was really rough for him after his wife and kid were killed in that traffic accident."

"Accident?"

"Yeah, they were hit by a truck last year. He was shaken up by it. I only met the wife and kid once. Beautiful blonde girls, both of 'em. He hit the sauce pretty hard after that. Finally he shook himself out of it and went to the Boss here. Asked for a change of scenery. The Boss sent him to 'Cisco. I thought he was lucky."

"That's it?"

"Yeah. He was a good op. Very skilled. Not the kind to get taken in such a rotten way."

"Thanks, Bill. If you think of anything which might place the killer, let me know."

**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 222

I have to run like Jim Thorpe to keep up with the baby-faced murderer as he careens down Nineteenth Street. Suddenly, he sees me, runs towards a sprawling railspur littered with old tank cars. He reaches his goal, and rounds a car. Pumping my legs for all I'm worth, I speed around the tanker after him. A searing pain lances through my shoulder and the world disappears like the crimson firework flowers in the sky last Wednesday night.

When I come to, the nurses tell me that I've been out for three days and almost died from loss of blood. The Old Man had left instructions for them to call as soon as I came to. Even though it's excruciating to talk, I dicker with them to hold off for a bit, all the while cursing myself for being chump enough to pursue a murderer whose victim no one cares about.



**Tuesday, July 10, 8pm**

### CLUE 223

The harbormaster is an old salt with a patch over one eye and an everpresent corn-cob pipe. He sports a well-worn Coast Guard commander's cap and a seaman's pea-coat.

"I've known Captain Zeager for years, a crusty old

sea dog, that one."

"When was the last time you saw him?"

"Let's see, I saw him a week ago Sunday last."

"Did he tell you where he was going?"

"Oh, I didn't talk to him. I just saw the *Jenny Lee* going out."

"The *Jenny Lee*?"

"Zeager's boat. The little blue job with the red cabin right over there in berth twenty-three."

"When did he go out?"

"Sunday morning, about eight bells."

"When did he come back?"

"I don't know. The *Jenny Lee* was at her berth when I arrived at six bells Monday."

"Did you actually see Zeager?"

"No. Just the *Jenny Lee* going out."

"Does he take the *Jenny Lee* out often?"

"Yes. Whenever he's in port. He usually stops by and sees me, but he didn't this time. I didn't see him arrive. He could have gone aboard at night and slept there, he sometimes did."

"Could I look aboard the *Jenny Lee*?"

"Don't see no harm in it. Go ahead."

**Time: 15 minutes**

**Fingerprint: Clue 376**

## CLUE 224

"Let's get the lead car!"

Hardly have I spoken when I feel my stomach rebel as we hit the right turn, speeding up to try to overcome the Hudson's lead. McGreedy stops our skid and we straighten out in time to see the brown car hit Green. Barrelling on we seem to be gaining on him when he cuts across the median, right into the oncoming traffic, then hangs a left onto Union.

McGreedy performs two miracles which keeps a busload of nuns among the living, and spares a couple in a coupe, but we plow into a fireplug on the corner of Union and Van Ness, sending a water spout into the air and us practically into shock as we halt, the patrol car ruined.

"Great choice, op!"

**Time: 15 min**

## CLUE 225

Another 20 minutes passes and I'm just about to pack it in when I see my man come out of the Shanghai. He moves steadily down Grant, about a dozen heads in front of me, but he seems relaxed. He turns right on Sutter and I see him moving along. I let him move a little further ahead as the crowd thins. He continues along Sutter past the Holland House, then across Stockton, turning right again on Powell. I slow when he stops to pick up a paper. He seems to be getting a little more cautious. Perhaps he is near his goal.

Going up Powell the man in the hat with the tan shoes picks up his pace and is soon forcing me to move with less than the optimum care, but I get to Pine and Powell just a little after him and I follow him right along Pine until he stops outside the apartment building at number seven-thirty-seven. He looks back in my direction, then the other way up the street. He then goes inside.



**If you want to follow the man into the apartment building go to Clue 232**

## CLUE 226

I park in front of the two-story house on Sargent street. I walk in the front door to the foyer, and a sharp-faced woman in her mid-forties looks up from a pad of paper she's been reading. She puts it face down on the table beside her chair before I can see what it is.

"Mrs. FitzGerald?"

"Can I help you? Are you looking for a room?"

"No," I say. "I'm looking for a Monique LaSalle."

"Well, keep looking. I don't know her."

"I have good information there was a woman named Monique LaSalle living in this building a few days ago."

"Well, there hasn't been anyone of that name living here. Ever."

I think a bit. There's no percentage in Mirabelli lying to me about this LaSalle woman. So either he got the address wrong, which I doubt, since his life depends on it, or she has a couple of names. A reasonable precaution if you're sharing a bed with a slime like Mirabelli. So I try my other lead and ask about the tenant who just moved out.

"What can you tell me about this woman Alicia?"

"Look, buddy, what's it to you? What are you, a peeping tom or something?"

I go into my tough cop act. I flash her my badge, and fortunately, she doesn't ask to inspect it. I growl at her, "I'm investigating a criminal's alibi. Now if you want me to arrest you for obstructing justice . . ."

She unbends, but only a bit. "Alicia was a dancer. She moved out yesterday. Didn't tell me where she was going." She seems intent on answering all my questions before I can phrase them.

"What kind of dancing did she do?"

"I have no idea. She might've done ballroom dancing, she might've done fan dancing. Don't ask me."

I begin to lose my temper. "Well, presumably you know something about her stay here, right? How long was she a tenant?"

The manager doesn't want to talk about it. I have to threaten to take her down to headquarters before she opens up.

"She wasn't a tenant, in the strictest sense of the word. She was a friend of the landlord, and he didn't charge her rent. She lived here about seven months."

"Do you remember her being with a guy last Thurs-

day. I mean, him staying over and all?"

"Look, buddy, I don't care who you are, I can't tell you about that because I don't sneak around and spy on my tenants. It's none of my business and it's none of yours either. Now if you're all done, I have need to finish going over these records."

"I'm nowhere near done yet. In fact, you've raised some new questions. You can start by telling me who owns this building."

"He told me I'd lose my job if I told anyone. No way am I going to risk that. You'll have to place me under arrest."

Geez, I'd hate to get into a poker game with this one. I hesitate a minute. It's a mistake.

Faster than I thought possible for a woman in her forties, she jumps up and runs into the flat. I hear both locks being turned.

I threaten until I'm blue in the face, but I'm not a cop. I can't place her under arrest. And I somehow get the feeling that if I busted down her door she'd call the real cops.

I try to think about how I can keep this from being a total dead end. There's only one sure way I can think of: to go to DaCosta and sign up with the force. I hope it doesn't come to that.

**Time: 45 minutes**

### **CLUE 227**

"I'm sorry, there's no one registered here under that name."

**Time: 15 minutes**

### **CLUE 228**

McGreedy has the patrol car started again in an instant. "I can get around this mess," he shouts. "Hold your breath. Here we go!" He takes his car along the raised edge to the walkway, one wheel up and the other down and we go through the black billowing smoke which fills our lungs and the whole car. Soon we're past the blazing Pontiac. I can just see the two other fleeing autos at the end of Stockton tunnel ahead of us. The one in the lead is a brown Hudson with just the driver. The second one is a black Cadillac with two men in it. I can see the white face of the guy in the back seat looking through the rear window.

The sergeant has his foot pushed down to the floor and the powerful engine moves us through the tunnel, wildly colored by the flaming car behind us. We are temporarily alone, but then we burst into the sun and head straight up Stockton.

These guys are brave if not terrific drivers. An old Ford truck ends up climbing the curb as they shoot ahead of him sending his load of watermelons, probably meant for the fireworks tonight, rolling down the hill. McGreedy's radio is curiously silent. "Don't you want some back-up? Can I call 'em?" I ask.

"Damn thing's busted. Meant to take a different car after the holiday," is all he says. "With these clowns

tearing down the street we should get some help 'fore long."

The crooks hang a left onto Broadway and we're up and over Russian Hill in a crazy, brake-wrecking, rubber-burning, clutch-busting chase. We're just able to keep them in sight as the car heads off up Van Ness, nearly tipping over as it makes the right turn. The Cadillac goes through the stop, cuts across the traffic, and goes left on Van Ness.

"Which do you want?"

**Time: 10 min**

**If you wish to follow the Hudson, go to Clue 224.**

**If you wish to follow the Cadillac, go to Clue 199.**

### **CLUE 229**

Now that the door hardware has been rearranged, I might as well invite myself in. The first thing I notice is a weird-looking guy with jug-handle ears and almost no chin sprawled out cold on the floor. But then after that I notice some more things. Like the piles of dirty dishes—old stew plates and flies abound. In the bedroom is a nightstand with a neatly-folded brown paper bag. Inside are smaller bags—just like one of those Chinese puzzle boxes, but there's no mystery what's inside them. Some pungent green leaf that probably isn't meant for cooking, some white powder neatly packaged in batches way too small for it to be baking powder. I look for financial records, phone books, anything with a name or a clue on it. No luck.

**Time: 30 minutes**

**If you want to wake up the unconscious chump, go to Clue 185**

### **CLUE 230**

I thank McGreedy for letting me tag along, and he climbs back up the hill into his patrol car and zooms back up Skyline. I join the cops in tromping around with electric torches looking for some clue. Finally, one of the San Bruno cops finds it: a freshly-made trail through the vegetation. A burnt scrap of cloth hangs from a branch about four feet above the crushed plants.

One of the cops looks at me kind of funny and says: "You're sure you want to go along? This isn't a picnic, we're stalking a vicious criminal, who's armed and ready to use what he's carrying."

I growl at him. "Yeah. He's got a .38. He was trying to plug McGreedy and me. Look, I'm a private dick now, but I used to be a cop. I can take care of myself." The cop looks like he's sorry he ever brought that up.

The trail has been rough. We've been pushing hard through scrub oak and manzanita. I'm amazed that some one who'd been in that bad a smash-up could keep going. All of a sudden, the undergrowth stops and the redwoods begin. The trail gets harder to follow, but we notice a slump of broken redwood branches. We head for that, and then discover that our search is

over.

A narrow ravine leads downwards from where we stand. Twenty feet away is the body of a man around fifty, five feet ten inches with brown, receding hair—our quarry, unless bodies in the woods are becoming commoner. He must have been thrown clear of the wreck—he's not badly burned.

"Wonder what he died of?" murmurs a cop. The body is cooling—he must have been dead a few hours. We turn over the body and notice a nasty bruise with blood around the edges on the right side of his head. Blotches of red spot his shirt, and deep scratches score his face. Quickly we search his pockets. No ID, no wallet, no gun, nothing. More to the point, no jewels.

We look around a bit more, and discover in the dim light that there is a broken trail of ferns about, oh, five feet, ten inches wide coming from the benchland above the ravine. We all race up there and find another body—a young man in collegiate clothing, about nineteen or twenty. He has a gaping wound in his chest, right near the heart, with no powder burns—obviously a medium-range gunshot. We search his pockets. No jewels, no guns, but there's a wallet. Samuel Thacker, says the Stanford student ID card. On campus address. Well, it's a shame, but no one's paid me to pay attention to Palo Alto kids. We look around for further trails. It's too dark to see anything by this time, and none of us are very keen on chasing after someone who has a gun and may use it. Besides, these guys all have to fill out their reports. I let them be—I've seen enough, and anything I've missed can come off the reports.

I walk back up the hill and am just in time to see Captain Lanza in his patrol car pull up along with a group of ambulance boys in a SFPD meatwagon. Lanza struts out and begins yelling, both to his men and to the other cops waiting by their cars. "Get that body in the car!" Several of the other cops start yelling too, and there's a five-minute jurisdictional dispute. Lanza, trumpeting that the City has the most advanced coroner's labs, wins out.

All of a sudden he sees me. "What the hell are you doing here? Trying to pick up some clients from the other side of the law?"

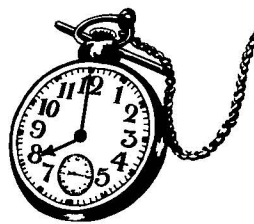
I smile as sweetly as I can and tell him about the two bodies further down in the woods. It's news to everyone there, but Lanza's the first to act. He barks at his men, and they high-tail it down the slope with flashlights and stretchers. I can imagine the hubbub when he interrupts the cops who are still down there filling out the reports. I don't need to see it.

Sure enough, fifteen minutes later, two sheet-covered bodies have joined the crash victim in the back of the police wagon. The other cops are plenty angry, but there's little they can do—Lanza had what was needed there first, as usual. This sort of petty bickering always bothers me. I and every other cop I've known has always had trouble with police rivalry—if we worked together more, a lot fewer crimes would go unsolved.

His cargo secure, Lanza strides over to me. "Thanks a lot, gumshoe. We should get to the bottom of this heist in no time—especially now that we don't have to rely on those clowns down the peninsula for lab reports. If I can do anything to help you out, let me know." I think a few minutes. Telling Lanza of the bodies in the woods has zeroed my chances of hitching a ride

with any of the other cops.

"Since you mention it . . ." I begin, and five minutes later I'm riding in Lanza's patrol car back to the city.



### CLUE 231

Labude skulks down 19th to Mission and plunges nervously onto the crowded sidewalks. Relief is written all over his face. He works his way south, always staying with the crowds. It's tough to follow him, and at times I get closer than I feel comfortable about. But it can't be helped: the sidewalks are thick with people headed home for the weekend from the South of Market industries, and, of course there are shoppers as well.

Labude turns left on Mission, goes down another two blocks and enters the Anchor Pool Hall. Several tough characters are lounging outside.

**Time: 15 minutes**

**If you want to go into the pool hall, go to Clue 260.**

**If you want to continue surveillance, go to Clue 238.**

### CLUE 232

I enter the building and catch sight of his tan shoes just going back around the landing one floor above me. The lobby is very Spartan, just two doors and a little wooden bench under a broken mirror opposite Number One on the right. A separate stairwell leads down at the rear of the main staircase.

I pause quietly, listening to him take the stairs with a steady rhythm, then make my way to the stairs and begin to climb. I am greeted by a very loud squeak the second my foot touches the first step on the first landing halfway up to the second floor. The man I'm following halts.

I can't see him from where I stand. About a minute passes, then he continues to climb. I hear a door open and close. From the sound and position of numbers on the doors off the first upstairs floor, I'm pretty sure he's entered room number twenty-two.

I pull my gun from its holster and creep up to twenty-two. Something tells me I'm not dumb enough to go breaking the place in when I've got myself a guy who used his gun back at the tunnel and knows he was followed at least for a while after the robbery.

I look for another way. I see a ladder on the wall of the landing leading up to the roof. I take it, climb up quietly, and stand up on top. I move across the tar paper roof until I'm at the side of the building. I look down and see I can lower myself to the ledge and the ledge is wide enough to stand on. I do it. I can peer through

the dirty window of the apartment and I see the guy warily eyeing the door, a pistol in one hand, as he throws clothes into a small suitcase on the bed. Looking down over the ledge I can't help but feel that if he's going to leave anyway, I'd do better to see the apartment after he's gone or to follow him when he leaves. I climb back up the way I came and leave the building. Outside the front door I study the names on the mailbox. Room twenty-two apparently belongs to a Clifford Burke. I move a few yards away where I can less conspicuously keep an eye on the door. I don't have to wait long before Mr Burke comes out carrying a small suitcase.

**TIME: 30 minutes**

**If you want to break into the apartment go to Clue 304**

**If you want to follow the man go to Clue 290**

### **CLUE 233**

"Yes, I can cross reference a name and see if a marriage license was issued." I can tell by the young man's tone that just because it can be done doesn't mean he wants to do it.

"The name is Mildred Zeager." I make it clear by my tone that I expect it done.

"Z-e-a-g-e-r?"

"That's it."

"It will take me awhile." He moves off into the rows of bookshelves and is soon out of sight. I move over to the straight-back wooden bench that sits next to the pea-green walls. It feels good to sit down for a minute. I light up a cigarette and take a deep drag. It seems like I spend most days waiting for some civil servant to find something for me. It takes close to twenty minutes for the clerk to return.

"I found two entries for Mildred Zeager. She married Warton Usinger on May 23, 1926. Another license was granted on November 16 of last year for her and Alfred Engstrom."

"So she's a new bride?"

"Most likely. We just issue the license, we have no way of knowing if they are used."

"Thank you."

**Time: 45 minutes**

### **CLUE 234**

The Yacht Club is what I supposed it might be—a lot of people in skipper's caps and expensive clothes talking about disposable income, island retreats, and the capabilities of their crews.

It takes me a while to search out Mr. Stephane Jones, called "The Commander" by his employees. He is a classic mariner-type, but impeccably outfitted in a navy-blue wool suit. He is over six feet tall, has a carefully-trimmed steel-gray beard, and bright blue eyes. He wears a yachtman's cap.

I ask him if there is dancing at the club, and he says certainly. But when I mention fan dancing, he is indignant.

"We do *not* hire entertainment of that sort at this

club. The dancing we have here is strictly social, although we may, of course, hire international dancers for special entertainments."

The look he shoots me suggests that keel-hauling, or worse, is warranted by my suggestion. But I ignore his outrage, thank him and take my leave.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### **CLUE 235**

The fourth of July in Chinatown is a curious combination of 'business as usual' and youthful celebration. Most shops are busy and crowded, while the youth are eager to embrace any excuse for celebration, and the night air will be full of the sound and smoke of fireworks. Waverly looks much as it always does. There is less hustle and bustle than on Grant or Stockton, but the street is busy nonetheless. Three men are unloading a truck in front of the Bow Wah company, and two of them are in the process of picking up several tins strewn on the sidewalk while they all chatter excitedly.

"Hello, did you see a man run by here a minute ago?"

"He run right into me and knock me down!"

"Did you see which way he went?"

"Twin Dragons. Didn't stop or even say solly".

"Thanks"

**TIME: 15 minutes**

**If you want to enter the Twin Dragons go to Clue 182**

### **CLUE 236**

"Shrimpy is right where the police officer who last booked him said he'd be: at a sleazy dive on Steuart street, right near the waterfront. I offer to buy him a meal if he'll chat. The peculiar gleam of a hustler who's found his mark flashes across his face, and he follows me across the street, plunks right down and orders a four course meal. All for the good, I think—if he's that hungry, he won't be running out on me early.

"You're working for Mr. Mirabelli, right?"

He hesitates for a minute, and eyes me warily. "Yeah, why do ya ask?"

"Well, so am I. But I'm trying to figure out how to spring him. I've been following some leads and wanted to ask you what you know about his operation. I'm not a cop, and nothing you say will get back to him, unless you OK it. Deal?"

He smiles. "Sure. You're buyin'."

I relax, and am glad he isn't old enough to be bitter and mistrusting. "OK, they mostly have you running messages, right?"

"Mmmph," he nods, his mouth full. He swallows half his mouthful, crams the other half into his cheek so he looks like a lopsided mumps victim, and elucidates, if that's the right word. "Mostly messages, some packages, you know . . ."

"Who gives them to you?"

"A whole lot of different people. Sometimes I take things to J.J.—that's the lawyer. Sometimes I run

receipts from some clubs where people bet on things, y'know, that sorta stuff."

"Did you ever take any packages from Jack Bier?"

"Sure, but not recently, of course. He used to give me envelopes full of bills to run to people."

"Weren't you ever tempted to spend it?"

"Yeah, once. But that's when I found out that they call the destination to make sure it gets there. When it didn't, they beat me 'til I was bruised all over. Told me they'd break my arms if it happened again. So I've been real careful since then."

"Do you ever carry anything else besides money or receipts?"

"Yeah, over the last coupla months I've gotten little brown bags—you know, like lunch bags—with other little bags inside 'em. I figured it might be a new way to carry money, and I was curious, so's I open one up once. It wasn't money, but it was some kinda white powder—looked kinda like flour. I figger it's some kind of drug, and I know better than to ask about something like that, ya know."

"Who gives you the bags?"

"Only a coupla guys. Mirabelli has, and also this short dark guy that they call Joey. I usually get 'em from him."

"Where do you take them?"

"Mosta the time over to Coloredtown. But sometimes I go to the wops and Mexicans down in the Mission, and occasionally I deliver to white guys like us in places like Potrero Hill, 'round there."

"How do you make your rounds?"

"I useta a lot on foot, or on my bike. But now they tell me I gotta be more careful that I'm not being followed, so I take a streetcar, 'cause it's real easy to watch who's gettin' on and off, and run away from them, if I gotta. You'd be surprised how easy it is for a kid like me to get away from a big guy."

I decide to get some names out of him. "Do you make any friends at your work?"

"Yeah, sure. Especially when I'm bringing drugs, they're always glad to see me. My favorites are the musicians. One guy's real cool, nigger named Jackson, but everyone calls him the Marquis. He's a real artist on the saxophone, and has made a lot of records. But he's real nice to me, not edgy like some of the guys who buy. He even gave me a saxophone lesson once, let me play his instrument."

"You know the names of anyone else?"

"Yeah, but I don't think I should say. A lotta the white guys could get in trouble with the cops if I talk about 'em—I never heard of a cop yet who gives a damn if a darkie's on somethin'. And then, there's a whole buncha guys who's names I just don't know."

He smiles at me as he mops up the last of his egg with a bread crust. The timing's perfect, I'd gotten all I could out of him. I buy him a candy bar for dessert, and slip him an extra two bucks for being so cooperative. He yells "Thanksalot" over his shoulder as he scurries off down the street.

**Time: 1 hour**

## **CLUE 237**

I pull up to the ranch house and park the car. A

large Mexican woman is running up the path. As she reaches me I can tell by her breathing this is not her normal means of exercise.

"Senor, senor! There has been an accident. Please, senor, help! I must call the doctor!"

I run down the path which ends at the stables. Horse heads jut out of the stable doors and look towards the commotion at the far end of the stable. I hurry in that direction, and when I reach the end I see a kid trying to lead a snorting, rearing horse, which seems quite reluctant to be led. The horse keeps shaking her head and rearing up on her hind legs and snorting.

"Down, Furguslie, down girl. Quick, help Romeo!" The boy shouts at me.

I look inside the stable and see the jockey lying on the floor. I rush over to him but I've seen enough dying men to know that there is no hope. Ruiz's whole body is covered with bruises, and blood oozes from his mouth. No, Ruiz will neither ride nor talk again. I lay his head gently down. I wonder why we always treat the dead so gently and the living so roughly.

I walk back outside, the boy has gotten Furguslie into another stable, but the mare continues in her excitable state, kicking against the stable wall and neighing loudly. The boy is exhausted, leaning against the wall, wiping his face with a red bandana.

"What happened?" I ask.

"I don't know. I was working behind the stables when I heard Furguslie acting up. I ran to see what was wrong, and when I got there I saw Romeo on the floor. Juanita was coming from the barn; I yelled for her to get the doctor while I got Furguslie out. That's all I know."

I walk back into the stable and look Ruiz over again. Can't tell much, Furguslie did a good job on him. I give the stable the once over. I find a hypodermic needle, the type used on horses. There is a drop of blood on the needle, I push the plunger and deposit some of the contents on my finger. It has a sharp smell. I'm sure we'll find this has something to do with Furguslie's strange action. I wrap it in my handkerchief which I place in my pocket.

I hear the sound of a siren approaching. I decide to leave. There is nothing I can help with, and I don't feel like being asked a lot of questions for which I have no answers.

**Time: 45 minutes**

## **CLUE 238**

The pool hall is not a safe place for a long stakeout if they know who I am. A big bruiser blocks the door, scans the street, and sees me. He's about six feet tall, 240 pounds. Looks like a prizefighter gone a little soft—but only slightly. His nose is flat, his ears are cauliflowered, and his fists look like boulders. He crosses the street towards me.

**Time: 15 minutes**

**If you want to face him, go to Clue 284.**

**If you want to leave, go to Clue 207.**

242.	MCKINLEY MONUMENT	266.	FRANCIS SCOTT KEY MONUMENT	290.	BEACH CHALET
243.	PARK LODGE	267.	CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES	291.	MURPHY WINDMILL
244.	FUCHIA GARDEN	268.	GOETHE-SCHILLER MONUMENT	292.	EQUITATION FIELD
245.	HORSESHOE COURTS	269.	GENERAL PERSHING MONUMENT	293.	GOLDEN GATE PARK STADIUM
246.	HALLECK MONUMENT	270.	HEROES GROVE	294.	FLYCASTING POOL
247.	THE BASEBALL PLAYER	271.	REDWOOD MEMORIAL GROVE	295.	METSON LAKE
248.	BOWLES RHODODENDRONS	272.	PIONEER LOG CABIN	296.	MALLARD LAKE
249.	JAMES A. GARFIELD MONUMENT	273.	HISTORIC TREES	297.	ELK GLEN
250.	CONSERVATORY	274.	PRAYER BOOK CROSS	298.	GEORGE WASHINGTON BICENTENNIAL GROVE
251.	LIBERTY TREE	275.	RAINBOW FALLS	299.	HERBERT HOOVER TREE
252.	MCKINNON MONUMENT	276.	LLOYD LAKE	300.	STOW LAKE
253.	ROBERT BURNS MONUMENT	277.	PORTALS OF THE PAST	301.	HUNTINGTON FALLS
254.	MUSIC CONCOURSE	278.	MARX MEADOWS	302.	ARBORETUM
255.	THOMAS STARR KING MONUMENT	279.	BROOM POINT	303.	ROSE GARDEN
256.	CERVANTES MONUMENT	280.	LINDLEY MEADOW	304.	GARDEN OF SHAKESPEARE'S FLOWERS
257.	JUNIPERO SERRA MONUMENT	281.	SPRECKELS LAKE	305.	DE LAVEAGA DELL
258.	ULYSSES S. GRANT MEMORIAL	282.	MODEL YACHT CLUBHOUSE	306.	LILY POND
259.	M. H. DE YOUNG MEMORIAL MUSEUM	283.	BUFFALO ENCLOSURE	307.	TENNIS COURTS
260.	CIDER PRESS MONUMENT	284.	DEER PADDOCKS	308.	BOWLING GREENS
261.	MUSIC PAVILION	285.	CHAIN OF LAKES	309.	CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND
262.	JAPANESE TEA GARDEN	286.	RECREATION FIELD	310.	KEZAR STADIUM
263.	GIUSEPPE VERDI MONUMENT	287.	NORTH WINDMILL	311.	BASKETBALL PAVILION
264.	BEEHOVEN MONUMENT	288.	UNITED STATES COAST GUARD STATION	312.	GAMES ENCLOSURE AND GHIRADELLI PAVILION
265.	ROBERT EMMET MONUMENT	289.	47-TON SLOOP GJOA	313.	ALVORD LAKE

## CLUE 240

My ring of the door soon brings the butler and the message that Mrs. Walsh is not seeing anyone today.

**Time: 15 minutes**

## CLUE 241

I drive up to the Spanish-style ranch house and park the car. The double doors are carved, believe it or not, in a paisley design. I see no bell or knocker so I use my knuckles. I wonder if they have heard of Hayes's death. My thought is answered as soon as the door is opened. A short, stout Mexican woman answers the door. She is using the end of her apron to wipe the tears from her red eyes.

"Yes?" she asks between sobs.

"I'm investigating the murder of Scott Hayes." This sends her into hysterical sobs and outbursts of Spanish.

"Juanita!" comes a call from inside the house. "bring him in here."

She turns and heads into the house. I follow, after shutting the door behind me. I'm led into a large living room that could only be found in the American west. Deer and moose heads hang on the wall, along with a collection of rifles that could equip the army of a small banana republic. All of the artifacts are American Indian or Mexican as are the rugs. The furniture is heavy wood, mostly oak, covered with leather. There are a number of bronze statues around the room that look like Remington originals, as well as a large collection of oil paintings—all of western subjects—hanging on the walls.

"Come in. I'm Vern Dillon, Hayes's ranch foreman."

I introduce myself and explain why I'm here. He offers me a drink. I take it and set myself down in one of the overstuffed leather-covered chairs and rest my feet on the hide of some animal whose head probably now peers down at me from the wall.

"Did Hayes like to hunt?"

"How'd you guess. Yeah, the boss killed most of these," he waves his hand at the bodyless menagerie that hangs from the wall.

"Did Hayes's murder come as a surprise to you?"

"What kind of question is that? Of course it did. I had no idea... How could I? I knew of no enemies."

"Anything out of the ordinary happening on the ranch?"

"No. He has been spending more time down here with the race horses."

"What can you tell me about the horses?"

"Nothing. I just manage the business side of the ranch. You'll have to talk to Ruiz if you want to know about the nags."

"Who is Ruiz?"

"A little wetback the old man took a fancy to. Romeo Ruiz is a jockey plus the old man's confidant where those horses are concerned. You probably know that Hayes's son couldn't care less about this place. Only comes here when the old man forces him. He'll probably sell this place in a shot."

"Anyone want to buy?"

"I think so. You know Hayes's shyster, Van Ness. Well, he came out about a week ago and looked around. Made a list of everything. Was real interested in the horses."

"You don't like Van Ness?"

"What's to like?" He pours us both another drink. "He and Van Ness were good friends. I just don't like shysters, like some people don't like snakes."

I finish my drink and after thanking Dillon, leave.

**If you want to see Ruiz, go to Clue 217**

**Time: 45 minutes**

## CLUE 242

The Sergeant's black squad car screeches off from the curb and takes off down the street, siren wailing. Other police cars lend their voices to the din that gradually begins to fade. Suddenly the area around the Lindeman Jewelry store, so crowded before, seems practically deserted.



## CLUE 243

There are a number of tables in the large hall that occupies the second floor of the Waverly street building. The tables are surrounded by elderly Chinese gentlemen playing mah-jongg. The click of tiles sounds not unlike the rat-atat-tat of a machine gun. At times the players and on-lookers alike break out in excited discussion of some aspect of the game. At first my presence is ignored, but when it becomes apparent that this alone will not drive me away, a Chinese, larger and younger than most of the men in the room, comes over to me.

"What can we do for you?"

"Do you know a Sam Lee?"

"They say there are many Lee's in Chinatown."

"This is a Sam Lee who has a tatoo of a two-headed serpent on his left arm."

"They say a two-headed serpent is a dangerous thing."

"This Sam Lee is dead. Any idea what is more dangerous than a two-headed serpent?"

"They say that death is at times only an illusion."

"I'm sure Sam Lee will be glad to know that. Was Sam Lee a member of this tong?"

"This tong? This is merely a social club."

"Fine. Was Sam Lee a member of this social club?"

"I can't give out that information."

"I decide not to continue this lesson in oriental inscrutability and walk down the stairs and back onto the street. The street is crowded with people, most of

whom are Chinese. Chinatown. You can't think of San Francisco without thinking about the brightly colored pagoda-styled buildings into which two hundred thousand Chinese are crowded. To the tourist, Chinatown is a picturesque world, exotic and strange, full of restaurants and curio shops, a place for a day's entertainment, and even a night's if you stay in the big clubs designed for the uninitiated. But wander into the back alleyways or the hidden opium dens, and you enter a world of intrigue.

I walk along, being pushed by the crowd, not sure where this case will lead. I turn up Washington and cross the street when the push of the crowd gets stronger. I try to turn around, but can't. I try to stop, but can't. I try to see who's pushing me, but can't. Then I'm maneuvered into Ross alley. Three men move me along. I can't slow down so I run ahead. This throws them off guard, and as I get a few steps ahead I turn and face my three assailants. I let my right fist fly, catching one full in the face and sending him to the ground. He won't be getting up right away.

The two remaining tails stop and look me over. They move as far apart as the alley will allow them. I keep my eyes on them and hope no one is behind me. Both men are dressed in black. One is about five-foot-nine, tall for a Chinaman; the other is a few inches shorter. Both are better built than I would like. The tall one says something in Chinese to the other. Then he swings his right leg high into the air, aiming for my head. He misses my nose by only an inch. The smaller man dives at my legs feet first, like a baseball player sliding for home, I can't get out of his way and am knocked to the ground. The smaller man is back on his feet, and both men are looking down at me. I begin to roll and roll, like a kid on a hillside, again I've surprised them, and am able to get out my gat. When I stop rolling I lie there facing my two assailants, I see that the tall one has pulled a knife. I look at his knife. He looks at my gun. I pull back the hammer. It's click causes them to move back a little. I let a shot fly. The sound reverberates in the narrow alley. The two men turn and run. A group of men is moving up the alley from the other end, attracted by the sound of the gunshot. I turn and face them, placing my gun back in its holster. The men look me over, say nothing and leave. I turn and see that the third man has run off.

I reach down and pick up my hat, dusting it off the best I can, and place it on my head before going back out on Washington street. I look up and down the street. Everyone is wearing a black suit. I must have been getting close to something. The tong? The old man in the hall? Wish I knew.

**Time: 1 hour**

#### **CLUE 244**

If before noon go to ..... **CLUE 7**  
If after noon go to ..... **CLUE 38**

#### **CLUE 245**

I glide like a dancer through the crowded hallway,

moving quickly to avoid colliding with the throng of Chinese children and wet laundry that challenge my way. There is a musical quality to the sing-song Cantonese that the mothers call out to their children warning them to stay away from the strange intruder. Most of the apartment doors are open and the hall is used as a large communal room.

At the end of the hall is the room I'm looking for. Next to it is seated an old Chinese gentleman with thick glasses reading a Chinese newspaper. Between his legs is a heavy wooden cane with an even heavier silver handle in the shape of a serpent's head.

I knock on the door, but the only response I get is from the old gentleman. He puts down his newspaper and looks at me over the top of his thick glasses. I knock again, no response. The old man is still staring at me.

"Sam Lee live here?" I ask the old man. No response. I try the door knob, but before I can see if the door is unlocked the old man has grabbed his cane and is swinging it with great speed toward my hand. I get it out of the way just in the nick of time and stare as the cane smashes into the door. The old man shouts at me in Chinese as he readjusts his cane to a more threatening position. Heads start to pop out of open doorways to see what's going on. The old man's voice becomes even louder. I decide it's time to leave. I dance my way down the hall and out onto the street.

**Time: 30 minutes**

#### **CLUE 246**

I follow Roland back to the Hayes estate. He puts the Marmon in the garage and he goes up to his room.

**TIME: 45 minutes**

**If you want to keep the estate under surveillance  
go to Clue 380**

#### **CLUE 247**

"Mildred Engstrom?" I ask the woman who answers the door. She is a good-looking woman, fashionably dressed. On her fingers are two diamond rings, both large and expensive, both tasteful.

"Yes."

"I'm looking for your brother, Captain Morris Zeager."

She looks me up and down. I don't think she is impressed. I am standing on the front step and she is making no effort to invite me in. "I haven't seen my brother in six months and if I never see him again you won't hear me complain."

"May I ask why?"

"I see no reason to tell you. Who are you?"

"I'm a private investigator." I see that this further bit of biography doesn't raise me in her esteem, I'm still left standing on the step.

"Why do you want Morris? Never mind, I don't want to know. Now if you will excuse me."

"Have you seen Usinger?"

"What?"

"Have you seen your ex-husband, Warton Usin-

ger?"

She again looks me up and down, maybe a little more impressed since she now invites me in off the step. I am led into the sitting room and told to sit down on a Victorian high-backed chair. I take off my hat and hold it in my hand. Mrs. Engstrom stands before me, her arms folded, a scowl on her face. Reminds me of Miss Schopenhauer, my high school Latin teacher.

"It looks as if you have been prying into my life." I look up at her, but decide not to answer her. I don't think she expects an answer—neither did Miss Schopenhauer. "As you undoubtedly know, I was married seven months ago to the Rev. Alfred Engstrom. He comes from one of the most respected families in California. He is minister of St. John's and a pillar of Oakland society. I did not tell him I was divorced—you see he does not approve of divorce. I told him that my first husband had been a doctor, a missionary serving in the South Pacific, who died while serving others."

"If you know Warton, you know what a lie that is. He's an alcoholic. I thought I could change him. How many good women have ruined their lives trying to reform a weak, unstable man." I certainly wasn't going to answer that one—see, I did learn something from Miss Schopenhauer. "Well, you can only reform some one who wants to be reformed. God knows I tried, but Warton never gave up his crutch. He finally went on a week's drinking binge, got in an accident and broke his leg. He was going to be laid up for six months and I was expected to nurse him. No thank you. I left him. I did become a nurse and I have been working with people who deserve to be helped. That's how I met Alfred."

"I couldn't tell him about my divorce. Why should I pay for a mistake for the rest of my life! Well, Morris found out and he blackmailed me! My own brother! He said he would tell Alfred about my marriage! What could I do? I gave him the five hundred dollars. At least I haven't seen him since."

"When was this?"

"A week before our marriage."

"And your ex-husband? Have you heard from him?"

"Two weeks ago. I received a phone call from him. He told me he was coming into some money and begged me to come back to him. I told him no and that if he loved me that he would leave me alone. He said he would."

"Do you believe him?"

"Yes." Her voice is strong and sharp and her eyes look straight into mine. She is a tough woman. "You now have enough information to blackmail me, but it will do you no good. I have decided that I must tell my husband the truth."

I stand up and I feel more comfortable looking down at her for a moment. "I think the truth is your best choice, but don't worry about me, there's no reason for me to tell your husband anything you've told me."

She walks to the door with me and watches me go down the steps. I'm halfway down the walk when I hear her say to me "Thank you. I would be grateful for your discretion."

**Time: 1 hour**

## CLUE 248

"It is our policy not to deliver cash."

**Time: 15 minutes**

## CLUE 249

I look at the lock. It's pretty obvious that I won't need to pick it—the cheap mechanism has been shattered by bullets. I knock to make sure that nobody's home. It's as deserted as a bank at 6 o'clock.

The door swings open under my fist, and I saunter inside. Turns out the house is not quite deserted—a swarm of flies hovers around a sinkful of dirty dishes. Old cans of stew and beans litter the countertop. If I kept my place this messy, I wouldn't be home either.

But aside from a lot of grime, a plain rumpled single bed, some unremarkable clothes hanging in the closet, and a stack of unopened mail, there's nothing to be found. No drugs, no dirty pictures, no bathtub stills. Just many examples of the seamier side of bachelor living. I leave things in the disorder I found them in.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 250

I park my car down the street, and realize that it's not going to be easy to stake out this house. The street is full of houses, and there's almost no foliage to hide in. It is too dangerous to hide on Mirabelli's property with the Mrs. out there, although if she found me there I could probably get out of it easily. Fortunately, I find a car that has a flat tire. Looks like it might be abandoned, right across the street from the Mirabelli house. I take off my coat and pull out the overalls I keep in my trunk in case of dirty work. I take a crescent wrench, and get under the car to wait.

Sure enough, I don't have much time to wait—not even the amount of time it takes to replace a starter. A silver-grey sportster pulls into the driveway, and out comes J.J. Roach.

"J.J.!" Mrs. Mirabelli squeals, and runs into his arms. They go inside together. I wait a few minutes and pretend to adjust the throw-out bearing, while watching to make sure they stay inside. I climb out between the car and the sidewalk, down the street a few lots, cross and snake my way back. I crawl through a hole in the hedge, being sure to stay out of eyesight of any windows.

I approach the house and hear a moan. I follow the sound, and hear a high-pitched yelp of the sort you frequently hear when "good friends" get together. I stay long enough to make certain of what they're doing—about a minute or so, and then steal back the way I came. I stay in the car and wait another half hour. I hear a motor starting, and J.J. backs his car out, and gunning it, zooms past me. We get a good look at each other, but he doesn't recognize me with my hair tousled and grease on my face. In contrast, he's squeaky clean, his hair slicked-back and his face

freshly shaven. I toy with the idea of following him, but decide that drawing attention to myself wouldn't be worth the risk.

**Time: 1 hour 30 minutes**

### CLUE 251

I keep a car between myself and Roland as I follow him up Market street. As we approach the intersection of Market and Ninth the traffic light turns yellow. Roland steps on the gas and makes it through the intersection. The truck that I had placed between us slams on its brakes and comes to a screeching stop. I swing out around it but am blocked by a street car. By the time the traffic has cleared Roland and the Marmon are no longer in sight.

**TIME: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 252

I'm pumping my legs as hard as I can down Capp street. This guy's big, about six two, and his legs are long and lanky. I try to keep him in sight while being inconspicuous, but no go. He turns around and sees me, and speeds up even more. I try a long shot. Labude called him Brad—this might be the mysterious Brad Pirelli I've been looking for. "Pirelli!" I shout.

His reaction is immediate. He dodges into a nearby alleyway. By the time I get there, I've lost him completely.

**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 253

I'd like to be able to report that Lucky's is a paradise of revelry and gaiety tonight, but I only lie when there's good reason. The interior of the bar is drab, with the tables on the floor about a third filled with patrons, and the bar a solid mass of humanity, most of them with their backs to the stage.

The stage itself is lit with one of those watery blue spots and it's focussed on a chesty young woman who can sing about as well as my mother used to while she did the dishes. She's wrapping up the song with all the emotional conviction of someone wrapping up a fish. So I grab a table, and when the waitress comes around I order a whiskey straight up. Let me tell you, I need it to cheer me up.

Finally the harried piano player crashes to a finale while the singer's final high note is still making the glasses over the bar ring. She thanks the crowd effusively for its scant applause, and announces that the dancers will be on in a few minutes.

I take a look around the club, and don't notice anything too remarkable. Most of the crowd is men, but there are a few women here and there. Virtually all of them are escorted. Nobody is particularly rowdy; it's just a group of average joes and janes trying to

forget their troubles.

Finally, the dance revue starts—I'm probably the only one in the bar waiting for it. A garishly clothed young woman undulates on the stage, eliciting scattered shouts and whistles. She's doing her best to look seductive and langorous, but she's only two minutes into the routine and sweat is already beading through her makeup. It looks like hard work, but it seems like she's being more appreciated by the audience than the previous act. The wiry piano player's hands are all over the keyboard, his left doing a long stride bass, while the right is sliding through some shimmery arpeggios in counterpoint.

Finally the dancer finishes her routine, and another dancer, this one dressed in lime green veils, steps forward and enacts a motley cross between a slow drag and the shag, and then the music changes and she goes into the classic dance of the seven veils—but only takes off five before the music stops cold and she starts a bouncy, fast-footwork routine, with the music only slightly behind her frenetic moves. Finally it slows down again, and the lights dim, and near as anyone can make out, she takes off the last two veils, but it's hard to tell. Some plants in the audience start applauding when the lights go completely out, and then they come up again, and she comes out in a long cloak to take her final bow.

There's one more dancer in a lemon yellow futuristic rig, but I've lost interest, having never pursued this particular branch of choreography too intently. So I order another drink, and wait for the dancers to take a break. When they do, I go back to the stage and go through the open door which they've gone through. They're huddled talking together in their costumes, but before I can step up to them, I'm blocked by a burly guard.

"Hey, buddy, you're not s'posed ta be back here," he growls.

"I need to talk to Monique or Alicia."

"Ain't no one like that here, pal. You sure you got the right joint?" It sounds like a routine response, just said to get rid of me. I can't help noticing that he's slowly curling his fingers into a fist. The dancers are beginning to go back to their dressing room. I take a chance.

"Monique! Alicia!" My voice rings out, but no one turns around.

"Bud, you want an escort? Lemme give ya a hand!" The big guy grabs my collar, rushes me towards the swinging door, drags me out, socks me one in the stomach, and leaves me there on the sidewalk. It takes me a few minutes to catch my breath. I'm uninjured, but plenty angry. I swallow my rage and move on.

**Time: 1 hour 15 minutes**

### CLUE 254

After I change into very casual clothing, I slip into the Traffic Club and find Joey Capirci—or someone else who's five foot one with a lion tattooed on his forearm—sitting alone at a table nursing a beer.

"Joey?"

He looks up.

"I'm tryin' to help spring your boss, Frank Mirabelli."

He stares at me and doesn't say a thing.

"I need to figure out who really killed Jack Bier."

Nothing.

"Do you have any ideas who mighta done it?"

He regards me for a minute more. No words, we just stare at each other.

Finally he breaks his silence. "JJ told me to keep my mouth shut about it. Now get out of here."

I beat it back out to the street.

**If you want to tail him, go to Clue 267.**

**Time: 30 minutes**

## **CLUE 255**

The guy with big ears checks the mailbox. I can see the name on it is Guy Labude.

I go up to the door of three-thirty Capp and knock. There is no answer but I hear sounds inside. I knock harder and yell, "Mr. Labude, I have an important message for you."

The door opens a crack. I push it open and stride in. Guy is dressed only in his underwear and undershirt, but that doesn't bother me any. Instead of acting indignant at my bursting in, he trembles with obvious fear. Any guy who doesn't gripe when you bust into his apartment won't resist too much when you try to squeeze some information out of him.

He asks with a tremor in his voice, "Who are you? What do you want?"

I growl at him. "What I want is the low-down on Billy Kern, The Bobcat, Pimples, Bradford Pirelli, and anyone else who's mixed up in this business."

I grab him by the shoulders and shove him down in a chair. I pull up a chair in front of him. "Talk."

He just sits there and trembles.

"Or do I have to resort to the rough stuff?"

That snaps him.

"OK, OK, no rough stuff, I'll talk. What d'you want to know?"

"Start with who you are, what you do. Then tell me everything you know about Billy Kern."

"Are you con—?"

"No more questions. Talk."

"Oh! I'm—I'm Guy Labude. I'm a delivery man for the Bobcat. I'll deliver—anything. I don't ask questions. But the Bobcat's got a right hand man; goes by the name of Pimples. His real name is Wade, Aloysius Wade. The Bobcat don't know it yet, but Pimples is trying to elbow in on his business. And Pimples is using me to move up in the world—I can't help it. I know I shouldn't be doing this to the Bobcat, but I can't say no to Pimples. He makes me do the deliveries for him and take the business away from the Bobcat. I make a new connection—I give it to Pimples, and he gives me a percentage. Please don't tell the Bobcat—he'd kill both of us."

"Enough of that. Do you know Billy Kern?"

"I've met him. I've made deliveries to him. I know he deals to his friends. Hey, didn't I already tell your friend all of this?"

"Who? What do you mean?"

"The other private dick that came around here a

coupla weeks ago. He asked practically the same questions. Ain't you two guys together?"

"No. Who was he? What did he want to know?"

Poor Guy realizes that he has yet again talked too much. I bet it's the story of his life.

"I—I—I don't know his name..."

"You tell me everything you know, or the Bobcat's going to get an anonymous phone caller telling him all about his friend Pimples and what he's doing."

"No! Oh, please, don't. OK, OK, I found out the dick's name. It's Steele. Roy Steele. He's a private eye, that's all I know. He asked the same questions you did."

"What'd you tell him?"

"The same! Believe me. I don't know how to lie good. I don't know where Billy is. I have no idea. I don't even know what kind of trouble he's in. I didn't know the kid."

"Didn't? Whaddya mean, 'didn't'?"

"Please mister, I dunno, please..."

Guy collapses to his knees. I hate to see a grown man beg. So I leave.

**Time: 45 minutes**

## **CLUE 256**

The Pink Rat's a nice enough place if you like that sort of thing. It's a little fancy for me but my taste runs plainer than most. A good-looking, slightly-built Mexican is busy behind the bar. I order a beer and wait until the bartender looks like he can spare a minute.

"Yeah, I knew Romeo Ruiz," the man says bitterly. "He was my brother."

"I'm sorry. But maybe you can help me find out who killed him."

"I don't know who killed him, and I don't want to know. Somebody was trying to get him to throw the race, but he wouldn't do it. I told the fool kid he was crazy. The odds he was bucking were too long. But he had some crazy idea about loyalty. Loyalty to the horse and to that old skinflint he worked for. Look where it got him."

"Isn't there anything you can tell me? Whoever killed your brother may also have killed Hayes and a friend of mine. Don't you want to see justice done?"

"Screw justice, gumshoe. It's for white people and the rich. It can't bring Romeo back."

**Time: 45 minutes**

## **CLUE 257**

The St. Francis' corridors are about as noisy as your average morgue. I quietly knock on the door of Agnes Harmon's room. "Mrs. Harmon?" I murmur.

A prim and obviously wealthy old woman answers.

"Yes—may I ask to whom I am speaking?"

I silently hand her my card. "I've been hired by the Kerns to find their son..."

She purses her mouth in disapproval at the mention of her nephew and his wife, but then smiles at the mention of Billy. She thinks for a few seconds. "I'm

terribly sorry, but I'm busy right now, and I'm sure I don't know where Billy is. Good day." She begins to close the door.

An inspiration strikes me. "Mrs. Harmon, wait!" She looks back out at me. "I don't expect you to know where Billy is. No one seems to. I just wanted to talk to you about Billy and the Kerns. Knowing something about Billy's family life might really help me."

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place? Come right on in."

I nod affably to her as I step into the plush state-room. She seems like the sort who enjoys giving advice to those younger than she. And yet she also seems very friendly and honest. Reminds me of my favorite grandmother.

"I wish I could tell you where Billy is. He's the only one in that entire family who is a decent person, I fear. I haven't seen him since Tuesday, when the dear boy drove all the way up from Stanford to see me."

"I take it you don't enjoy the company of Mr. and Mrs. Kern?"

Her dark brown eyes look piercingly at me. "Do I have your word that you'll keep our conversation confidential?"

"Certainly," I reply, as gallantly as I can.

"Well then, . . . I've always had a great deal of respect for Howard, but he was distressingly like my dear husband. As you may know, my husband founded Harmon Chemicals, and made it the extremely successful business it is today. But he spent all of his time working on the company, and had not time at all for me."

She pauses for breath, and seems surprised that I don't try to interrupt her. I'm more than willing to let her speak her piece. She takes this as an encouraging sign and plunges on. "I have always enjoyed meeting and talking with other people. Aside from the maids and servants, the only people John ever had visiting our home were his business associates. I would have gone crazy if I hadn't the money to travel a bit and enjoy the company of other people outside of the circle of John's business friends.

"I never had children, though lord knows I tried. It was probably for the best—John could never have given youngsters his time, just as he had no time for his wife."

I see the beginnings of tears forming in her eyes. I nod for her to continue. She smiles and composes herself. "I'm sorry to unburden myself on you. But I am very worried about Billy. Please don't think of me as hysterical . . .

"Anyway, Howard is much the same. He and John got along quite well, and when my nephew started in business out here, John spent a great deal of time talking with him about marketing strategies and manipulation of money. I was sorry for Ann, although she had a family, at least. But as she got older, she just resigned herself to her lot as hostess and never enjoyed life.

"Like John, Howard never had any time for me, until John died and it came time for me to make up a will. I guess he always assumed that I'd leave my money to him; I have no other close relatives living. But I've always been frank, and one day I sat down with Ann and had what I thought was a heart-to-heart talk about the differences between being a wife and being alive. It

was a mistake; she told her husband, and there was no end to his tirade about how I had no business going behind my back and talking to his wife that way . . . he's spent the last seven years trying to patch things up, but he's a proud man who has never realized that a simple 'I'm sorry' means a whole lot more to me than a string of extravagant dinners."

I'm about ready to interrupt, but she senses my impatience. "I'm sorry, you asked about Billy, not his parents. The main thing about Billy is he knows about people. And he really loves Marianne, and that's something his father can never understand. How I wish I had married a man like Billy!

"I want to give them enough money to be together and free from the Kerns, and I want to do it while I'm still alive, so I can see someone in my family living a proper life . . . my, my, here I go again. I'm sorry to talk your ear off like this. I hope that what I'm telling you will help you to find Billy."

"Yes, it certainly will, Mrs. Harmon, but I should get going. I've enjoyed talking to you. Keep that card, and don't hesitate to call me if anything else comes up. Thanks again."

The street is strangely quiet as I drive away from the St. Francis. I go grab a cup of coffee and try to sort out all that I've just heard.

**Time: 45 minutes**

## **CLUE 258**

The Captain's Lantern looks more like the inside of a ship than a bar. The bar is made out of hatch covers and has fish nets hanging from the ceiling above. There are no stools so I join those leaning on the bar. The bartender soon approaches me and tries to talk me into a Singapore Sling, whatever that is, but I talk him into an Irish Whiskey neat. After the first whiskey has been disposed of and the next one ready, I ask the bartender if he knows Zeager.

"Yes, I know the old wind bag."

"When was the last time you saw him?"

"Sunday. I remember because he just came in, ordered a shot and a beer and sat there saying nothing. If you know Zeager, that's not like him. Didn't say a word all night, just sat there drinking. Not like him at all."

**Time: 30 minutes**

## **CLUE 259**

Twenty-three Turk Street is one of those Tenderloin flea-traps populated by that class of alcoholic that can still hold enough of a job to allow them to buy their booze and pay three dollars a week for a room. Most of the residents are just passing through. In a few weeks, months or a year they will be on the street, sleeping in doorways and alleys, or, like Doris Driscoll, the morgue. The smell of stale humanity and fresh urine fills the hall as I knock at the manager's door.

The door is opened by a short bald man clad in a dirty undershirt that covers his large beer belly. His

well-worn pants are held up by red suspenders. His bloodshot beady eyes give my well-worn, wrinkled twenty-dollar suit and soiled white shirt the once over. He decides I'm much too well-off to be interested in a room.

"You a cop?" he snarls.

"Private," I snarl back.

"Can always spot 'em. Here about the Driscoll dame?"

"Yeah."

"What a pain in the arse this is. Damn drunks nothing but trouble."

The social classes of alcoholics. Our manager just drinks beer, never gets falling down drunk, just always sees the world through an alcoholic haze, one version of the rose-colored glasses. The manager's class of drunk feels superior to Miss Driscoll's class as she undoubtedly looked down on the class that sleeps on the streets.

"She fell right over there." His sausage-like finger points to the stairs that lead to the second floor. They are dimly lit. One naked bulb hangs from a frayed cord mid-way up the stairs, but it is unlit.

"Was that light off when she fell?"

"Look, don't try to blame me. It was an accident. She knew the light was out. I've been meaning to replace it, but I have a lot to do around here."

"Yeah, I can tell you're kept busy. Who found the body?"

"I did."

"Did you hear her fall?"

"Sort of. The old lady and I were fighting and when the old lady gets going you couldn't hear Teddy charge up San Juan Hill." He staggers over to the foot of the stairs. I follow. "I heard a series of thuds, like potato sacks falling. I came out, and there was Doris, dead."

"How long had she lived here?"

"Longer than me, and I've been here three years."

"Did you know her well?"

"Well enough."

"Was anyone with her the night she died?"

"I don't know."

"Did she have many friends?"

"No. There's Maurice."

"Maurice Ryan?"

"Yes, I think that's his last name. They would go on binges together. Be drunk for days."

"Any others?"

"She had a friend named Edith. Don't know her last name. Lives nearby. A hairdresser, I think. If there was anyone else, I didn't know 'em."

"Did she ever fall downstairs before or have any other accidents while drunk that you know of?"

"Not that I know of."

"Did you see anyone else in or around the apartment that evening?"

"Her friend, Maurice, showed up minutes after I found Doris."

"Anything else?"

"Not that I can think of."

**Time: 45 minutes**

**Fingerprint: Clue 390**

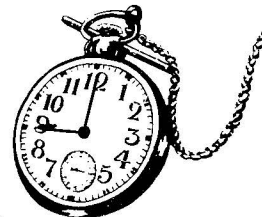
## CLUE 260

I walk into the pool hall, and see Labude talking to a guy at the bar. Labude points at me and a sharp pain shoots through my head. I turn around, and am hit again. Everything goes black.

I wake up shivering, with bird song making my head throb. The light is a dim orange, but I can make out old streetlight parts strewn in piles and overgrown with weeds. Painfully, I get to my feet.

A quick search shows only three things missing: my keys, my wallet and my gun. I still have my watch, and it reads 6:15. All I can do is walk home and grab a few winks before I have to be back at the office.

**9AM Saturday, July 7**



## CLUE 261

I watch Roland maneuver the black Marmon out of the driveway, down the street and out of sight. I leave my car across the street and head up the driveway. I go up the stairs that lead to the apartment above the garage. The lock is easy to pick and I am soon inside. The apartment is neat, too neat. It doesn't take long to look around. The room is as neat as a pin. The only clothes I find are two uniforms, three white shirts and two pairs of black socks. In the bathroom I find a safety razor, one toothbrush, toothpowder and a bar of soap. There are no books. True, Roland doesn't look like a scholarly type, but there's not even a paperback detective novel or a girlie magazine. There's nothing personal in the room.

I leave everything the way I found it and relock the room as I leave. From the small porch outside his door I get a good view of the grounds. I look at the spot where Blackie's car was the night he was murdered. Something's been nagging at me ever since I saw the crime scene. How could someone get the drop on Blackie? The car sat on a knoll and commanded a good view.

I walk over to where the car had sat and look around. To the right and rear of where the car had been are to be found only shrubs and trees, almost in a wild growth state. I follow the driveway until I find what I'm looking for, a tramped-down area showing where someone has recently passed. I follow the newly-made path through the brush toward the street and the brick fence that surrounds the estate.

I soon come upon the wall and find where someone has climbed over. There are fresh scrape marks, and I find a small piece of black cloth snagged on one of the bricks. There's no doubt in my mind that whoever climbed this fence knew that Blackie was there. Why go to all this trouble to enter the estate when all you had to do was walk up the driveway? Or, if you were going to climb the wall and play it safe, why choose the very point that would bring you out right behind Blackie's car? No, someone knew he would be there.

I walk back up the driveway to my car, not feeling too good about what I have just found.

**Time: 1 hour**

## CLUE 262

I push my way through the swinging doors into Raphael's Club, a bawdy all-night hangout for con-men, goldiggers, gun molls and thick-skinned hooligans willing to take a potshot at anyone if the price is right. I try to blend in by acting cheap, ignorant, and amoral. It works like a charm—no one notices me. I find a table by the bar. When the waiter brings me my drink I try to engage him in conversation. "I bet you overhear a lot in here."

"Sure I do. That'll be twenty cents." He starts to move away.

I hand him a fifty-cent piece. "Keep the change. Think you could find the time to do some reminiscing?"

"I don't think so. Looks pretty crowded." He surveys the half-empty club. "Besides, a man's got to make a living."

I make sure he sees a five-dollar bill I slip under my glass. "When I'm done with this drink do you think you'll be around to clean the table?"

He can't take his eyes off the bill. "I think so."

"Good. My ears need some exercise."

Within five minutes the waiter has arranged a break. I finish my drink and he deftly wipes the table clean, bill and all. We retire to the employees' restroom. He is willing to talk.

"Do you know two amateur crooks who go by the names of 'Fritz' and 'Cosmo'?"

"They ain't no amateurs."

"That's your opinion. Do they come here often?"

"Every now and again."

"What's your name?" I snapped.

"Stan. Stan Miller, why?"

"When was the last time you saw them, Stanley?" I let this question hiss from the side of my mouth as I twist my face into a sign of impatience.

"A few days ago. Saturday night."

"You're sure?"

"Sure, I'm sure. I remember because I gave Cosmo a note."

"A note? Look Stanley, I have never wanted to be a radio quiz show host. So just tell me all you know about Cosmo and Fritz."

"Alright, alright." He looks around to make sure the small and dirty room is still empty. "Saturday afternoon this guy came in. I had never seen him before. He was looking for Cosmo. I told him I hadn't seen him for days. He gave me a note to give to Cosmo, and I did. That's all I know."

"What did the note say?"

"I don't know."

"Stanley!" I unbutton my coat so that my thirty-eight special shows. Stan sees it.

"I did take a peek at the note."

"Of course you did, that's understandable," I reply in my most agreeable manner. "What did it say?"

"It said: Interested in puzzle box. Will pay one thousand dollars for it. If you are interested, meet me at the Portals to the Past. It was unsigned, and means nothing to me."

"Did you give Cosmo the note?"

"Yeah. he gave me five bucks and told me not to keep quiet."

"Do you know where Cosmo's staying now?"

"No."

"Does he have any relatives in the area?"

"Not that I know of. He's from Seattle."

"Did he have a girl?"

"He had a girl, but I haven't seen her around for months."

"What's her name?"

"Stan stops talking. He tries to edge past me to the door. I think I've told you enough. People have a right to their privacy."

I take quick action. I push him against the wall and lean my face into his. I growl, "Tell me that girl's name or you'll walk out of here with two black eyes."

He keeps his cool. "And what's in it for me if I do tell you?"

"Another five."

He thinks for a few minutes. "But Cosmo paid me to keep my mouth shut and I've already wagged it too much."

"Think of it this way: which would you rather have—ten bucks, or five bucks and two googs?"

He swallows hard. I lean harder. I pull the five spot out and put it in front of his face. That cuts it.

"Thyra Lindblom."

"That's a boy," I say cheerily, dropping the bill on the floor. "Now two people have paid you to keep your mouth shut."

Time: 1 hour

## CLUE 263

The lock is easy to pick, and I soon find myself in the darkened office of T.C. Van Ness. I don't know what I'm looking for but if I hope to find it I'd better get started. I go immediately to the file cabinets. They are not locked. I pull the file on Hayes. Most of the material looks like pretty routine business. The most recent addition is a letter:

Marias Imports  
24 California Street  
San Francisco, California

July 5, 1934

Dear Mr. Van Ness,

I am writing to you as the legal representative of Mr. W. E. Hayes. I was sorry to hear of the recent loss of his father. I know that Scott Hayes was the owner of a ranch he called Paisley located in San Mateo. I have long been looking for a piece of property in that area for my own use.

I, like Scott Hayes, raise horses. I understand that Mr. W. E. Hayes does not share this interest. I therefore would like to offer to purchase Paisley including all its stock for the sum of \$850,000 in cash. I will deposit this amount in any account that you or Mr. Hayes direct.

This offer must be accepted before July 10, 1934. If you need more information, please call me at my office.

Yours truly  


I look at Hayes' income tax return for 1933. The ranch was valued at \$236,870, and the horses, eight of them listed, \$167,870. Looks like Billy made a pretty good profit.

**Time: 45 minutes**

## CLUE 264

Meet the Quinn's has that eeriness that's always the flip side of bars that have an active night-scene. It's quiet, except for one morose patron who's nursing a beer. I catch the eye of the owner behind the bar.

"Can I help you with something?"

"There's a girl who was working last night. I went back and talked with her for a half hour or so. Will she be working tonight?"

"Oh, yeah. I remember you now. The detective. No, it's funny, but she handed in her notice after I left. And she got her pay from the manager and took off. I don't know where she is. I've never had anyone leave on me like that. It's funny."

"Do you know any of her friends?"

"Buddy, she only worked here a few days. I barely even knew her name."

Oh yeah. I was about ready to ask her name, but realized it doesn't matter. She's probably in Fresno by now, and her hair could be any color, and she has thousands of names to choose from. Without a record, I can't trace her. There's only one conclusion—hanging around here is a complete waste of time.

**Time: 30 minutes**

## CLUE 265

If before noon go to .....CLUE 104  
If after noon go to .....CLUE 56

## CLUE 266

The warehouse remains quiet, and there's not much of interest in the newspaper today. I feel strangely sleepy; I wish I had the weekend off. I start to day-dream, a dangerous occupation for a gumshoe. I struggle to stay awake, and spend a lot of time considering whether or not I should go into five-seventy Alabama. If it's only kids in there, well and good. But I have no way of knowing *what's* in that building. A few of Pimples Wade's pals could be dug in for a long stay—and they could be trigger-happy, and chances are they're a good deal more awake than I am.

One thing about playing it safe is that a lot of the time you have your decisions made for you. I snap to the alert at the sound of a door in the warehouse slamming. Then I hear a laugh just around the corner on Eighteenth. I dash to the corner of Alabama and Eighteenth, and see two kids sneaky-pete down Eighteenth. Their clothes are covered with dust, and they look like they haven't slept in a few days. As they walk, they rub their wrists. And what do you know? They

have an uncanny resemblance to Billy and Marianne. I decide to follow them on foot. I follow them carefully, carrying along a newspaper to look nonchalant. I'll say one thing for boring news stories—they make for better surveillance.

The kids are too jubilant to notice me following them. I guess I'd be happy too if I just got out of the clutches of goons like Labude and Pimples. They keep up their pace, but hug each other tightly. Finally they slack up a bit as they come into the crowds that swirl along Mission street. They get into the trolley car heading downtown, and I fold up my paper and climb on behind them. We all stand. I read my paper, but keep an eye on them.

The trolley lurches down Mission toward the heart of the City. I get off the bus at the same place the kids do; Fifth and Mission. I follow them north on Powell to the St. Francis Hotel. They enter the plush lobby arm in arm and everyone in the lobby stares long and hard at them: Billy and Marianne haven't slept in days, and it's probably longer since they've washed. But they ignore the stares, looking at each other and giggling. They get into the crowded elevator. I have no choice but to get in there too. The elevator climbs three floors and they get out. So do I, and walk around a corner quickly. I keep my ears peeled, and hear them knock on a door.

The door opens and an elderly voice shouts happily "Billy! You're safe! I'm so relieved. Marianne!" A stately old woman strides out and hugs each of them hard, with tears in her eyes. Her voice is quavering. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't carry on like this . . . please come in!"

I figure it's time for me to make my move.

I walk toward the threesome. Billy and Marianne look at me quizzically, and so does the woman.

"Good day, I'm Agnes Harmon." she says sweetly, although I can tell she's annoyed. "I'm afraid I cannot speak with you at the moment. Could I talk to you later?"

"I'm sorry to intrude, Mrs. Harmon, but I want to talk to Billy and Marianne."

Billy gives me a long hard look. "Hey, how do you know our names?"

"I'm from the Continental Detective Agency and I've been hired by your parents to find you."

"We aren't going back to them . . ." Billy says.

Mrs. Harmon interrupts. "Look, it's silly to talk about this out in the hallway. Do come in and sit down. I'll get some cookies and tea."

In just a few seconds, she's buried her emotions, turning from a tearful relative into a gracious hostess. I'll never know how these society women do it. She has room service bring a pot of tea and imported cakes. Once we all dig in, she turns to me. "Now, about the children returning to my nephew and his wife. I fear that that is out of the question."

I have to work hard to keep from smiling at her formality. "What do you intend to do with them?"

"Do with them? I'll let them do what they want."

I wonder what the police would think about that. I try again—I hate to break in on her notions of individual freedom, but I've got to remember who I'm working for. Gumshoes who forget that don't last long. "That's all well and good," I growl, "But I'm working for the Kerns and they want to have Billy back."

Billy is close to tears. "But you can't . . ." I hate watching someone trying to be tough while he's on the edge of tears. I always thought Stanford kids were able to speak clearly. I wonder how they've come this far.

Marianne answers that question by her actions. She looks me square in the eye. "We want to be together. Our parents hate us, they hate each other. We won't let them poison our lives. If you return us to the Kerns, no one will win. All we want is happiness. All my parents want is social standing. And all the Kerns want is money. And it seems that's all you want as well."

"Not really. All I want is to wind up this case."

Then the aunt gets into the act. "It already is quite resolved as far as your agency is concerned. It's now a family matter. Someone in Billy's family has to act sensibly. Billy and Marianne love each other, and I'm not about to force him to go back to the sort of narrow-mindedness and bickering that he gets at his parents'. As far as I'm concerned, they're free to go."

There's a note of finality in her voice. I wonder what this woman would think about her grand-nephew if she knew the sort of sleazy lowlife that Kern's been hanging out with. Well, it's not my job to tell her about that. But I still need to find out a few things. For my own peace of mind, as well as for answering the questions I know I'll get from the Old Man.

So I settle in for a nice long stay and decide to play my trump card. "That would be fine except for one thing—who's gonna tell the police?"

"Police?" says Mrs. Harmon in a shocked voice.

"Sure. They'll need to know about how the other kids died, what happened to the Lindeman jewels, y'know, little things like that."

Billy shoots me a look that brings to mind the old saying about how if looks could kill. Good thing for me that they can't.

"Billy, you'd better tell him what you know," Agnes Harmon says in as level a voice as she can manage.

"Looks like it's storytime, kid."

Billy, somewhat shamefacedly, tells his tale—or at least the part of it that he wants to. He tells how a jewel robber, hurt in an auto accident, attacked the kids, and killed Sam Thacker in the fight. He also talks about how an argument in the car caused Pirelli to drive off the road and crash Billy's car. He tells how the driver was thrown free and how he and Marianne managed to just get out of the car before it caught on fire. Swallowing hard, he goes on to narrate that Zena and Sherry died in the fire (Marianne begins sobbing softly) and how they couldn't bring Pirelli back to consciousness. Plenty scared, he and Marianne ran off, and got a ride back to the city with a fishtruck driver. There they were held captive by a thug who was a friend of their acquaintance Paul Manning. Finally, they managed to escape from him and his henchman, and they came right to Auntie Harmon.

What good children, I think sardonically.

Mrs. Harmon is aghast at the tale, and begins to cry. Now, I love a good yarn as much as the next guy. Don't get me wrong. But this one sounds like a fish story: so I ask about the one that got away—almost.

I pipe up, "I have a question. Why would this guy kidnap you? Did he send a ransom note?"

It's a good thing that Billy's a lousy liar—I hate to

play the heavy. He begins to stammer and turn red. Finally Mrs. Harmon says "Yes, do tell us, Billy."

Finally he blurts out the missing info. "Actually . . . we have the Lindeman jewels. We put them where they're safe from the crooks," he adds, by way of justification.

"Jewels?" Mrs. Harmon says, faintly.

"Yeah. The guy that killed Sam had a bag of jewels."

"And he gave them to you, right?"

Billy begins to realize that there are more holes in his story than he can patch. He slumps a bit, and says in a low voice. "No, he died when he and Brad were fighting. We found them tucked in his waistband."

"What happened then?"

"We put them in a safe place. But somehow Pimples..."

"Pimples?" asks Agnes Harmon.

"The guy that held us captive. Because somehow he found out about the jewels. And he was going to hold us until we told him where they are. Not that it would have done him any good."

"OK. I'm gonna threaten you with the same thing. So spill it."

Marianne giggles. "I think you should tell him, Billy."

He looks at her and shrugs. I stare long and hard at him. "I think maybe you should, too. Better me than the police."

He hesitates, then nods. "OK. Auntie Harmon, did you get a letter for me here a few days ago?"

"Why, yes, I did. Here it is," she says, handing him an envelope from a side table.

Kern smiles broadly and slits open the letter with a penknife. He turns it upside down. A worn brass key thuds onto the counter. It looks familiar. I have it. "Trailways locker, right?"

"Yep. Number 247. And as long as I didn't have the key, they couldn't get the jewels, could they?"

"But Lindeman's gonna get them now, right, kid?"

Billy's getting real uncomfortable under my gaze.

"Uh, yeah. Of course."

"And your parents?"

"Go ahead and tell 'em you found me. But I'm not going back."

"Fine for you, but you're asking me to forgo a hefty payment from your folks for all my time on this case."

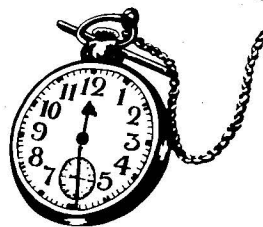
"That's all right," says Mrs. Harmon. "I'll pay your expenses."

"Sounds OK to me, but one of you has to call the Kerns. I'm not about to tell them I found you and let you slip through my fingers."

Marianne chuckles. "But isn't that just what happened?"

Time to change the subject. "Then it sounds like we've got a deal. Just give me the key, and I'll be on my way."

Billy picks up the key, and hesitates. "C'mon," I purr, "you three have a lot of catching up to do."



According to his sympathetic secretary I'm one of the few people around who has ever seen Old Man Lindeman smile. But then again, I'm all smiles too—it's funny what reward money will do for you.

## CLUE 267

I go into a nearby newspaper store and buy the afternoon blatt. I stand outside reading it until I see Capirsci come out of the club and head south on Dolores. I follow him as he cuts east on 17th for three blocks to Valencia, where he again turns south. I tail him for a half a block, and see him go west, into Sycamore Alley. I follow along. He slows up and I hide against the wall in the shadows. He stops and looks around carefully for a minute. Then he turns around and heads back down the alley. I tail him carefully, keeping out of the light in case he turns around again. He doesn't. Finally he goes down a flight of stairs and enters a basement door. Over the door there's a light burning, though there's no sign of light in any of the upperstorey windows. There's no sign of any sort to identify the building. It looks like a bunch of abandoned flats—several of the windows are broken and rain-stained yellowed curtains are hanging out the gaping frames. Capirsci could be the key to any rival gang structure, if I can only get him to talk. But I'm not sure whether to follow him in or not.

If you want to follow him, go to Clue 283

Time: 45 minutes

## CLUE 268

I rush to the parking lot, trying to keep the long black Cadillac in sight. I make it to the Whippet and kick it into life and stir up a little dust storm as I speed out of the parking lot. I see my prey heading north on 101. The Whippet's little hard-working six cylinders are no match for the powerful sixteen of the Cadillac. Fortunately, however, he doesn't seem to be in a hurry. I get to within a few car lengths and follow him into the city. He heads down the Embarcadero until he reaches Pier Twenty where the sinister looking, black Cadillac pulls over and stops. I do the same, thirty feet back.

Pier Twenty is a beehive of activity. Strikers line one side of the pierfront, the police the other. The strikers shout their demands, the police stand impassive, nightsticks and tear gas at the ready. The strikers carry signs crying out their demands: UNION OR DIE, SCABS ARE TRAITORS and POLICE ARE WORKERS TOO. The workers start to sing labor songs to the police.

The large man in the dark suit and floppy fedora gets out of the car. A moment later another black car pulls up and four men in working clothes get out and join the floppy fedora. They talk for a moment. The floppy fedora gets back into the car, the four men go back to theirs for a moment and then head across the street and are lost in the group of strikers. All of a sudden pandemonium breaks out. What sounds like a gunshot is heard. The someone shouts, "Kill the police." It doesn't take long for the police to respond. Mounted police are soon charging into the ranks of

workers, night sticks flailing, weapons drawn.

The Cadillac doesn't wait around to see what happens. It pulls away, and rather fast. I follow. The car turns up Market until it reaches California Street where it turns. The car pulls to a stop at number twenty-four. The man in the floppy fedora again gets out and moves to the back door, opens it and seems to come to attention while he waits for the passenger to exit. Slowly a cane makes its appearance from inside the car. It is soon followed by a leg, arm and then the complete form of a large fat man. As he rises to his full height I can make out who it is, Marias. J.F. 'Fats' Marias. No one calls him Fats any more. Not because he has lost weight, but because the speaker could lose his life. Marias is Mr. Big of the crime world.

He moves ponderously into the building that says simply "Marias Imports." Most of the "imports" that Marias has brought into this city it would have been better without.

Time: 2 hours

## CLUE 269

I start up the steps of the house at three-thirty Capp street, but I stop at the sight of the open front door and the sounds of a shouting match coming from inside. I approach the door and see a lanky guy with big ears pleading with a taller, tough-looking dark guy. I keep out of sight as he whines, "Brad, honest, I don't know where they are. Ya gotta believe me." The tough guy yells back at him in a voice so strong and furious I can't make out the words. The shouting match begins to turn into a struggle, and all of sudden Lubude yelps and is silent. The guy with the gun runs out past me and heads south on Capp.



## CLUE 270

I knock on the door to Ryan's apartment and get no response. I try the knob and it turns with ease. I push the door open and find myself in a large room filled with oak bookcases, which are in turn filled with books. In fact, the books are running over onto the floor. In the center of the room is a large round table, also covered with books and papers, as is a rolltop desk against the window. I hear sounds of snoring coming through an open door to the left. I look in and see a man sprawled out on a bed. He is fully clothed and snoring like a drunken sailor. I call out his name, but he is dead to the world.

I take a look at the books in one of the cases. The books are in a number of European languages as well as English. The subject matter is mainly history and philosophy, not a Black Mask in the place that I can see. The desk is spread with papers covered with a small pinched handwriting that I can't read. On a stack of books there is a picture of a man and woman,

both wearing big smiles and paper hats, standing in front of an amusement park. Written in the lower right corner is 'Maurice & Doris, Playland 1932.' Both look happy. The handwriting is not the small pinched scrawl to be found on the papers that surround it, but the flowery script of a woman.

"Better and happier days." I turn to see that the once-snoring man is now up and standing in the doorway. "Do I know you?"

He walks across the room to one of the bookcases and pulls out some books. He reaches into the space they leave and pulls out a bottle, after which he replaces the books and walks over to the large round table. "I'm sorry, but I have forgotten your name." He reaches under a pile of papers and pulls out two glasses. "Never mind, I can never remember names. When I taught—did you know I was a teacher?" He holds both glasses in one hand and half fills them from the bottle. "When I taught I could never remember my students' names, I was a brilliant teacher, but couldn't remember their names." He walks over and hands me a drink. "Did you sleep well last night? I know the couch is a little uncomfortable."

"Nice looking woman."

"Yes, she was. A good woman." He downs his drink and pours another.

"What happened?"

"She had an accident. I don't want to talk about it." Another drink goes down and another is poured. He walks into his small kitchen and sits down at the formica table and sets the bottle down. Another drink goes down and yet another is poured.

"You should slow down," I say.

"I would rather be left alone, if you don't mind."

I can see he has entered a phase of drinking that will just cause him to turn more and more into himself. I down my drink and leave Maurice staring into his bottle.

**Time: 45 minutes**

## CLUE 271

I drive a couple of blocks south of Market to the Marquis' house.

The nearest parking place is a few houses down. I park, and am getting ready to open the door when a taxi zooms up and screeches to a halt in front of 1160 Howard. Hal Salsbury pays the driver, gets out of the cab and sprints into the Marquis' back yard almost as quickly as the taxi roars away.

I wonder what the hell's going on. This case has bothered me from the very beginning. Why did Salsbury come to Continental instead of the police? What am I doing on this case? I wait for Salsbury to come back out of the yard. Maybe that'll help shed some light on things.

I wait about ten minutes. The same taxi—there can't be too many drivers licensed who drive a hack like that—comes back. He and I both wait for another five minutes, and Salsbury comes out of the Marquis' front door. He's carrying a large manila envelope that he didn't have when he came in. He doesn't even look around, but climbs into the cab, and it zooms off

again. I stroll on over and have a look at the Marquis' house.

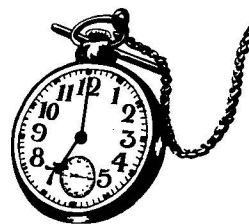
The front door is locked securely, but the back door swings back and forth listlessly in the breeze, the latch broken and the jamb splintered. I check the house thoroughly. I learn a lot about the Marquis, but not too much about this case. The kitchen, bathroom and living room are spotless. It seems that the Marquis was as compulsive about his housekeeping as he was about the quality of his music.

I check his bedroom. Aside from the bed and dresser, there is nothing but a lot of instruments. I open the cases, and find saxophones of all sizes, a battered old trumpet. I open the dresser—nothing but neatly folded underwear and pants, plus a jumble of socks in the upper left hand drawer. The closet contains good quality but well-worn clothes, hanging in orderly rows. I notice a loose floorboard with a protruding nail. A broken rubber band lies a few inches away. I pry up the board, and find—nothing but dirt. The Marquis obviously hid something in here, but there's nothing there now.

I check the yard. It's neatly trimmed, but it's obvious that the Marquis—or whoever kept this garden up—maintained it without putting in more time than was necessary. I head back out to the street.

I walk to the car and can't shake my annoyance. Something here isn't adding up. The more I think about this case, the less I like it. But, like everyone else, I'm not paid to like my line of work.

As I climb into my car, the cops pull up in front of the house. I'm glad I got here when I did. I speed off—no time for small talk.



## CLUE 272

I turn the engine and lights of the Whippet off and let the car coast down the gradual slope to the south windmill. The fog has walked in on its little cat feet and hides the top of the windmill from view. The smell of the sea fills the air and the sound of the waves my ears. There is only one other car in sight and no people. I decide to watch awhile, so I reach into my pocket and pull out a fresh pack of Chesterfields. I take out a fag and light it. I haven't finished even one puff before a taxi pulls up. It stops for a moment and a woman alights. It's Mrs. Czygelstreich. I slouch down in my seat, but Mrs. Czygelstreich doesn't even look my way. She heads straight for the windmill.

I watch her push open the small door and go in. I get out of my car and a man comes out. He is of medium build and wears a leather jacket. It is too dark to make out further details. I move toward the back of the windmill keeping out of the man's sight. It is obvious that he is guarding the entrance. As I reach the back I find myself near a small window. I look in.

Mrs. Czygelstreich is standing in the center of the round room clutching her large purse. The room is lit by two gas lamps. Two men stand against the wall. A young blond man, in a leather jacket, holds a gun. The other is older and his hands are tied behind him. The man with the gun is shouting at Mrs. Czygelstreich.

"I told you to bring the pictures! I told you what would happen if you didn't!"

"I can't."

I move faster around the windmill. I look like I will have to act fast. I get near the door. I can see the man who is standing guard. He has a heater in his hand and he keeps moving his head from side to side, like a nervous cat. I look down at my feet and see a large rock. I pick it up and toss it into the bushes about five feet away. The man hears the noise and moves a few feet towards it. This gives me a chance to get the drop on him. I move up on him and bring my gun down hard on his head. He crumples to the ground. I reach down and pick up his gun and put it in my pocket. Before I can do anything else, a shot rings out. From its muffled sound I know it came from inside the windmill.

I can wait no longer. With rod in hand I rush in. What I find is not what I expected. Lying on the floor is the man in the leather jacket. He is sprawled out on his back, his gun next to him. He has been shot once in the heart. Without question he is dead. Mrs. Czygelstreich is standing, frozen, a gun in her right hand. There is still smoke coming out of the barrel. Mr. Czygelstreich is also standing, frozen, wide eyes fixed on his wife.

"Mrs. Czygelstreich!" I shout. She shakes her head and drops her gun to the floor. Mr. Czygelstreich runs over to her, arms still tied. I go over and cut his bonds with my knife. They fling their arms around each other and kiss. They start talking excitedly in Polish. I can understand a bit of it, but I'm pretty busy trying to figure out what to do. I reach into my pocket and take out my car keys.

"Here, take my car. Go straight down the road for a few blocks and turn left. Two more blocks is a bar. Go in and call the police. Tell them that there has been a murder at the south windmill. When they ask who you are, hang up. Then go back to your hotel and wait for me. Do you understand?"

She nods wordlessly.

"Go!" They run out. I go outside and make sure they get into the car and off alright. I then drag the other man inside. He is still out. If I'm lucky he'll stay out a little while longer. I take Mrs. Czygelstreich's gun and place it in the man's hand. I pick up the rope from the floor and toss it to one side. Everything looks OK. Just in time. I hear the sound of a police siren a few blocks away.

I run outside and hide at the back window. The stage is set. A black police car comes squealing to a halt in front. Right on cue. I look in the window. Damn! The guy's coming to. Why couldn't he stay out a little longer? The police, guns drawn, come running up to the door and kick it in. The guy struggles to sit up and turns, gun in hand. The police shoot, and the man falls, dead.

Another car pull up and two more men run for the windmill. They enter, guns also drawn. One is Joe DaCosta.

"Looks like you got in on the tail end of a family argument, Jones," says DaCosta. These are Fritz and Cosmo, two of the most petty hoods in the city. Looks like they had a falling out. That will make the city a better place to live." DaCosta is walking around the living room, giving it the once-over. He gets to the corner, bends down and picks something up.

"What is it, Lieutenant?"

"A Chinese puzzle box. Must have been left here by a kid. I'll take it home to my son."

I head off into the night for the bus stop.

Time: 10:00 pm

## CLUE 273

"Oh, here you are," says Tommy as I walk into my home away from home. "A chap's been calling you. Said something about you being a reporter. I didn't tell him any different, of course. Said he'd call again. No way to reach him."

Maybe Tom Fitzgerald's wife made me sound worth a conversation. At any rate I have a good excuse to rest my tired feet and have a couple of drinks. I order a bourbon and puzzle on the Hayes question awhile.

I'm on my second drink when the phone rings. It's for me, and I perch on the wooden stool in the phone booth in the corner.

"My Mary said you're a reporter who wants to know about the unions and the Emporium strike. What is it you want to know?"

I don't know if this guy will fall for the same story I gave his wife. But I don't know what else to try. "Yes, Mr. Fitzgerald, I'm doing a story on unions, and I was wondering what you could tell me about the situation in the city's department stores."

"What paper are you from?" he asks suspiciously.

I'm prepared for this one. Most of the unions have strict boycott rules against the Hearst papers. "I'm from the *News*," I say, naming the only local paper with even the slightest hint of impartiality. I sure hope he doesn't start checking my credentials too closely.

"Well, the real news is at the waterfront. We've tried to involve the stores. I'd like us not to stock any goods offloaded by scab labor. But all we can really work for is better conditions and more pay."

"How are your chances of getting them—at the Emporium, for instance?"

"Hayes is a tough negotiator, but I have to be honest and say that he is negotiating. He's made some concessions—not enough, of course, but some—and we're very close to a contract."

"Have you heard about the old man's murder?"

"Sure. I can't say there was any love lost between us, but I don't know who would have wanted to kill him. He was just an old-fashioned, hard-working man who still believed in paternalism where his workers were concerned. You're not trying to tell me that some body's trying to pin this murder on some poor working stiff?"

"No, I haven't heard that at all. Just thought I'd ask."

"This fight is rightly between labor and bosses. But now it seems to be between rival mobsters. I think we're playing with fire. We'd be better off without their strongarm tactics."

"Can you name names for me?"

"Your paper would never print them, and I don't really know anything about you anyway. But I'll tell you this much. I don't trust any of them. That Marias importer is working hand-in-hand with the police and the likes of the Plant and that traitorous Ryan. And Mirabelli is no better. He's trying to infiltrate and use the union for his own purposes."

"Have Marias or Mirabelli been involved in the negotiations at the Emporium?"

"Hey, mister, you're asking an awful lot of questions about the store. What kind of article are you writing anyway?" Uh, oh. I've spooked him. "I guess I can reach you at this number if I want to talk more." With that he hangs up on me.

I throw the rest of my bourbon down my throat, and wave good-bye to Tommy on my way out.

**Time: 1 hour**

### CLUE 274

I walk up to the potted palm that sits next to the Egyptian-styled art deco column, strike a match on Nefertiti's belly and light a Camel. "Hello, Mac," I say to the palm, "how's it going?"

"It's been better."

"So I hear."

"Move to your right, you're blocking my view."

"Trying to spot a pickpocket?"

"No. It's a new girl at the cigarette counter. Did you ever see such a set of jugs? I've asked her out, but no luck."

"A good-looking woman with good taste. I'll have to give her a try. Come on, buy me a cup of coffee. I feel like an idiot talking to a palm."

Hugh MacKenzie comes out from behind the palm. He stretches his neck as he adjusts his tie. It's not hard to see why the cigarette girl turned him down. Hugh is five-foot-four in his elevator shoes and a hundred and thirty-four pounds. His jet black hair is slicked down with hair oil and his expensive suit is two sizes too big, like he was expecting to grow into it. Hugh always wanted to be a policeman but his size nixed it. No matter how unsuited his body for police work, however, his mind is sharp. Right now he is hotel dick for the Bellevue, but the Old Man has been thinking of putting him on at the Continental.

"What brings you here?"

"A couple of guests, the Czygelstreichs."

"The Polacks in three-twelve. Why're you interested in them?" Hugh stretches his neck again to adjust his tie.

"Hugh, did you ever think that if you bought shirts with the right collar size they would feel like they fit?"

"I don't like things tight around my neck. So why are you interested in them?"

"The wife came to us. Looks like the husband's been kidnapped."

"Kidnapped? Why?"

"She thinks it has something to do with some icon

they're taking back to Poland."

"What's an icon?"

"A sacred painting, a religious object."

"You're putting me on. The Old Man sent you down here just to see if I was gullible to fall for something so silly?"

"No, Hugh, the case is all mine, silly or not, and Czygelstreich has been kidnapped."

"Right. What can I do?"

"I hear there was some trouble here the other night."

"Yeah. Blonski, the janitor, was murdered Sunday night."

"Any reason or motive come out yet?"

"Not that I know of. I think Blonski came upon someone trying to break into a room or something and was killed. Hey, Billy, come here." A bellhop turns and comes over to us.

"Yes, Mr. MacKenzie?"

"Have you seen Mr. Czygelstreich?"

"The Polish gentleman in three-twelve?"

"Yes."

"No. Now that you mention it, his wife came down during all the excitement surrounding the murder Sunday and kept saying that her husband was missing. With all the confusion and everything, I don't think anyone was paying much attention to her. I was just heading up to their room now."

"Why?"

"I was taking some snapshots up that the husband had asked me to get developed."

"We'll take them up."

"Well, I don't—"

"It's no problem, is it?" asks Hugh as he digs his elbow into my ribs.

"No! No, not at all." I reach into my pocket and toss four bits into the air. Billy's dexterity would be the envy of a center-fielder as he catches it and flips it into his pocket. He tosses the packet he carries to me.

"Make sure they get them," is his only comment as he walks away.

"Don't know if they'll do you any good, but they can't hurt," says Hugh.

I walk over to one of the gold-painted Egyptian-style chairs that are scattered around the lobby and sit down. I open the packet and look at the photos.

**Time: 45 minutes**

**See Photos on July 11th Daily Briefing**

### CLUE 275

I ring the doorbell a number of times but get no answer.

**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 276

"Yes, I have heard of you. Mrs. Walsh phoned me to complain of your tactics. I must admit that I do not understand why you would be invading her privacy in this matter. It is clear that whatever the relationship was between her and her sister, it was purely a family matter and of no public concern."

"I assure you—"

"No. Let me assure you that if you again invade my client's privacy you and your agency will find yourselves in court." With that, Eckhoff turns and returns to his office leaving me standing in his reception room. His secretary keeps her eyes on the stack of papers before her trying not to share my embarrassment.

"I guess Mrs. Walsh has a lot of clout around here."

"If you had three million dollars you would have a lot of clout also."

"Where did she get it?"

"She chose her husband well. And the late Mr. Walsh chose his parents well."

"Miss Timbellbomb, will you come in here, and bring your pad." Eckhoff's voice crackles over the intercom. She goes into Eckhoff's office, and I go into the hall and out of the building.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 277

I wait forty-five minutes, nothing doin' but the view. But then, a dark blue car with no plates pulls up, and Muzio scurries out and folds himself into the car. It speeds away. I follow half a block behind. They head down Third through China Basin and out onto the Embarcadero. They drive forty, I stick close behind. I see a guy in back turn around and see me, and they start speeding towards the Ferry Building. Sure enough, there's a huge rally right in the middle of the street. With a squeal of tires, they turn, scattering pedestrians and zoom down Commercial street. But I hesitate, and by the time I get to where they made the turn, the crowd has filled in again. I'm not willing to plow through them, so I back up and head down Market. I look all over downtown for the dark blue sedan. Finally I find it ten blocks away, in front of the Mills Building. I park and walk into the lobby.

The elevator bell rings, and the door opens. Out walks Muzio and three guys I've never seen before. Muzio recognizes me, grabs my collar, and holds me at eye level—which means I'm a couple of inches off the floor.

He shakes me. "I thought I told you to get lost. Why'd you follow us here?"

"That's what you think. I'm here to ask Roach the same question I asked you."

He snickers. "Well, I can save you some trouble then. He just left. And you're not gonna follow us anymore, 'cause we're taking you with us."

The three of them escort me out of the lobby and into the dark blue car. No one makes a sound as we drive. All I can do is take a good gander at them as we drive along. Muzio I know. The others: one guy who's real short and dark—looks Italian, wearing a long-sleeved shirt and dungarees. He's in front. The two guys flanking me might be brothers: they both have brownish hair parted on the left, light complexions and strangely humped noses: an accident of birth. They're both medium tall and muscular—and each has an additional bulge on his side that says they're packing gats. I try to keep my teeth from chattering as

I think about what they'll do. We drive down Montgomery, cross Market and head onto New Montgomery. At the dead-end onto Howard, we turn right, and then onto Third. Great, I think, we're going back to Muzio's. But I'm wrong again. We stop right in the middle of the Channel Street bridge. They pull over, and all four yank me out the door and then toss me into the drink. I hear them laughing as they climb back into the car and speed off fifteen feet above me. The water is chilly, and I have to swim about a hundred feet before I can get out. I try to flag down a taxi, but who'll stop for someone that's soaking wet, even if he is waving a bill? I have the same luck with the streetcars—no one will let me on. Finally, I walk back to my car, shivering every inch of the way. By the time I climb in, I've dried off, anyway.

**Time: 2 hours 15 minutes**

### CLUE 278

Just as I'm coming up to his house, Labude comes out. He fidgets and glances about like some high-school chump on his first date. But he's a complete mess: his clothes are torn, and the dull dark blue-yellow of a shiner swells around his left eye.

He's in a hurry, but looks both ways like a good boy and begins walking nervously down the sidewalk.

**If you want to follow him, go to Clue 231.**

**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 279

"I talked to the lawyer in L.A. They said the matter was taken care of. Usinger turned up and the estate was settled."

**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 280

"Sure, we have trucks coming up highway 101 all the time. A lot of our fish comes from Monterey. But Vic, Victor Belmont, was the only driver working on the Fourth."

"Can you tell me where I might find him?"

"You're in luck. I just saw him drive up a few minutes ago. You can probably catch him right out back."

I follow her directions and see a burly man unloading several crates of fish and packing them with ice. "Mr. Belmont?"

He simply nods his head as he teeters on the edge of a sneeze which finally erupts with tremendous force. I introduce myself and ask about Billy and Marianne. The descriptions match.

"They couldn't decide where they wanted to go. First they asked me to drop them off in the Mission, Nineteenth street. But then they changed their minds and ended up going to the bus depot."

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 281

If this your first visit go to .....CLUE 12  
If you want to return go to .....CLUE 74  
If you want to stake out location go to.....CLUE 238

### CLUE 282

If before 1 o'clock go to .....CLUE 115  
If after 1 o'clock go to.....NO CLUE

### CLUE 283

I decide to go in after Caprisci. I creep down the stairs and carefully open the door, which doesn't make a sound. I slip through, and find I'm in a dimly-lit storage room. I walk down the aisle, past some twelve-foot high piles of wooden crates, many of them covered with dust. I nearly jump out of my skin as a group of rats scutter inside the wall. I pass a jumble of boxes that look like they've been left where they fell. I notice a square of bright light off to the right, at the end of another aisle of boxes. I look carefully at it, and see that it's a tiny window in a door. Through the door I can see a painted sign "World-Wide Importers" on a door opening opposite the one I'm looking through. I walk carefully to the door, crack it open, and see that there's no one to the left, but I can't see all the way to the right. I take a chance, and slip through. An incredible burning force shoots through my shoulder, throwing me to the floor. As I lie there, there's another stab of pain, in my thigh. Then I can't remember any more.

I groan and a searing stab of pain arcs through my body. But it's more of an ache, and there is a soft light all around. I open my eyes and find myself in a hospital bed. A nurse scurries in and exclaims, all too loudly:

"Well, you're awake at last. How are you feeling?"

"Horrible. What time is it?"

"11 a.m."

"What day is it?"

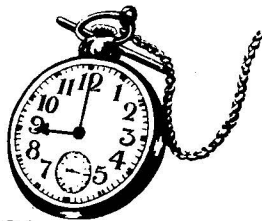
"Oh yes, you were unconscious for some time. You had lost a lot of blood. This is Tuesday, July 10th."

Great. Just great. The Old Man must be besides himself—and I don't mean with ecstasy. I only need to know one more thing.

"How much longer am I here for?"

"Oh," she smiles vapidly, "for another day or so., Doctor will probably let you home late tomorrow, but you'll not be able to move much, I expect."

Wednesday, July 11, 9am



### CLUE 284

I stand and face the fighter from the pool hall. It looks like a movice I once saw about gunfighters in the old west, only we're getting close to playing with fists. I look at those hams and decide to cheat. I reach under my left arm and draw my gun slowly. Big Fists stops. "Hey, you don't need no heat. I'm not gonna break

you. Just stay outta the pool hall," he says, then turns his back and walks back across the street.

I feel pretty stupid since I've broken one of my own rules. I've got a gun in my hand and a man's back in front of me walking away. I shoulder my rod and go looking for a drink.

Time: 15 minutes

### CLUE 285

"Yes, I handled the arrangements for the Doris Driscoll funeral."

"Who's footing the bill?"

"I don't know."

"How's that?"

"The body showed up, and then I received a phone call. They wanted a modest funeral and for me to make the arrangements. The money came in cash by messenger service."

"Which one?"

"I don't remember."

"Was it a man or a woman that you talked to?"

"A woman."

"And she gave no name?"

"No, sir."

I walk over to the guest book and see only two names entered on the Driscoll page. They are Edith Jones and Maurice Ryan.

Time: 15 minutes

### CLUE 286

"Come in, come in. Don't stand out in the hall. You can't get a drink there. Nick Charles waves me into the swanky suite and places a drink in my hand. "Fox has mentioned you to me many times, I'm glad that we have finally met."

"I've been looking forward to it also. I understand that you just got into town?"

"Yes, from Chicago."

"Have an uneventful trip?"

"Nick never has uneventful trips." A woman has come up and grabbed Nick's arm. She is introduced as Nora, his wife. "Did Nicky tell you about the murder?"

"Murder?"

"Yes, when we got off the train here in San Francisco, a Chinaman, who was on the train with us, was murdered right outside the station."

"Yes, says Nick. "He got on the train in Seattle. He had come in on a ship from Shanghai. Found that out by talking to some of the passengers who also came in on that ship and picked up the train in Seattle. Every time I saw him he had a small black bag which he carried like it held the crown jewels."

"Maybe it was," says Nora. "The bag was taken by the murderer."

"You don't know that for a fact," replies Nick.

"Well, it wasn't with his body."

"He could have given it to someone or checked it into a locker."

"Or the murderer could have taken it." Nora looks determined to get her point across. "No matter what happened you're not getting involved. You're retired, right dear?"

"Yes, I agreed." It looks like she is going to get her way. I move on into the room and enjoy the party.

**Time: 1 hour**

### CLUE 287

As I arrive at the Hayes house. I see Bill Hayes coming down the steps and heading for his bright red Packard. I pull up behind the Packard and get out.

"Mr. Hayes! Can I speak with you a moment?" Hayes doesn't answer, but he does stop. "Beautiful car. Wish I could afford one."

This brings a smile to Hayes's face as he looks over his pride and joy. "Yes, it is a good car. I'm thinking of buying a new one, but I should keep this one. It'll be a classic one of these days."

"Roland could keep it polished. Looks great when it's shiny."

"Sure does. I will have to get someone to take care of the cars now that I've decided to keep Dad's. Roland quit. I was hoping he would stay."

"Is that right? It shouldn't be too hard to find someone. I see in the paper that you sold the ranch."

"Yes, the deal will be closed this afternoon. I don't have the..." Hayes stops. For a moment I had him thinking he was talking to an equal instead of a gumshoe. "I'm sorry, but I'm late for work."

"Could you tell me who bought—"

"I'm sorry. My lawyer advised me not to talk about the sale. Now I really must go." I watch the bright red car speed off down the hill. Oh, well, it wouldn't be a practical car for a private detective.

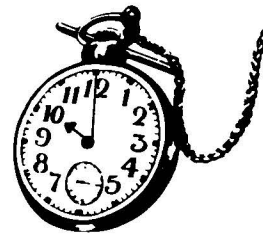
**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 288

I can hear someone bustling around inside three-thirty Capp. Nobody answers the door when I pound on it. I decide to stake it out.

I wait outside and watch. Nothing much happens. I wait some more. Then the door opens and Labude emerges carrying a huge suitcase and a couple of rickety folding chairs. My quarry opens the trunk of a shabby '27 Chevy, dumps in his stuff, and goes back in. He takes one more trip out, carrying a large box and a cheap mattress. He puts the box in the trunk and closes it. He then ties the mattress on top of the heap, hops in and lurches off north on Capp.

I put my car in gear and take off after him. He turns right on Eighteenth and stops a few blocks away in front of five-seventy Alabama. I park on the corner and get a good view of him and a skinny guy with a bad complexion unloading the junk and carrying it into the warehouse. Then the door is slammed shut.



### CLUE 289

"Two-headed snake? On a Chinaman? Like this?" He picks up a pencil and draws a two-headed snake. "Is that it?"

"Yes."

"I've put that design on a few Chinamen. They're members of a tong."

"What tong?"

"Let's see, I made a note of it at one time. Here it is. Wong Won San. Yes, the Wong Won San."

**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 290

He walks at a normal pace down the alley until he gets to Bush. I make my way as quickly as I can, but I try to walk quietly too. I don't think he'd appreciate hearing running footsteps on his trail. I see him turning left down Powell when I get to Bush. He's carrying his bag in his right hand, but he doesn't look very relaxed. He surprises me by jumping onto the cable car going down Powell. I can't jump in, but the car doesn't have far to go before the end of the line.

I follow him down Powell until he passes the Sir Francis Drake Hotel. He gets off at Post and then cuts across Union Square to Geary. I've caught up now, but have to weave through the summer's evening crowds who have assembled in the heart of the shopping area, keeping his hat in sight. Here he's not nearly as prominent as in Chinatown, so I move in on him. I take off my own hat to make me less obvious if he is watching.

He goes down Stockton, crossing over to the other side of the street at O'Farrell. He crosses market and then Fourth street. I come up pretty close to him as he goes into the Burlington Trailways Bus Lines. He makes his way to the ticket window. I can just hear him ask, "Which bus leaves first, the Reno, Sacramento, or Seattle?"

"The Reno bus leaves in five minutes, sir," says the woman behind the counter.

"One," he says quickly, pushing a few bills across to her.

He leaves the window, and goes around to the platform, where the bus is already loading. He takes his bag to the door. I have to decide if I have anything on him that I could use if I try to stop him. Pretty slim, but I should be able to figure out who he is. And I do know where he is going.

I don't go after him, but watch as the "Diese-Liner" pulls out.

**Time: 6:00 pm**



## CLUE 291

I have been sitting at the far end of the table in Van Ness's conference room for ten minutes waiting for the lawyer who only just now entered. Everything in the room shines: the wood paneling, the marble-topped table, the cut-glass lamps and the bald head of Thayer Clayton Van Ness, Jr. He sits at the head of the table, the sun-filled window bright behind him. He says nothing, but merely nods his head as he sits down. He removes his glasses from his inside coat pocket and polishes them until they acquire an acceptable shine.

"I am sorry to hear that one of your operatives was killed while trying to protect my client and friend, Scott Hayes." He places his glasses on and stares straight at me. "I understand that we were all in the dark as to the degree of danger that Scott was facing, but as things turned out I believe it best to let the police handle this matter from this point on."

"I see." I look around, but see no ashtray. I decide to light up anyway. "You must understand our position, Mr. Van Ness." I send a puff of smoke into the clean air and Van Ness to the door.

"Mrs. Williams, will you get an ashtray, please." He sits back down, making it clear that my smoke is unwelcome. Mrs. Williams brings in an ashtray and sets it down next to me.

"Thank you," I say, giving her my best smile. She gives me one in return; Van Ness doesn't. "As I was saying, Mr. Van Ness, one of our men was also murdered, and we plan to continue our investigation."

"You realize that interfering with a police investigation is against the law."

"Don't worry, I don't plan to interfere. Now if you could tell me what you know?"

"I don't know much. Scott Hayes was an old friend of mine. I had been handling his legal affairs almost since he settled in this fair city. These affairs had always been of an ordinary nature. Then last week while we were playing chess—for years now we have gotten together regularly for a game of chess—well, the other night he said that someone had threatened him. I tried to get more out of him, but he insisted it was nothing but an idle threat, a ploy to get his horse, Sundowner. Scott must have thought there was something to the threat, however, despite his protestations to the contrary. I told him to go to the police. He wouldn't hear of it. I finally talked him into hiring your agency. All I know is that he got a call from an unnamed source offering a ridiculously low price for the horse."

"He had no idea who?"

"No."

"Who benefits from his death?"

"I suppose you mean who inherits?"

"Yes."

"I shouldn't tell you, but it will be public knowledge in a few days, and I have a feeling you will continue to pollute my office until I tell you. His son, Bill Hayes, gets everything, but that should come as no surprise. Now, if you will take yourself and your smoke elsewhere . . ."

Time: 1 hour

## CLUE 292

Edith Jones has poured us each a cup of coffee and I have lit each of our cigarettes as we sit at her small kitchen table. Edith Jones is an attractive woman in her mid-thirties. She seems fun-loving and open, a nice person. I like her.

"How long had you known Doris Driscoll?"

"Over twelve years. I first met her when I came here from Detroit. We both worked at the same beauty shop. I was younger then, and I could keep up with her. But over the years she drank more and more, until she couldn't hold a job. That's when we went our separate ways, but we still kept in touch."

"Had she been drinking heavier of late?"

"No. The last conversation that I had with her, in fact, revolved around her wanting to make changes in her life. To stop drinking even. You know it was hard for her as long as Maurice drank."

"Were they uh..."

"Lovers?" she fills in the blank with mock shock.

"Yes."

"As much as two alcoholics could be. An alcoholic loves the bottle first. They fought over money, but again, money was only a means to alcohol."

"What can you tell me about him?"

"He was a professor at the university over in Berkeley. A real egg-head, but it wasn't screwed on right like most egg-heads and he took to drink."

"Did you know about the insurance policy?"

"Not until you told me."

"What do you make of it?" This is a question you should not ask often. It can either make you lazy or give you information that will confuse more than it will clarify, but, as I said, I liked Edith.

"I don't know. I can't say it was like her, but it also doesn't seem that important, just one of those funny ironies of life. You know, a joke that is meant for the gods, not us. Do you know what I mean?"

"I surely do."

"Good! I'm not sure I do. But I do know that all this talk of alcohol has made me thirsty. Care for a drink?"

"Thanks. that sounds good." I knew I liked this woman.

Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes

**CLUE 293**

Herbie Brunswick stares moodily at me across the cup of what passes for coffee at Katy's Koffee Klatch. I could never figure out why Katy spells the name of the joint that way. Maybe she calls the cup of swill she serves "koffee" to keep anyone from suing for fraudulent advertising.

I take a bite of apple pie, which is the reason I'm a regular here. I swallow it rapidly, and say "So the police nabbed you when they grabbed Mirabelli."

"Yeah," he says in that peculiar tone of voice that's a sure sign that the speaker is too stupid to be dishonest. "And then the cops asked me where I was on Thursday, an' I tol' 'em I was with Mr. Mirabelli all night, an' they threw me right into the slammer..."

"Were you with him all Thursday?"

"Sure, I'm his bodyguard, ain't I? Whaddya think?"

"And where was Mirabelli that night?"

"Right with me, of course."

"No, no. I mean, was he home, was he at a friend's, was he at work..."

"Oh yeah, I get what you mean. He was with Monique."

"At Monique's home in Ingleside?"

"Yeah, dat's the place."

"And did he talk with anyone else on Thursday?"

"Well, he talked some with J.J., and some with Joey, and some with Bill, and then some with..."

I wrestle with my exasperation and win. "Did he discuss anything important with them?"

"I dunno. The boss doesn't tell me anything. I just follow him and make sure he's safe."

"Has he argued much with anyone recently?"

"I heard him yelling once over the phone with J.J., but then he told me to forget it so it can't be that important."

"What were they talking about?"

"I'm not sure, an' I don't think I should talk about it, seeing as he said to forget about it. Sometimes I can't do that too easily, though."

"Did he ever argue with Jack Bier?"

"Not that I know of."

"Aren't you there by his side all the time?"

"Oh no. Sometimes I just wait outside his door. I can't hear anything then. Sometimes I just wait in the car, like when he's at Monique's. I don't know what he does then..."

"Can you think of any reason anyone would want to frame him?"

"Nope, but I don't keep up on all that stuff. I just keep everyone away from the boss, unless he gives me the OK."

I desperately try to think of a way to get something useful out of this big oaf. I try one more tack: "Did he ever tell you anyone in your gang wasn't OK?"

"No. Why would he do that? 'Cause why would anyone work around the boss if he didn't like him?"

I'm about to ask whether he means "he" the boss or "he" anyone, but I can see it won't matter. This guy is hopeless. I get up instead.

"Well, I'll see you around. Thanks for talkin' with me, Herbie."

"Sure. Thanks for the coffee and pie. I'm glad you're tryin' to help out the boss. Good luck."

**Time: 45 minutes**

**CLUE 294**

No one seems to be home. There doesn't seem to be any reason to wait around or to break in.

**Time: 15 minutes**

**CLUE 295**

"Haven't seen DaCosta all day. He's out on the Hayes case."

**Time: 15 minutes**

**CLUE 296**

I arrive for this mysterious appointment, and the guy I'm to meet is nowhere to be seen. I wonder how long I should wait around, and ask Ida who it is I'm supposed to be seeing. She flips through her appointment book. "Name's Salsbury. Hal Salsbury."

Never heard of him. "Y'know what he does or why he wants to hire us?"

"No, I don't. I'm not paid to do interrogation. That's the job of you guys. I just turned the call over to the Old Man, who decided that you get the case. He told me to set up an appointment."

"And then he told *me* when it was. Great—you don't know any more than I do. I'll wait around a bit more. Thanks, Ida."

I stride into the closet I call my office, and settle in for what I hope won't be a long stay.

I look down from my window into the foggy street below and fantasize about the people I see scurrying by—what passions they suppress, what secrets they harbor, what crimes they contemplate, or even commit. That old lady clutching a package—what does she have to hide? That man with the crooked nose hurriedly getting out of a Yellow Cab and crossing the street—what is he running from? That young Japanese girl in the blue kimono—what atrocities has she witnessed? Over the years, I've come to learn that if you dig deep enough into anybody's past—anybody in this city at least—you're bound to find something astonishing. And when I'm lucky someone pays me good money to uncover the mysteries that I would only dream of otherwise.

Someone has entered the outer office and is talking to Ida. It could be another customer. Or it could be a bill collector.

"Oh yes, he's here. Go right on in that door."

"Thank you. Thank you very much." The voice of the man walking into my office is not familiar. But the face is. It's the man with the crooked nose I had just seen in the street below. For some reason this unsettles me.

"May I—?" He moves toward a chair.

"Oh, of course. Make yourself comfortable."

He sits down and crosses his legs. He is in his forties and has limp black hair that refuses to stick to the sides of his head even though he has applied a liberal amount of pomade to it. He is of medium build, slightly taller than average, and wears a classy gray pin-striped suit that has been tailored to fit him

perfectly. His complexion tells me he spends most of his time indoors. His most notable feature, in fact the only part of him that caught my eye when I saw him out the window, is his nose, which is overly long and which takes an abrupt left turn about half an inch from the tip.

He seems relieved to be alone in the office with me. He pulls back his sleeve and looks at his wrist, but he has no watch. "Do you know what time it is?"

I point to the clock on the wall. "Couple minutes to three. Are you in a hurry?"

"Oh, no, just wondering, that's all. I need to talk to someone, and I want to be sure he's at a certain place so you can meet him. You'll understand better when I explain."

"Yes, I think so. Go ahead. From the beginning."

He pats his clothing in a mock search for a package of cigarettes that he knows he doesn't have. I offer him one and give him a light. He takes a long drag before he begins.

"It's actually kind of peculiar and I'm not sure if you can help me at all. My name is Hal Salsbury. I'm a music producer. Own a recording studio over on Grove street. Strictly jazz—swing bands, small combos. You like music?"

"Sure, who doesn't?"

"Then maybe you've heard of one of the boys in my stable: Marquis de Young. Real hot property. Can blow the pants off any saxophonist west of Kansas City. And writes his own songs, too. He's making a real name for himself. His records sell like hotcakes in New York. He sometimes plays the clubs around here. Ever heard of him?"

"Yes, I've read about him, heard he was very talented. Can't say that I've caught his act, though."

"Well, I won't hold it against you. He really hasn't caught on in the mainstream yet. It's tough for a colored guy. A lot of places still have an unofficial "no coloreds" rule and they don't let him play in certain parts of the city. But if you're good enough, one day they'll come begging for you. And he's good, believe me. Brilliant. Not too often you can find a composer who can improvise like he can."

"These brilliant guys, sometimes they're a little . . . unstable up here, you know. The Marquis, well, he's suffering from paranoia, if you ask me. He always thinks someone's out to get him."

"You mean kill him?"

"Yeah, or so he says. Sometimes, he just acts really worried. He told me that it's gotten so bad he can't play in front of people anymore."

"He performs regularly then?"

"Oh, sure. No one can make a living off records alone."

Except for record producers, I think—but I keep my yap shut. "Where does he play?" I ask instead.

"Oh, a bunch of different clubs. I don't keep track of them all, in fact, I hardly ever see him play outside the studio. But I do know that he plays regularly at the Club Alabam. In fact, he was there last night. But to get back to this obsession of his. He spends a lot of his time watching others. Says that playing takes so much of his attention that he can't see outside of the music."

"See outside?"

"Do you play music?"

"No. Can't say that I do."

"Neither do I. But I know enough musicians so that I think I know what he means. You see, playing any sort of music—especially jazz and especially if you're improvising—takes a lot of concentration. You have to be listening to what the others are doing, and you have to watch what you're doing, of course." I'm beginning to be annoyed at this guy's rambling, but he's paying, so I'll listen. He continues, "... the bottom line is that if you can't keep your mind on what's happening with the sound, you can't play music. And that's why I'm worried."

I break in. "Mr. Salsbury, I'm not a head doctor. Has he seen one yet?"

"Have you ever tried to convince someone to do that? The Marquis' just like everyone else, he won't admit he's crazy. And he and I are just business associates."

"So why are you coming to me?"

"There may really be something hanging over the Marquis' head. I don't think there is, but he won't believe a word I say. He asked me to hire a detective to find out who is threatening him. The way I look at it, I'm not wasting my money. If you find out he *is* in danger, let me know and, of course, I'll notify the proper authorities and take care of it. If it turns out that all your sleuthing can't turn anything up, I'll tell him that a professional investigator couldn't find any threat. Who knows? Perhaps it'll put his tortured mind to rest."

I hesitate. I don't trust anyone who uses that many smiles. "Forgive me, Mr. Salsbury, but what exactly is your interest in all this?"

"You don't understand, do you?" He spells out his logic as if he's talking to a kid. "When the Marquis can't play, he can't record. When he can't record, I can't sell records. The man is one of the most brilliant musicians I've ever heard, and I hate to see him so . . . disturbed. And . . . he is the biggest money-maker among my artists. Of course it's in my interest to make sure he's OK. But you have to talk to him. "He won't talk to me. He's in a state. He's scared. Reassure him and get what ever information you can out of him. Right now he's at studio putting the final solo on a on a recording he made weeks ago."

"Putting a solo on a record?"

"It's an old trick. The whole band and all the other soloists were recorded down in Los Angeles. We wanted the Marquis to play on the date, but he couldn't make it. So we did the whole thing, but left the sax part out. Then we bring the master recording up here, play it in the studio, and have him play his part over the recording. Then we record him and the master recording playing together, and the final product sounds like he was playing with the whole band down in L.A. It's a standard technique." He starts getting ready to leave. "Please," he adds, "I'd like you to talk to him now, before he goes home for the rest of the today."

Before Mr. Salsbury leaves, I grill him for the crude facts. The saxophone player's full name is Jackson de Young. His nickname is "the Marquis." The name of the studio is Salsbury Recording Studio at thirteen-seventeen Grove street. Salsbury lives at twenty-seven-and-four Scott street and would be there if I needed to talk to him again.

**CLUE 297**

If before 1 o'clock go to .....CLUE 159  
 If after 1 before 6 go to .....CLUE 2  
 If after 6 o'clock go to .....CLUE 57

**CLUE 298**

If before noon go to .....CLUE 1  
 If after noon go to .....NO CLUE

**CLUE 299**

Meet the Quinn Tavern is one of those bars with a lot of crazy things nailed to the walls. Tricycles, street signs, old strange musical instruments, telephones eleven feet in the air, political posters, you name it, it's there. There's even a garish show-card in one corner explaining in detail who Quinn is or was. I don't bother reading it.

The woman at the bar smiles at me, and I order a Coke. No use drinking seriously—I've got too much work. In response to my questions, she says yes, they do employ exotic dancers. She's bemused when I say I've got to talk to one...she's probably heard that line a few thousand times before. I ask if there's a Monique or Alicia there. She says she doesn't know one, but that there's a pair of new dancers who were hired a few days ago, and she doesn't know their names. She advises me to come back tonight, as all the dancers the club hires are in its weekend show. I leave her with some thanks and my change.

Time: 30 minutes

**CLUE 300**

HAVE HEARD THAT  
 BIER'S KILLERS CAN  
 BE FOUND AT 214  
 28th AVE. THEY WERE  
 BROUGHT IN FROM  
 OUT OF TOWN. BE  
 CAREFUL.

MARINO

Time: 15 minutes

**CLUE 301**

My ringing of the bell again brings the butler, who makes it clear that he is as tired of seeing me as I am of seeing him.

"I have told you, sir that Mrs. Walsh..."

"I know, but will you please give her this note." I hold out a folded sheet of paper for him to take. The butler looks at it as if it is a personal note from Typhoid Mary. He takes the note between his thumb and forefinger—I almost expect him to hold his nose as he carries it in. "I'll wait for an answer." I reply to his unasked question.

The note says: If you don't want to talk to the police, then talk to me.

A moment later the butler is back holding the door open for me. "If you will follow me, sir." I follow him down a side hallway into a glass-enclosed conservatory at the back of the house.

"Mrs. Walsh asked me to make certain you got a drink if you wished one." He make it clear it's not his idea.

"I'd love one, thanks for the offer." Nothing more insulting than ignoring someone's insults.

"Mrs. Walsh doesn't allow alcoholic beverages in her house. Would you care for lemonade?"

"A woman after my own heart. I never touch alcohol myself." I walk over to the serving cart where the butler is standing and take my lemonade. I hate lemonade. "Delicious," I say, smacking my lips. "What's your name?"

"Wilbur, sir."

"Been with Mrs. Walsh long?" I ask as if making small talk. Maybe I am.

"No, sir."

"Does she have many servants?"

"Only myself and my wife, sir." Wilbur makes no effort to hide his annoyance.

"Have you ever heard the name Doris Driscoll?"

"No, sir."

"That will be all, Wilbur."

"Yes, madam."

"Doris was my sister." Mrs. Walsh has enter the room. There is no question they are sisters. Judging from the photo I saw, they look practically identical. "Would you please tell me the meaning of your note."

She moves over to a large wicker chair that is surrounded by large ferns and sits down. There is no chair nearby, so I continue to stand holding my lemonade while I form my thoughts.

"I have been hired by the insurance company to investigate your sister's death."

"What does that have to do with me? I have not seen my sister for years. I haven't even talked to her in ten years. I've paid for her funeral out of a sense of duty, but I am not hypocritical enough to attend the funeral. I know nothing of my sister's affairs, her insurance or anything else, and I will not have grubby little men coming into my home and threatening me when I have done nothing wrong. If you have any questions for me, I suggest you take them up with my attorney, Robert Eckhoff. Wilbur!"

Wilbur arrives instantly. "Yes, madam."

"Show the gentleman out!"

"Yes, madam."

I put down my lemonade and follow a smiling Wilbur.

**Time: 45 minutes**

### **CLUE 302**

Driving along the grimy waterfront row of Burlingame, I come down Bayswater and see a small, weatherbeaten enamelled sign for Lucky's Tavern.

I enter and a few of the patrons look up at me. The bartender is a thin, nervous man. I sit down and order a glass of beer. One of the regulars yells at him "Hey Lucky, c'mere!" and off he scurries. His actions remind me a bit of a rat in a maze. Whatever luck he had seems to have left long ago.

He goes back to the time filler of bartenders everywhere; polishing glasses. I ask him if he employs dancers. He says yes, certainly, and points to a small stage sitting in the very back of the bar. A few dusty spotlight fixtures are bolted into the ceiling, and there's a cigarette-stained beaten old upright in the corner. I ask him which nights and he says they'll be a revue tonight starting at nine.

He excuses himself and scurries off to mix some outlandish concoction of rum, banana mash, Coca-Cola, grenadine syrup, canned pineapple, and a quater of a jigger of bitters. I hope its recipient is drinking it as a dare and that there's a lot of money riding on his being able to down it.

He returns to talk to me, and I ask him if a dancer named either Monique LaSalle or Alicia works here. He says no, he's never heard of her, and he knows all the women working because he hires them. I ask him if any of the dancers use a few different names, and he says yes—that's possible, although he calls them whatever they tell him to and he never asks about their real names as he pays them in cash only. I finish my brew, and thank him profusely, leaving a sizable tip—even though he's the owner.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### **CLUE 303**

"All I know about the Hayes murder is what I read in the paper. I was hoping you could tell me something."

**Time: 15 minutes**

### **CLUE 304**

I knock on the door to twenty-two. No answer. I put my shoulder to the door and force. The door gives easily and I'm in the apartment. It is empty. Practically no traces of the occupant except a mattress with some greyish sheets and some newspapers. The closets have

been cleaned out, but the three forlorn coat hangers suggest there wasn't much time for the occupant to pack.

**Time: 25 min**

**Fingerprint: Clue 76**

### **CLUE 305**

If after 4 and before 7 go to ..... **CLUE 4**

If before 4 or after 7 go to ..... **NO CLUE**

### **CLUE 306**

"Nah, I've heard nothing about Hayes. You know I would tell you. I'm sure it's no one in Mirabelli's gang."

**Time: 15 minutes**

### **CLUE 307**

I have no relative named Harry Nelson. Surely, you must realize that 'Nelson' is a common name."

**Time: 15 minutes**

### **CLUE 308**

If before 2 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE 189**

If after 2 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE 322**

### **CLUE 309**

I'm sitting in my car filling its ashtray with cigarette butts when I see the bright red Packard of Wilhelm Egbert Hayes pull up in front of the Mills Building. I add another butt to the pile and sit up straight in the seat. Hayes hops out of his car and almost skips across the sidewalk into the building. Seems to be in a good mood.

No sooner is he in the building than a long black Cadillac pulls up and takes the space right behind Hayes's car. Two men get out of the front and move to the back door of the car which one of them opens. A large man, using canes, slowly works his way out. Neither man helps him—he doesn't indicate he wants any. The man slowly moves towards the building and the two other men follow.

Once they are in the building I get out of my car and walk over to the black Caddy to look at the registration attached to the steering column. The car is registered to Jannos Marias, 50 Shoreview, San Francisco. I run into the Mills Building and up the stairs to the fourth floor. I get there just as the man with canes exits the elevator and goes into Van Ness's office.

**Time: 45 minutes**

### CLUE 310

"Yes, we have an Edith working here. Edith Jones."

"Is she here?"

"No. She asked for a few days off. A good friend of hers died and she was upset."

"Can you tell me where she lives?"

"She's in the phone book."

**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 311

I knock on the back door of Cohn's shop, and a moment later the door opens."

"What the hell do you want?"

"You heard that Blackie was killed, right?"

"Yes."

"Have you heard anything about it?"

"Not a word. I liked Black. He was a straight arrow. But no, I've heard nothing in my circle."

"How about Scott Hayes?"

"No, I've heard nothing. I'll let you know if I do."

**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 312

If this is your first visit go to .....CLUE 60

If you want to return go to .....CLUE 31

### CLUE 313

If before 4 o'clock go to .....CLUE 123

If before 6 and after 4 go to .....CLUE 112

If after 6 o'clock go to .....CLUE 210

### CLUE 314

If before 3 o'clock go to .....CLUE 144

If after 3 o'clock go to .....CLUE 166

### CLUE 315

If before 5 o'clock go to .....CLUE 2

If after 5 o'clock go to .....CLUE 57

### CLUE 316

If first visit is before 3 o'clock go to ...CLUE 22

If first visit is after 3 o'clock go to .....CLUE 42

If you want to return go to .....CLUE 28

### CLUE 317

I walk the couple short blocks to Lindeman's and see a swarm of black squad cars parked at various angles blocking the street and each other. Lanza struts back and forth with bullhorn in hand. I spot my old friend McGreedy and am headed over to say hello when the doors burst outward and several men pour out amid the confusion which Lanza is so good at creating. They jump into cars and speed away amidst shouts and bullets.

Several cop cars manage to untangle themselves without any serious mishaps and hightail it after the jewel thieves. McGreedy is only a few paces away. He shouts above the din, "Hop on in, gumshoe, I could use the company!"

**Time: 30 minutes**

**If you would like to hop in with McGreedy  
go to Clue 197**

**If you do not want to join McGreedy go to Clue 242**

### CLUE 318

Blackie's apartment is a lot like mine. Bare. Functional. Two chairs. A lamp stand beside one chair. A newspaper lies on a footrest by the chair with the lamp. The ashtrays are all full. There's a bed, unmade, with a bottle on the nightstand. Two glasses, unused. A not-too-clean shot glass next to the bottle. There is a small photo of a pretty young woman and a little girl in a wood frame. They both have the same blond hair.

His closets have a couple of shirts, a brown suit, a wool jacket, a couple of pairs of shoes, worn. A battered dresser under a mirror has an array of circular stains where years of bottles, glasses, and cups have been set down on the wood. Thirty cents in pennies, a collar button, a matchbox from The Hunter's, and a spare car key are in a cracked porcelain dish on top. The bureau contains underwear, a couple of collars, a sweater, a box of .38-caliber bullets. Bottom drawer for dirty laundry.

**Time: 30 minutes**

### CLUE 319

"Augustine hasn't lived here for over three years and I have no idea where he is."

**Time: 15 minutes**

### CLUE 320

"Get up, you idiot!" A large black boxer is standing the center of the ring dancing around the prone body of a white boxer. "OK, hit the showers, Ray. We'll do road work tomorrow. These bums aren't going to cause you to even work up a sweat."

"Hi, Nick." I sit down next to Lucas. "Where is everybody?"

"Don't you read the newspapers? There's a strike on." Nick gives me one of the looks he usually saves for his slow-witted pugs.

"I didn't know the boxers went out."

"They get hired by both the bosses and the strikers as strong-arm men. They spend most of the strike beating each other's brains out. What can I do for you?"

"Have you heard that Scott Hayes was killed?"

"Yeah, they wrap the sporting section with the news. Doesn't surprise me."

"Why not?"

"Sundowner. His horse. A good race horse is worth more than a man's life."

"To who?"

"You want a list?"

"You got one?"

"Meet me at the Sevilla Club tonight at seven with a C-note and I'll give you a list."

**Time: 30 minutes**

### **CLUE 321**

"Yes, we made a delivery to the Butler Funeral Home. It was a cash payment sent by Mrs. Nora Walsh of 2202 California Street."

**Time: 15 minutes**

### **CLUE 322**

"Yep, you missed the main race. Some folks might've been suprised, but I knew Sundowner would win. I'm sure you'll have plenty of opportunity to see him again."

**Time: 1 hour 30 minutes**

### **CLUE 323**

I have no relative named Harry Nelson. Surely, you must realize that 'Nelson' is a common name."

**Time: 15 minutes**

### **CLUE 324**

"Oh, sure, I know Millani. But I haven't seen him in a few months. He got some sort of live-in job, as a chauffeur, I think. So he moved out of here. But you might try him at his girl's place. Her name is Opal—real pretty name for a pretty dame. The last name is Kinney or Kennedy. Something like that."

**Time: 15 minutes**

### **CLUE 325**

If before noon go to .....**CLUE 170**

If after noon go to .....**CLUE 33**

### **CLUE 326**

"The two-headed serpent is the symbol of the Wong Won San. It's a tong that operates out of Canton. They bring in opium. Not too popular with the American Chinese."

"Did you know Sam Lee?"

"He was a small fish. Just a runner. His death doesn't matter."

"Who killed him?"

"I don't know, but I know who gave the order."

"Who?"

"Wu Fang."

**Time: 15 minutes**

### **CLUE 327**

"I'm sorry sir, but Mr Van Ness will be out all afternoon. He is attending the funeral of Mr Scott Hayes and will be calling upon Mr Bill Hayes afterwards. If you care to make an appointment."

**TIME: 15 minutes**

### **CLUE 328**

"Yes, we supply Mrs. Walsh's domestic personnel."

"I understand that she recently hired a new butler."

"Actually she hired Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Tibbets, he as butler, she as cook and domestic."

"Did she have servants before?"

"Yes, a lovely couple, Mr. and Mrs. Evans. I just placed them with the Von Asches."

"Did she say why she replaced them?"

"No, and of course we would never ask."

**Time: 15 minutes**

### **CLUE 329**

"The Lindeman jewels haven't shown. I would think whoever has them would want to unload them. I called L.A., Denver, New York, Chicago. No word anywhere. Very strange. Can't explain it."

**Time: 15 minutes**

### **CLUE 330**

If before 2 o'clock go to .....**CLUE 141**

If after 2 o'clock go to .....**CLUE 64**

Meet the Quinn Tavern is jumping tonight. A whole room full of people are joking, yelling, whispering come-ons and maybe, who knows, even meeting the elusive Quinn. And I'm in luck, the stage area is bare under the spotlights, and a knot of colorfully costumed women are talking to a cigar-smoking man in shirtsleeves.

I walk towards them and as I get close a tough-looking guy at the corner table calls over to me. "Whaddya want, bud?"

I walk over to him. "I need to talk to the owner."

"Wait here a minute." He gets up and walks over to the knot of people on the other side of the stagefront. He says a word or two to the cigar smoker, who nods. The tough comes back and says "He'll talk to you in a bit." Then he turns on his heel and strides over to the bar to collect a drink.

In a minute the owner walks up to where I'm sitting. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm looking for a dancer name of Monique or Alicia—could be either."

"Can't help you there, buddy. No one of either name works for me."

"Could I talk to your dancers anyway?"

He eyes me critically. He's about to say no, but I beat him to the punch. "Look, I'm not just a customer. I'm from the Continental Detective Agency, and I'm here to check out an alibi. One of your dancers may know the woman I'm looking for..."

I show him the badge. He takes a look at it, then nods assent.

I walk quickly over to the group and stop a few feet short. "Monique!" I yell. One of them, a pretty slim redhead in a glittery blue showgirl's getup, turns around and looks at me and then quickly turns away. I take a step towards her, and say under my breath "The boss sent me 'cause he couldn't get away. It's about Mirabelli. Where can we talk?"

She stops for a minute and leads me into one of the five small dressing rooms backstage. She closes the door behind her. I feel her anger building.

"You idiot! Why the hell did you use that name when I told J.J. to forget it!? And..." She stops in mid-sentence as she realizes her mistake. I try to keep poker-faced during her unwitting revelation. I never was very good at cards. She squares off with me.

"Who the hell are you? And how'd you find me?"

Time to get tough. "You don't know my name. You don't need to. I'm not a cop. I'm a private dick, who's keeping clear of the cops as much as possible. But I need to find out a few things from you. I'll make it worth your while."

"Suppose I'm not supposed to talk with anyone?"

"Then I'll be forced to call the cops. Accessory to murder is a pretty heavy thing to talk your way out of."

Her chin quivers with fear. She's just a little fish who's just been pulled out of a big scummy pond. She's too small to keep, and wants to be tossed back.

She composes herself, and says in a soft voice, "OK, you got me. I'll talk, but only under two conditions."

She's taking a big chance; she has no way of knowing whether or not I have the evidence to get the cops to hold her. I have no delusions about this mess: I need to know her tale. So I play along:

"What conditions?"

"First, you really do have to make it worth my while." She pauses expectantly.

I smile at her and pull out a twenty. She snickers. "I'm a big girl now. I can make lots more money than that for much less work."

"OK, another twenty." I put it out on the table. She shakes her head.

"Three more, and you got a deal."

Great. This is gonna cost me three figures. But if you're playing big league you gotta pay, and even though she herself is small-time, she sure knows the roster. I only hope the Old Man's willing to fill the gap this is going to make in my wallet.

With a sigh, I put another sixty into the pot. I hope her hand's worth seeing.

"OK." She's cool as the proverbial cucumber, and I'm sitting there wilting like last week's salad. "Condition number two. No word of anything I say gets back to J.J."

"Sure. I don't even know the guy." I lie. She looks at me suspiciously.

"I don't trust you at all." She hesitates, and it looks like I'm about ready to lose it all, when she brightens up. "Wait a minute. You're packing a gat, right?"

"Yeah."

"I'll talk, but only if you put the safety on and aim it at my head."

"Insurance, right?"

"Right. This way, if it gets back to J.J., I'll just tell him I was forced to at gunpoint. And there'd be no percentage in you lying about it, 'cause you'll get your information, and there are no witnesses to our little talk."

"Fine, but suppose one of your friends comes into this closet and finds me pointing a gun at you?"

"We won't be bothered. I just got done dancing a set and I'm not due on for another hour. Plenty of time, unless you want my whole life story."

"OK, it's a deal." I fish out the gun and point it square at her pretty little forehead. "First off, what's your real name?"

"Look, you don't need to know that. I've gone through three different names and two different hair colors in the past four days. My real name doesn't matter. I never use it."

I might need to come back to the point later. "OK, we'll let that one go by. How do you know J.J. and where did you meet Mirabelli?"

"I used to be a waitress at one of his restaurants, a bar and steak place on Post. He was a good boss, but I didn't get along with Smythe, the manager. And the tips were getting worse and worse because Smythe kept raising the prices. So I couldn't make ends meet, and went back to working the streets. I was doing OK until a cop nabbed me. I needed a lawyer, and then I remembered that J.J. was one, so I placed my one call at the jail to him."

"I told him I was broke, but he took the case anyway. I get the impression that he's done that sort of case before; he hardly prepared at all, and did a great defense, and got me off on a technicality. After the trial, he took me aside and told me he had some work for me that would be perfectly legal and would make me a lot of money. Although being arrested was no piece of cake, I didn't mind how legal it was; but I needed the

money, so I asked him what the job was.

"He told me that a friend of his was lonely and needed some companionship. He pointed out that it would basically be what I had done before, but he would give me a place to live rent-free and let me have a hundred and a half a month spending money. I accepted of course—I'd be a blockhead not to. I asked what else would be involved. He told me that I should never tell his friend about the agreement, as that would hurt his pride. No problem. Then J.J. told me that I could not tell anyone else, either—and I haven't, until you pulled the gun on me."

It sounds like she believes our little fabrication wholeheartedly already. She could've been a great actress. I try to move things along a bit:

"So Mirabelli was the friend..."

"Of course," she replies. "After that, he set me up in the city..."

"The Sargent Street apartment, right?" No use letting her think I'm a slouch.

"Right. And stop interrupting me, or else I'm not talking."

"So I settle in at Mrs. FitzGerald's place, and then J.J. holds a big party. He briefs me beforehand, and introduces me to Frank Mirabelli. As directed, I make goo-goo eyes at him, and he falls for it like a house of cards in a hurricane. Pretty soon he's seeing me once, twice a week. It settles down into a regular schedule. Mondays and Thursdays. I don't really like Mirabelli that much, he's obnoxious and old enough to be my father. But two nights a week, plus keeping J.J. posted, is worth a room and a C note and a half."

"Anyway, I get this urgent call from J.J. just after Mirabelli leaves on Friday morning. He tells me that the police have picked Mirabelli up for murder, and tells me to clear out without leaving a trace. I didn't want to see any more cops, so I dye my hair, start calling myself Francie, and move down to Burlingame. J.J. hasn't called me since then."

I look at her incredulously. "Don't you read the papers?"

"Why should I?"

"Because the murder the police nabbed Mirabelli for happened while Mirabelli was at your house."

Her mouth forms silently into an "O," but she keeps quiet until I continue.

"So it looks like your friend J.J. had something to do with all this. You're the only person, aside from the killer, who knows Mirabelli's innocent."

She has no trouble at all putting two and two together. "Look, buddy, if you think you're gonna drag me into court to bat for Mirabelli, you're stupider than you look, and that's not possible. You sure as hell want me to take a lot on faith—I haven't heard anything about no murder. Anyway, I don't care how cold it seems to you, but I'd rather have J.J. as a friend and and Mirabelli on ice than have J.J. against me because I testifies in court. He's smarter than anyone I've ever met. I'm not going against his plans."

"What about your telling me this?"

She stops and focuses her eyes on mine. "That's different. There's a world of difference between my taking a C-note from you in private with no witnesses and my going before a court for nothing and double-crossing J.J. It doesn't matter what you think, I know

the people who own this bar, I know Mrs. FitzGerald, and I know J.J. They'll all cover for me. You're not a cop, you can't hold me, and the cops won't help you: they don't want me as a witness because they want to hang Mirabelli too bad, and you can't get them to hold me. It's no crime to spend an evening with someone stupid enough to get himself framed. Those are the facts. You know it as well as I do. In fact..." A sudden realization lights up her pretty face in a way that's far from attractive.

"Listen, lug. I don't need to talk to you any more. I gave you the info I said I would. I've earned this." She picks up the pile of bills and stuffs it into her bodice.

"Now get out of here. Or else I'm gonna call my friends and have them show you out. And they're protective. Real protective. Now get."

I shake my head. It's a ridiculous scene. I'm holding a loaded rod on a slim, scantily-clad showgirl who's taken my money, and she's ordering me to leave. She speaks up. "Go on. Or do I haveta raise my voice a bit? What are you gonna do? Try to grab the money? I'll tell them you're tryin' to grab me. You could shoot me, but you ain't got the guts to do that, and you'd never make it out of here."

I think a minute. She's right. One scream and the place would be crawling with her goons, and I wouldn't have a leg to stand on if I start waving the gun around. She's got me beat. I turn around, ready to give her a blistering insult. But then I hold my tongue. I don't like anyone making a monkey out of me, but there's no percentage in starting a fight. I snort and plunge out through the curtains into the front, and then storm out the door.

**Time: 2 hours**

**CLUE 332**

If this is your first visit go to .....CLUE 59

If you would like to return go to .....CLUE 226

**CLUE 333**

If before 2 o'clock go to .....CLUE 192

If after 2 o'clock go to .....CLUE 237

**CLUE 334**

If before 8 o'clock go to Clue 157

If after 8 o'clock go to clue 272

**CLUE 335**

"I don't know what's going on with the Lindeman jewels. I hear they're right here in the city. I got a call saying they would be available for delivery in a few days. Don't know what that means."

"This may sound dumb, but has anyone brought you any Chinese puzzle boxes?"

"Dumb is the word. Fritz and Cosmo, a couple of small-time toughs, came in a with a box full of them. I tell you, those two couldn't pour water out of a boot with the instructions on the heel."

"Any idea where to find them?"

"They usually hang out at Rafael's."

**Time: 15 minutes**

**CLUE 336**

I have no relative named Harry Nelson. Surely, you must realize that 'Nelson' is a common name."

Time: 15 minutes

**CLUE 337**

Department of Motor Vehicles CLUE 366  
Police CLUE 295

**CLUE 338**

If before 2 o'clock go to .....CLUE 110  
If after 2 o'clock go to .....CLUE 100

**CLUE 339**

"Lindeman's? Check out a Clifford Burke. I hear he may have been involved."

Time: 15 minutes

**CLUE 340**

If before 8 o'clock go to .....CLUE 78  
If after 8 o'clock go to .....CLUE 11

**CLUE 341**

If before 5 o'clock go to .....CLUE 211  
If after 5 o'clock go to .....CLUE 29

**CLUE 342**

If this is your first visit go to .....CLUE 119  
If you would like to return go to .....CLUE 19

**CLUE 343**

The police have the residence sealed off. I don't want to have to explain what I'm doing here, so I leave without approaching them.

Time: 15 minutes

**CLUE 344**

If before 2 o'clock go to .....CLUE 21  
If after 2 o'clock and before 4 go to .....CLUE 124  
If after 4 o'clock go to .....CLUE 50

**CLUE 345**

If before 11 or after 3 go to .....CLUE 187  
If after 11 and before 3 go to .....CLUE 67

**CLUE 346**

Rob Bannon .....CLUE 23  
Call from Denver Office .....CLUE 221  
Messages.....CLUE 91

**CLUE 347**

If before 1:30 go to .....CLUE 200  
If before 2:15 and after 1:30 go to .....CLUE 269  
If before 3 and after 2:15 go to .....CLUE 202  
If before 5 and after 3 go to .....CLUE 278  
If before 7 and after 5 go to .....CLUE 249  
If after 7 o'clock go to .....CLUE 288

**CLUE 348**

**If before 5 o'clock go to Clue 152**  
**If after 5 o'clock go to Clue 37**

**CLUE 349**

If before 10 o'clock go to CLUE 203  
If before 11 and after 10 go to CLUE 266  
If after 11 go to CLUE 388

**CLUE 350**

If before 6 o'clock go to .....CLUE 37  
If after 6 o'clock go to .....CLUE 106

**CLUE 351**

If before 7 o'clock go to .....CLUE 299  
If after 7 o'clock go to .....CLUE 331

**CLUE 352**

If before 1 o'clock go to .....CLUE 106  
If before 5 and after 1 go to .....CLUE 215  
If after 5 o'clock go to .....CLUE 343

**CLUE 353**

If before 7 o'clock go to .....CLUE 264  
If after 7 o'clock go to .....CLUE 213

### CLUE 354

- If before 8 o'clock go to .....CLUE 302  
If after 8 o'clock go to .....CLUE 253

### CLUE 355

- If before 5 o'clock go to .....CLUE 327  
If after 5 o'clock go to .....CLUE 263

### CLUE 356

- If before noon go to .....CLUE 108  
If after noon go to .....CLUE 343

### CLUE 357

- If before noon go to .....CLUE 63  
If before 4 and after noon go to .....CLUE 46  
If before 7 and after 4 go to .....CLUE 114  
If after 7 o'clock go to .....CLUE 175

### CLUE 358

- If before 7 o'clock go to .....CLUE 107  
If after 7 o'clock go to .....CLUE 68

### CLUE 359

- Park Map .....CLUE 239  
Lucky Lewis .....CLUE 164  
Windmill .....CLUE 334

### CLUE 360

- Phonograph records .....CLUE 131  
Saints .....CLUE 150

### CLUE 361

I watch the red Packard pull out of the driveway and carry Bill Hayes down Twenty-fifth avenue. His departure is soon followed by that of the remaining police cars, with Vera Roberts in the back seat of one. The last of the diehard reporters dash for their cars, off to chase the cops or another story.

The estate is now quiet. This might be a good time to give the place the once-over without anybody looking over my shoulder. I start to get out of the car when I see Roland come out of his apartment and dash down the steps and into the garage. Gone are the jodhpurs. In their place the chauffeur now sports a checkered suit and no hat, just his black slicked down hair, looking for all the world like he's heading out for a fast night on the town despite the fact that it's barely noon and

he's just stumbled upon a dead body not twelve hours before.

A second later the shiny black Marmon is pulling out of the garage and heading for the street. Should I follow Roland or check out the grounds?



- If you wish to follow Roland go to Clue 378  
If you wish to enter the Hayes estate go to Clue 261

### CLUE 362

I quietly close the door to one-fifty-two Powell behind me and face a steep dingy stairway. I grab the grimy handrail and climb to the top of the stairs and find myself in a narrow and dingy hallway. Lining the hallway are doors with frosted glass windows, their painted black numbers barely visible through the layers of dust and dirt that cover them. The door directly across from me at the top of the stairs is labeled 'Building Manager.' I try the knob and the door opens. I enter an office that continues the dingy and grimy motif of the hallway. The small office contains a desk behind which sits a large man in a suit two sizes too small. His feet are on the desk and his large chair is doing service as a recliner. The man's eyes are shut and he is breathing heavily. I rap my knuckles on the grimy glass.

"Yeah, what do you want?" I can't tell if his eyes have opened. The office is so dimly lit it would make little difference.

"I'm looking for a friend. She came into this building a few minutes ago. Raven black hair, pale skin, large red lips. Know her?"

"Yeah."

"Where can I find her?"

"Room one-o-one. The front office at the end of the hall."

"What does she do?"

"I thought you said she was your friend?"

"I lied." I pull a dollar bill from my pocket and snap it a few times between my hands. I know his ears are working.

"She rented the office yesterday. Said her name was Alice Smith. Said she was an interior decorator. Said she would be opening an office in the next week. Paid cash for a week's rent."

"Thanks." I let the dollar fall to his desk and shut the door. I walk down the hall and stop at the door labeled '101.' I can hear someone moving around inside. I decide not to show my hand at this time so I move away from the door and back down the stairs.

**Time: 30 minutes**

- If you wish to keep the office under surveillance go to  
Clue 198

# CLUE 363



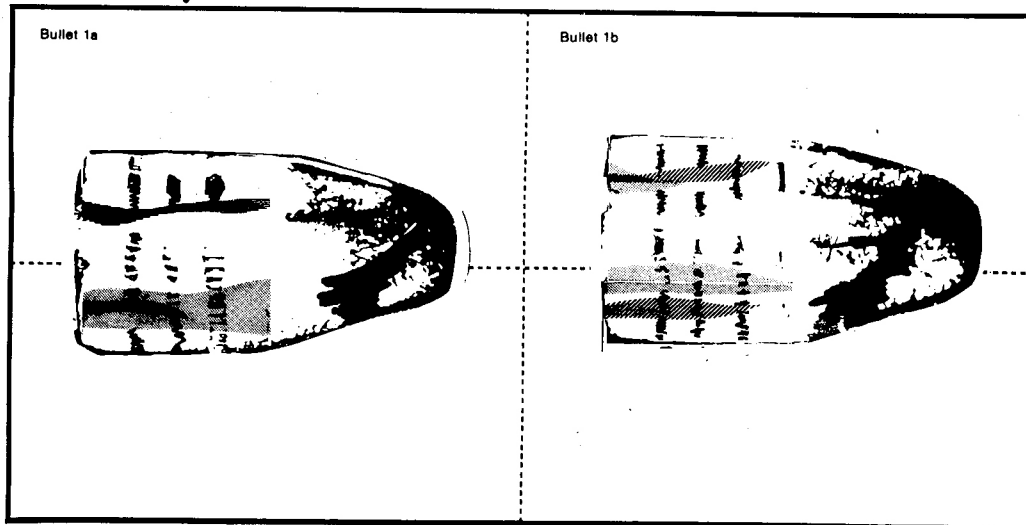
## LABORATORY REPORT ON EXAMINATION OF EVIDENCE

Victim: McGee, John Date: June 23, 31 Case No. 2456-D2  
 Description: John McGee, a white male, was found shot in his  
apartment at 34 West 25th Street. Police report was received  
at two am.

### EXAMINATIONS MADE

Description of crime scene: Victim was found in his two bedroom apart-  
ment which he shared with his sister, Deloris. His sister  
reports hearing a shot at 2 am, she went to his bedroom and  
found him dead. She saw no one at scene, but window was open.

Bullet:		Composition:	<u>lead</u>
Shape:	<u>Round</u>	Base Contour:	<u>hollow</u>
Weight:	<u>228g.</u>	Other Marks:	<u>NA</u>
Calibre:	<u>45 Cal.</u>	Twist:	<u>NA</u>
Cannelures:	<u>grooves</u>	Pitch:	<u>20/10</u>



Firearm: Yes: \_\_\_\_\_ No: ✓ Test Bullet: Yes: \_\_\_\_\_ No: ✓

a. Calibre: _____	d. Type: _____
b. Make: _____	e. Serial: _____
c. Model: _____	f. Finish: _____

Test performed by:

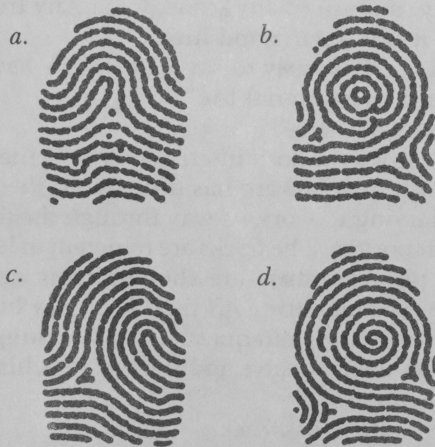
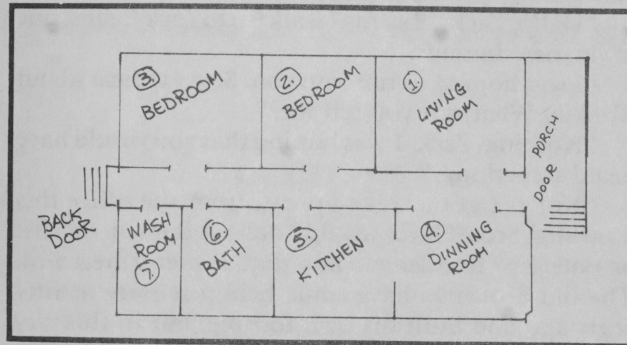
James R. Robinson Lt. SLPD.

### CLUE 364

If before 11:30 go to.....CLUE 370  
If before 12:15 and after 11:30 go to.....CLUE 361  
If after 12:15 go to .....CLUE 261

### CLUE 365

Fingerprint *a* is found in all rooms of the house. Fingerprint *b* is found in the dining room (4) and the bedroom (3). Fingerprints *c* and *d* are found in bedroom (2) and the dining room (4). The bathroom (6) has all four prints.



Time: 2 hours, 30 minutes

### CLUE 366

"Hello, Brady. You don't look like they're working you too hard today."

"I don't suppose this is just a friendly social call. Why is it I never see your ugly mug except when you have a favor to ask?"

"I don't want to spoil you."

"I'm trying to track down the owner of a black caddie, thirty-two or thirty-three, license six-five-three two-four-four. Can you tell me who holds the keys?"

"Shouldn't be too tough. Let me check it out for you."

I cool my heels on the hard wooden bench and try to interest myself in today's *Call-Bulletin*, but as my eyes close I don't fight it. My head jerks up when Brady calls me over to his desk.

"Here's the dirt you want. The car belongs to a Duncan Ferguson. His address is listed here as three-

oh-four-five Franklin."

"Thanks, Brady. Remind me to buy you a drink sometime."

"I can't keep up with how many you owe me."

Time: 30 minutes

### CLUE 367



Time: 45 minutes

### CLUE 368

I have hunch this guy's up to something, but I know that mouse-gray jacket hanging there is the one I was following. I decide to stay and keep an eye on the man at the bar. I finish my beer and am about to order another when the man I'm watching gets up, says good-bye to the bartender and heads for the door.

"Hey, what is this! My jacket's gone. That son of a bitch took it!"

He turns an indignant and accusatory stare on the barkeep who merely shrugs. "Sorry, Mack. We can't be responsible for those things. He musta known what he was doing."

The irate customer tries on the gray jacket. It's a tolerable fit, and he wears it as he leaves.

I'm cursing myself for not following my hunch. But then I get an idea. I can see the unwashed shot glass from the man who left first. "Hey, Bud," I say to the bartender, "mind if I take that glass?" As I speak I push a fin his way. As he grins his acceptance, I pick the glass up with a pen and prepare it for fingerprinting.

Time: 30 minutes

Fingerprint: Clue 195

### CLUE 369

I have just lit a cigarette and readjusted my back hoping to find a more comfortable group of bricks when two black cars pull to a stop in front of me. The doors fling open in unison and men start pouring out, men that I recognize, police. The three plain-clothes officers from the first car run back to the second car where three men jump out of the back seat and join the others. Only two of the men from the second car are police. I've done enough bodyguard work to know that the second man out of the second car is being guarded by the five policemen. Don't know who the VIP is, but he must be someone important since one of the cops is Captain McCabe.

McCabe gives the area the once-over as the others rush the man into Herbert's Hotel. McCabe's eyes meet mine, but if he recognizes me he doesn't show it. After everyone is inside the cars pull away. Quite a show. Wonder what it's about.

The sun is low in the sky and the street lights have come on, but the office at one-fifty-two Powell street remains dark. I can see that my prey is still there. I can see her dark form standing by the window, the glow of her cigarette growing alternately brighter and dimmer like a lighthouse beacon.

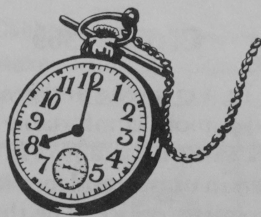
I am just about to move to the diner on the corner, when, from around the corner comes the black Marmon. It pulls to a stop across the street from me. Roland is at the wheel. Seated next to him is a large man whose features are lost in the shadows. In a moment the woman exits one-fifty-two and gets into the back seat. I dodge a cable car, which for a moment blocks my view of the Marmon, and make my way across Powell to my car. The Marmon is pulling away from the curb as I pull myself behind my wheel and start my engine.

It's not hard keeping the Marmon in sight once we're on Market street heading toward Twin Peaks. The Marmon turns right onto Duboce with me on its tail. It speeds up Duboce for a few blocks and then turns sharply onto Walter where it stops immediately. I continue on past the Marmon and pull up into the driveway of one of the darkened houses in the middle of the block. I decide to chance it and leave the car in the drive while I walk back down the block and see what I can see.

Walter street is a block of two-story single family houses mostly built before the earthquake. As I cross the street Roland and the woman are getting out of the Marmon. There is no sign of the other man that I saw on Powell street. I pull my hat down over my eyes and walk toward them. I wish I had a dog with me so I didn't feel so conspicuous, but they pay me no attention. I stop to light a cigarette and eavesdrop on their conversation.

"I'm going to take the car back. I'll see you sometime tomorrow night." Roland walks halfway up the walk with her. They stop and he gives her a kiss—a kiss of familiarity not of passion—on the cheek. Roland heads back to the Marmon as the woman moves up the walk to number ten Walter. Before getting in the car Roland calls out. "Opal, call Al and fill him in. Talk to you later."

The woman enters the house and Roland starts up the Marmon.



If you want to follow Roland go to Clue 246

## CLUE 370

I pull my car up to the curb across from thirty-four Scenic Drive and turn off the motor. The Hayes estate

is still a bee-hive of activity; police cars come and go; reporters crowd the driveway trying to stop the exiting police cars with their shouts, hoping to get the latest information for their readers.

I can see Roland woking in the garage where the black Marmon has been replaced by a yellow Cadillac. I look at my watch; it is ten-thirty. I light up a cigarette and wish I'd brought some coffee with me to help pass the time. I decide to get out and take a walk around to the front of the estate. A six-foot stone wall runs the length of the estate's street frontage. Its only opening, other than the driveway, is a small gardener's gate. From the coat of rust that covers it, it seems it wasn't much used. I walk down the street toward the driveway and the pack of reporters gathered there.

"Hello, Zack," I say as I walk up to Zack Evans, one of the newshounds.

"I was hoping to run into you. Sorry to hear about Blackie. What can you tell me?"

"Nothing, Zack. I was hoping that you would have heard something."

"Not I. I got a wake-up call from the office this morning. Scott Hayes would not have been on any list of potential murder victims that I've ever heard of. The old Scot may have come here just forty or fifty years ago and built his own fortune, but in this city that practically makes him old San Francisco money. Top society, no hint of any scandal. . . . Any truth to the rumor it was a gangland hit?"

"Could be. Too early to say, but it does have the earmarks of a professional hit."

"You must know—"

The honk of a car horn interrupts Zack's question. A large, bright red Packard has turned into the driveway and is trying to work its way through the throng of hungry reporters. The hacks are reluctant to let him pass. The photographers are shoving their cameras toward the car and setting off their flashes, while the reporters are shouting out questions to the young man who remains unresponsive and impassive behind the rolled up windows.

"Who's that?" I ask Zack.

"Hayes's son, Bill. Only child. Been running the Emporium ever since the old man retired."

A police officer comes down from the front porch and clears the reporters from Bill Hayes' path, enabling the car to speed up the driveway to the front steps where it comes to a stop. Hayes gets out and is greeted by one of the cops who is accompanied by a colored woman.

"Who's the woman?" I ask Zack.

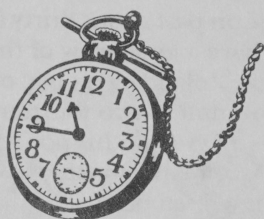
"Vera Roberts, the maid. Been with the old man for over ten years."

We watch the threesome walk inside before Zack continues, "Look, I'm going to run down to the police station. Nothing's going to happen here. If you're free tonight I'll stand you to a dinner at Vanessi's, around six. We can compare notes. What do you say?"

"Can't promise. Don't know how my day will go. If I can I'll meet you there."

Zack heads for his car and I do the same. I get behind the wheel and light another cigarette. The sun is reaching its noon position and nothing much is happening. I yawn and wonder if I can afford to close my eyes for a few moments when I see young Hayes come out and stand on the front steps. He looks around the grounds

for a moment and then walks up the drive and talks with Roland, the chauffeur. They converse for a few moments, and then young Hayes moves back toward his car and is soon heading down the driveway through the thinning group of reporters.



If you wish to follow Hayes go to Clue 377  
If you wish to continue surveillance go to Clue 361

### CLUE 371

The station is abuzz with talk of the Lindeman holdup. Joe DaCosta has the day off, and no one there is interested in talking to a private dick.

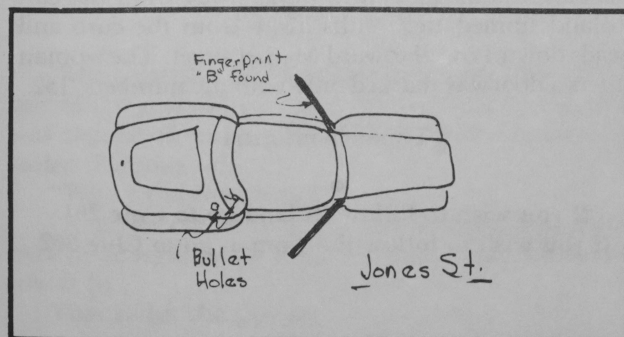
Time: 15 minutes

### CLUE 372

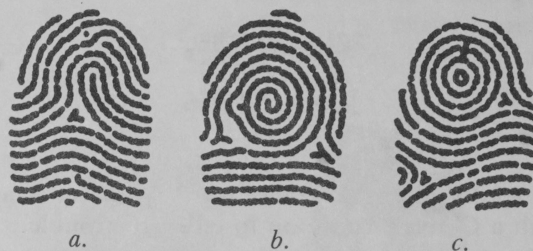
Park Map .....CLUE 239  
Lucky Lewis .....CLUE 164

### CLUE 373

I find the abandoned car parked at Bernard and Jones. The two bullet holes in the rear of the car confirm that it was one of the Lindeman's getaway cars.



The steering wheel and door handles have been wiped clean. Most of the prints found throughout the car are fingerprint *a*. Fingerprint *b* is found on the starter and fingerprint *c*, badly smeared, on the radio.



Time: 1 hour, 15 minutes

### CLUE 374

"I haven't seen Dollie for days."

Time: 15 minutes

### CLUE 375

The Sevilla Club is large and noisy. Its shiny dance floor is surrounded by small round tables lit by small candles in red holders. I see Nick sitting at a table in the back. He is alone. I walk over and sit down across from him. The C-note I lay on the table disappears before I even notice Nick's hand sweep across.

"It better be worth it, Nick. If I go to the Old Man and tell him I dropped a C-note, I'd better have something good to give to him."

"Have I ever let you down?"

"Last summer. The O'Neill murder case. I was—"

"I squared it with the police, didn't I? Didn't I?"

"OK. What do you have?"

"Well . . ." Nick removes a pack of cigarettes from his coat pocket and offers me one. I take it and he lights one for himself. I am not feeling a great deal of confidence that my hundred dollars is going to buy me a lot. After Nick fills his lungs with smoke and drains his glass of bourbon, he starts to earn his pay. "No one's talking, but I've been able to put a few things together. It wasn't local talent that was used, that I'm sure of. Who imported them, I'm not so sure of."

"Let's start with a motive. Do you have one of those?"

"That's the easy one. Sundowner, the old codger's race horse."

"You sure?"

"Sure, I'm sure. Now, I've made a list for you. Each name on the list has been nominated as a possible suspect. Unfortunately, there is not unanimous agreement on any one of them."

"Who's done the nominating?"

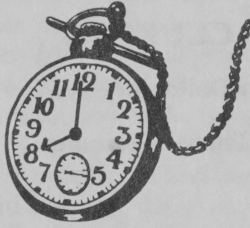
"Can't tell you that. That's how I earn my C-note." Nick takes a folded piece of paper from his pocket and lays it on the table. He stands and puts his hat on, pulling the brim down over his eyes. "Read it after I'm gone. You paid for the list, not for questions. Keep your eyes open. Hate to lose such a good source of income."

Nick moves into the darkness of the club's rear and is gone. I open the folded piece of paper and read

Nick's list.

FRANK MIRABELLI  
T.C. VAN NESS  
JANNOS MARIAS  
EDDIE KRELL

I refold the list and place it in my pocket. Was it worth a C-note? Too soon to tell. The trouble with information obtained from informants is that you don't know how to weigh it. Where did Nick get this list? Why did the people who gave him his information do so? No, there is no way to short-cut an investigation. All I've probably bought with my C-note is more work.



### CLUE 376

The *Jenny Lee* is a thirty-foot wooden-hulled boat common to the San Francisco Bay. The deck is orderly and the boat as a whole appears well cared for. The door to the cabin is secured by a padlock which takes me a only a minute to pick. I strike a match and light the lamp that hangs in the center of the cabin. The chaos of the cabin's interior is in sharp contrast to the orderliness of the deck. A small wooden table lies broken in one corner. There are at least three whiskey bottles on the floor, one of which is broken. Near the table is a small pool of blood. An examination of the broken bottle shows it is covered with blood.



Time: 1 hour

### CLUE 377

I follow Bill Hayes to ten-twenty-three Broadway. He parks his car and lets himself in with a key.

Time: 15 minutes

### CLUE 378

The Marmon pulls out of the driveway and heads down Twenty-fifth avenue. I give it a few moments'

headstart before I turn the corner and start my tail. Roland is about half a block ahead of me when I get onto Twenty-fifth. He turns right onto Lake street and stays on it until he reaches Twenty-eighth avenue where he make a left. By the time I make the turn, Roland has pulled the Marmon over to the curb and stopped. I drive on past about thirty feet and then pull over myself. I have a good view of the Marmon in the rear view mirror. Roland has gotten out and is heading up the walk to number two-fourteen.

He removes a key from his pocket and lets himself in. The house is a small two-story stucco structure like the ones that have been popping up all over the Richmond District over the last five or six years. The bottom floor is a garage with a two bedroom house sitting atop it. Roland is inside for less than five minutes when he comes out carrying two suitcases. He is followed by a woman carrying a hat box and two coats.

Roland makes straight for the car. He sets one of the bags down and opens the back door of the car and puts the cases in; the woman does the same with her load. Roland runs back up the walk and into the house. The woman waits, impatiently. She has lit a cigarette and is smoking it in quick puffs while she taps her foot. She appears to be in her early thirties, and even from this distance I can make out the heavy make-up, bright red lips, pale skin and raven black hair. She tosses her cigarette onto the ground and grinds it out with her left foot as Roland comes back out. He stops to lock the door and shouts something to the woman as he heads for the car. He is carrying a small package about the size of a shoebox under his arm. The woman opens the door on the front passenger side and slides in. Roland gets into the driver's seat. They exchange a few words before starting the car and heading off down the street. I wait until the Marmon pulls across California before I take off after them. He stays on Twenty-eighth until he reaches Geary where he makes a left. I do the same.

The traffic is light as we head downtown and stays that way until we cross Van Ness. I close the distance between us so I won't lose them. Roland stays on Geary until he gets to Powell street, and there he makes a right turn. I close in on him as he pulls to a stop in the one hundred block of Powell. I watch as the woman gets out. She opens the back door and removes a suitcase from the back seat. Without a word to Roland she closes both doors and walks away from the car. Roland immediately pulls away from the curb and heads down Powell toward Market street. The woman enters a doorway marked only with the numbers '152.'

Time: 45 minutes

If you wish to follow Roland go to Clue 251  
If you wish to follow the woman go to Clue 362

### CLUE 379

If before 3:30 go to .....CLUE 373  
If after 3:30 go to .....CLUE 208

### CLUE 380

I've been cooling my heels outside the Hayes estate for an hour while nothing has happened.

Time: 1 hour

### CLUE 381



Time: 1 hour

### CLUE 382

"Edith? Yes, we have an Edith Greene here. She's just finishing up with a customer. Why don't you have a seat and I'll let her know you're here."

I thank her and take a seat. The fumes of untold varieties of hair preparations and the whirring drone of a row of hair dryers make me appreciate the simplicity of an old-fashioned barber shop—and remind me that I could use a haircut. About the time I've finished flipping through my third magazine filled with ads for beauty aids and displays of all the latest styles, a pretty redhead walks over to me with a towel in her hands.

"You wanted to speak with me?"

"Are you a friend of Doris Driscoll's?"

"I'm not familiar with the name. Is she a customer here?"

"No, I guess you're not the Edith I'm looking for. All I know is that she works in a beauty parlor near here. Thanks for your time."

Time: 30 minutes

### CLUE 383

"Have you heard?" DaCosta greets us. "We found one of the getaway cars used in the Lindeman job. It was registered to an Ernest Loeser who reported it stolen Tuesday night."

"Where did it turn up?"

"Near the corner of Jones and Bernard. If you get over there right away you can check it out before we tow it in."

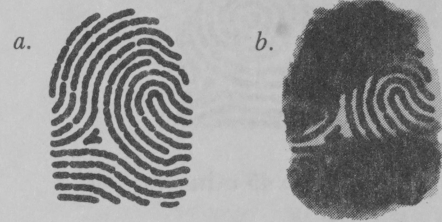
Thanks for the tip, Joe."

Time: 15 minutes

### CLUE 384

I know it's a longshot, but I'm not exactly swamped

with leads. I find two fingerprints. One, *a*, is on the inside of the door on the fifth floor stairwell, and the other, *b*, is lifted from the inside of the door leading to the roof.



Time: 1 hour

### CLUE 385

I've looked through a half dozen magazines, bought one and some gum, and endured the nasty looks of the store owner for another fifteen minutes when the guy they call 'Pimples' comes out with a big-eared guy who'd just gone in a few minutes earlier. I decide to follow them as they head north on Mission.

They take the first right onto nineteenth and stop in the middle of the block. I can't hear what they're talking about, but they don't seem to be in complete agreement. The conversation doesn't last more than a minute or two. Then Pimples walks up the steps to number thirty-three-twenty and the other man continues down nineteenth and turns left at Capp.

Time: 30 minutes

If you want to follow the man go to Clue 255  
If you want to place house under surveillance go to Clue 392

### CLUE 386

"Could you tell me where your car was taken from?" My interview with Ernest Loeser is taking place in the hallway of his apartment house. Loeser is a tall man in his late thirties and seems a little annoyed at my questions.

"Why can't you get this information from the police?"

"I have talked to the police. I just need to clarify a few points." I give him my most sincere smile.

"I had dinner at the Columbus Cafe Tuesday night. When I got out, my car was gone."

"Where had you parked it?"

"I parked on Pacific, right off Columbus."

"And you have no idea who took it?" This question does not sit well with Mr. Loeser.

"What kind of question is that? I have done nothing wrong. I still haven't gotten my car back, it's full of bullet holes and I have some jerk accuse me of some . . . Well, I don't have to stand for this." He's right and there is nothing I can do to stop him from going back into his apartment.

Time: 30 minutes

**CLUE 387****Time: 45 minutes****CLUE 388**

From the outside anyway the Alabama street warehouse looks pretty much like a lot of the buildings in this neighborhood of print shops, industrial laundries, asbestos manufacturers, metal works, and the like. But this place has a neglected, unused look.

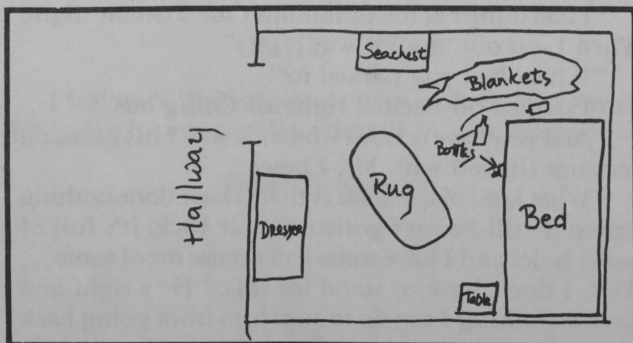
I decide on the direct approach and knock on the door. I'm hoping that even if nobody opens it, I'll be able to hear some stirring about if anyone's inside. Silence. I don't seem to have even disturbed any mice.

Before trying to pick the main door's lock I try the metal sliding dock door. It's not latched and slides up noisily. There's no one around to notice, but if you look like you're supposed to be there people seldom question anyway.

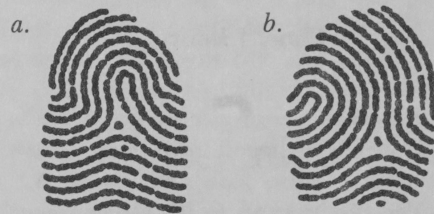
I find myself in a dirty, empty warehouse—empty, that is, except for a small pile of things bearing a strong resemblance to the junk I saw Labude moving out of his place Friday night. A mattress is lying on the floor against one wall. A few lengths of rope, with knots and frays, lie on the mattress and on the floor nearby.

**Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes****Fingerprint: Clue 394****CLUE 389**

Morris Zeager's small one-room apartment is sparsely appointed. I fingerprint the whiskey bottle and dirty glasses with the following results:

**Time: 1 hour****CLUE 390**

Fingerprints *a* and *b* are found throughout the apartment.

**Time: 1 hour, 15 minutes****CLUE 391**

"Dollie! No, she wouldn't be here yet, the bars are still open." The landlady is holding a glass in her right hand as she tries to steady herself against the doorframe with the left.

"Any idea which bar?"

"I don't know, but it can't be too far away for the shape she comes home in."

**Time: 15 minutes****CLUE 392**

I have been watching the house for an hour and the only thing I've noticed are the stares of passersby.

**Time: 1 hour****CLUE 393****Time: 1 hour, 15 minutes**

### CLUE 394



Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes

### CLUE 395

I knock on the door of the office at the end of the hall. I hear some whispering before a woman says, "I'm sorry, we're not open yet."

"I'd just like to ask you a few questions."

More whispering.

"I'm sorry, I really can't speak with you now. Good-bye."

Time: 30 minutes

### CLUE 396



Time: 1 hour

### CLUE 397

"Nick? Why are you looking for him here? Your best bet would be Tanforan. I'm sure he wouldn't miss today's race."

Time: 30 minutes

### CLUE 398



Time: 2 hours

### CLUE 399

"Dollie is the one having a good time in the corner," says the bartender in response to my question.

"Give me a bourbon and whatever she's drinking."

I take my two drinks over to the table where Dollie Fitzgerald has obviously been for awhile. "Mind if I join you?"

As soon as her bloodshot eyes focus on the drink I've brought for her I can see I'm welcome. After a couple more drinks Dollie's tongue seems to be pretty well lubricated.

"What can you tell me about Clifford Burke?"

"That good-for-nothing bum. Stood me up on the Fourth. Said he was gonna show me a real good time. All that talk of big money, I shoulda known it was all a bunch of baloney."

"What do you know about him?"

"Not much. He's just like a hundred like him. Blew into town a few weeks ago. Said he had something real hot lined up. Talked big. Now he's probably feeding the same lines to some other dame in LA."

"Do you know anything about any of his friends?"

"No, I never met 'em. It was always just the two of us."

"So you don't know where he is?"

"Skipped town if I know his type. I went by his place, and the manager said he'd cleared out. I sure know how to pick 'em."

I buy her another drink and leave before she can tell me about her other bad picks.

Time: 1 hour

### CLUE 400



Time: 1 hour

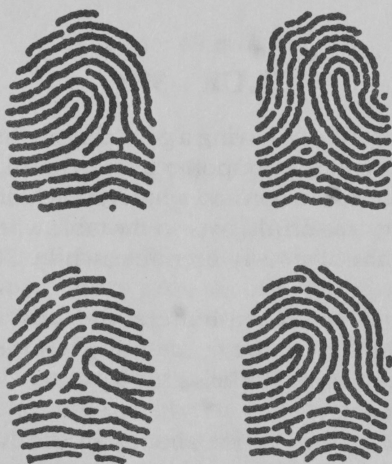
### CLUE 401

I don't really expect to find much in the office, but I'm curious about this set up. The building has that deserted feel of office buildings at night. The dirty frosted glass window at the end of the hall is dark, but as I'm about to try the door I can hear someone moving

about inside. I'm not in the mood for any needless confrontations tonight. I decide to leave and try again later.

Time: 15 minutes

#### CLUE 402



Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes

#### CLUE 403

"Is the owner in?" I ask the smiling young woman behind the counter."

"No, I'm sorry, he's not. Could I help you?"

"Yes. In the near future I will have a lot of printing work to be done. I would like to look over your equipment to see if it would be suitable. Do you mind?"

"Not at all, sir, but you will have to make those arrangements with Mr. Sherman, and, as I said, he is out at the moment."

"Oh, I'm sure he won't mind." I move toward the unlocked swinging gate designed to let the polite public know where it is to stop, but I'm not polite so it couldn't stop me.

"Need some help, Alice?" asks a large man who has just moved his muscular body into the doorway that leads to the back room. He holds a greasy rag and a shiny wrench. He could stop me. I turn and head for the door letting Alice know that I'll come back when the boss is in.

Time: 20 minutes

#### CLUE 404



Time: 1 hour, 15 minutes

#### CLUE 405

I don't find Oscar Erickson's name on any of the mailboxes at seven-eighteen Masonic so I ring the manager's bell. A buzzer soon answers my ring and I push the door open. At the end of the hall, in an open doorway, stands a woman in a baggy, pale blue housecoat with her hair in curlers. A cigarette hangs from the corner of her mouth.

"What can I do for you?" she asks. She's mastered the art of talking while her cigarette dangles precariously from her mouth.

"I'm looking for Oscar Erickson. Does he live here?"

"That deadbeat. No, he skipped owing me two months' rent. He promised me he would have it to me on the fifth. Had some big deal cooking and would be rolling in bucks. Told me that Tuesday, haven't seen him since. So I rented his room today and put all his stuff in the basement."

"All his stuff?"

"Yeah. He was in such a hurry to get out of here he didn't even pack. Granted, all his stuff put together ain't worth two bits to me, but if he ever shows his face again, he'll have to pay his rent to get his stuff."

Time: 30 minutes

#### CLUE 406

The hallway is deserted and the room behind the dirty frosted glass window is silent. I easily pick the lock and let myself in. The room is empty of human occupants, but if it's not cleaned up soon it will surely have a very fat and happy population of ants, roaches and assorted other creatures who find the crumbs of sandwiches and grease a feast. The wastebasket is filled to overflowing with sandwich bags and coffee cups. The whole room is littered with old coffee cups transformed into ash trays with cigarette butts floating in old coffee dregs. I hope the office manager has a good janitor to get the place ready for the next "interior decorator."

Time: 15 minutes

Fingerprint: Clue 381

#### CLUE 407



Time: 2 hours

### CLUE 408

If before 4 o'clock go to .....CLUE 3  
If after 4 o'clock go to .....CLUE 17

### CLUE 409

I walk up to the modest white stucco house at eight-fifty-six Corbett. It is like all the other houses on this nondescript block. The only thing that varies is the color of the stucco. The door is opened seconds after my ring by a short nondescript man wearing very thick glasses. He looks up at me and apparently finds me distasteful because he wrinkles up his small round nose and frowns.

"Mr. Sherman?"

"Yes."

"The Mr. Sherman who owns Universal Press?"

"Yes."

"Could I talk to you?"

"Yes." He steps aside and waves me into the house. I walk into the nondescript living room and find a young woman seated in one of the chairs. She gives me a big smile. I return it. That's the last thing I remember before the ton of bricks came down on the back of my head. When I come to, I'm the only one in the house and I feel like a pretty nondescript private eye with a very sore head.

Time: 3 hours

Fingerprint: Clue 26

### CLUE 410



Time: 1 hour, 45 minutes

### CLUE 411

"Mr. Krell isn't here. I'm his foreman. Can I help you?"

"Can you tell me where he is?"

"Buenos Aires."

"Argentina?"

"Yes. He goes there every year to buy horses. Won't be back for another six weeks."

"When did he leave?"

"Last week of May."

"Have you heard of the Hayes murder?"

The corners of his mouth turn upward ever so slightly. "Yes. That will make the boss happy. Terrible thing to say, but they hated each other. Mr. Krell thought that Hayes was just a dilettante. Been trying to get his ranch for years."

"Have any idea who might want Hayes dead?"

"No. I didn't have any dealings with him. He and the boss had a big blow out in March. I thought the boss might kill him, but he sure has an alibi for this one."

Time: 1 hour

### CLUE 412

I slide into the booth next to Zack who is working on Vanessi's famous Caesar salad. He speaks first. "I started without you."

"That's OK. I don't have time to eat. I'll just have a drink with you while you give me the low-down on the Hayes murder."

"Oh, I thought you were going to tell me all about it. All I know is that it looks like a professional hit. Probably out-of-towners."

"Zack, you tried to con me. You know I already know that."

"I thought you might know more."

I pay for my drink and leave before Zack tries to stick me with his dinner tab.

Time: 30 minutes

### CLUE 413

It takes all my lock-picking skills to open the back door of the print shop, but what I find explains the good security. The presses were turning out U.S. Postage stamps. Everything from three cents to ten dollars.

Time: 1 hour

Fingerprint: Clue 417

### CLUE 414

"Why don't you change out of those sidewalk rags and work up a sweat for a little while. You've been looking a bit flabby lately."

"Thanks, Dolph. Just what I needed to hear. Is Nick around?"

"No, I haven't seen him today. I'll tell him you were looking for him."

"See you."

"You really should come in for a workout, you know. It'll do you a lot more good than talking to Nick."

Time: 30 minutes

### CLUE 415

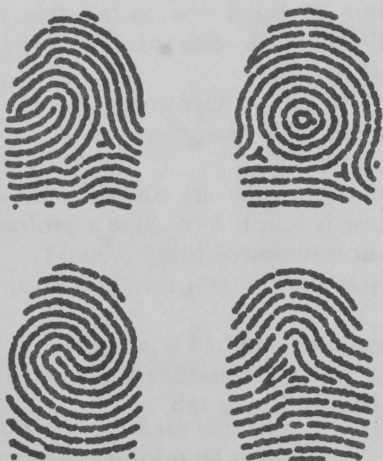
"This things's too dangerous. You got three guys dead now. No way I'm sticking my neck out for a few lousy bucks. I dunno anything anyway."

Time: 15 minutes

### CLUE 416

If before 6 o'clock go to .....CLUE 395  
If after 6 o'clock go to .....CLUE 401

### CLUE 417



Time: 1 hour, 15 minutes

### CLUE 418

If before 6 o'clock go to .....CLUE 403  
If after 6 o'clock go to .....CLUE 413

### CLUE 419

My knock at the door is answered by a man in priest's garb. "Are the Dillans in?" I ask.

"Are you a member of the family?"

"No, I'm . . ."

"Well, I am afraid that with their daughter's death, they are unable to see anyone. If you care to leave your card I will see that they get it."

"Thank you." I leave my card and go."

Time: 15 minutes

### CLUE 420

If before 2 o'clock go to .....CLUE 395  
If after 2 o'clock go to .....CLUE 406

### CLUE 421

If before 2 o'clock go to .....CLUE 300  
If after 2 o'clock go to .....CLUE 296

### CLUE 422

If this is your fist visit go to .....CLUE 163  
If this is your second visit go to .....CLUE 32

### CLUE 423

If before 12:30 go to .....CLUE 105  
If after 12:30 go to .....CLUE 52

### CLUE 424

"I'll tell you who's responsible for my daughter's death!" shouts Mr. Jones.

"Who?" I ask.

"Those good-for-nothing friends of hers, that's who. If I ever get my hands on the . . ." Tears start to well up in his eyes. Anger is one of the more common emotions aroused by grief and death. I decide to leave Mr. Jones with his grief.

Time: 15 minutes

### CLUE 425

I find the outside door to the recording studio unlocked. I knock at Salsbury's office. No answer. As I enter the anteroom someone yells out to me from the engineer's booth. It is Salsbury himself.

"Oh, it's you," he says as I move into the open doorway to the booth. He is lying on the floor, an open tool box next to him. "Just trying to fix this broken clock. There, that should do it. Broken wire. Found out anything yet?"

"No stong leads," I say.

"Well, I've been asking around and I think his murder had something to do with drugs. You know his girlfriend is a junky. Her name is Lydia Russell. Check her out." Salsbury seems very nervous and on edge. "I've got to run. I'll let you out."

"Where's Mellin?"

"Stanley? Oh, I thought he could use a couple of days to calm down. He'll be back tomorrow."

"I'd like to look around if I could."

"But the police have gone over every inch of the place."

"I've always found it good practice to do my own investigative work."

"Well, OK. I'll lock the doors. Just make sure they lock after you when you leave." Salsbury goes.

I give the studio the once over but find nothing that's not in the police report.

Time: 45 minutes

Fingerprint: Clue 407

### CLUE 426

I decide to watch the apartment for a few minutes and, sure enough, before I have finished my first cigarette, Thyra Lindblom comes out the front door of the apartment house and hails a passing cab. I curse myself for not having my car close enough to follow her.

So I do the next best thing, I break into her apartment and get the following fingerprints.



Time: 1 hour, 30 minutes

### CLUE 427

I'm climbing into Sam Lee's room when someone grabs me. I know from past experience that the sharp jab in my ribs is the barrel of a gun. I stop struggling and the lights go on. An old Chinese gentleman sits in a chair across from me while three younger men hold me down. The old man speaks in Chinese to my captors. One of the younger men pulls a long thin knife from his pocket and places the point under my chin.

"Vere is it?" asks the knife wielder.

"What?" I ask.

"Vere is it?" I can feel the point against my adam's apple as I swallow.

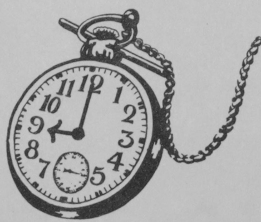
"I don't know!"

"Vy are you here?"

"I don't know!" I wish I could come up with a better answer. "I was at the station the night Lee was killed. I'm a private detective. I wanted to find out why he was killed. If I had taken something from Lee why would I be here now?"

The knife is kept against my neck while the old man and the young man converse in chinese. After a moment the knife is removed from my neck but the back of my head receives a heavy blow that puts my lights out.

I awake atop a garbage heap at the end of St. Louis alley. My head is sore and I smell like garbage but my neck is still in one piece. I have been unconscious for over four hours. I think I'll call it a day.



Saturday, July 7, 9 a.m.

### CLUE 428

- |          |  |
|----------|--|
| No. 1006 | Hoyt Sherman<br>856 Corbett<br>San Francisco       |
| No. 1023 | Billy Kern<br>2405 Pacific Avenue<br>San Francisco |

- |          |   |
|----------|---|
| No. 1025 | Ernest Loeser<br>701 Pine<br>San Francisco            |
| No. 1040 | Ottavio Milani<br>1565 Laguna Street<br>San Francisco |
| No. 1041 | Oacar Erickson<br>718 Masonic Avenue<br>San Francisco |
| No. 1058 | Opal Kennedy<br>214 28th Avenue<br>San Francisco      |
| No. 1122 | Sam Lee<br>656 Pacific<br>San Francisco               |
| No. 1212 | Dollie Fitzgerald<br>1106 Bush<br>San Francisco       |
| No. 1221 | Rick Waters<br>508 Scott<br>San Francisco             |

Time: 1 hour per record

### CLUE 429

All that remains of the house at fifty Walter is a burned-out foundation. Luckily for the neighbors, the firemen were able to prevent the fire's spread, but there is nothing left that will help me.

Time: 15 minutes

### CLUE 430

- |                   |          |
|-------------------|----------|
| Boiler Room ..... | CLUE 393 |
| Lobby .....       | CLUE 274 |

### CLUE 431

I place my ear next to the door. I can hear the muffled tones of conversation from inside. I step back, remove my heater from its snug shoulder holster, take a deep breath and kick the door open with all my strength. I quickly regain my balance and level the gun at the two surprised men sitting at a metal folding card table in the middle of a barely furnished living room.

"Hands high!" I bark at them before they have a chance to think about anything foolish. The hands go up, and I nod at the piles of jewels on the table, a fancy-looking cache of bangles, baubles and beads. "I think the cops will be interested in what you have there," I say as I pick up the phone and dial the police.

Time: 30 minutes

## CLUE 432

No. 1089      This unidentified print has turned up in a number of murders across the United States. These murders have been classified as professional gangland murders. Print has been found with No. 1201 in at least four homicide investigations.

No. 1201      See No. 1089

Time: 1 hour

## CLUE 433

I pull up as close to fifty Walter as I can get which is about a half block away. The house is blazing, and a crew of firemen with two engines is struggling to bring the fire under control. I stroll up to Captain Sean O'Reilly who appears to be in charge and who has even been known to treat gumshoes as human beings.

"Keeping you busy, Sean?"

"Hello, shamus. What brings you here? Insurance investigating?"

"No, I haven't fallen that low," I lie, not wanting to admit that I have. "Looks pretty interesting, though. What can you tell me?"

"We got a call from the neighbors and arrived to find the house and garage in full flame. We managed to get the car out before it blew. It's that Packard over there," he says pointing to a black sedan with smoke-blackened windows. "Doesn't look like anybody was home, but we can't say for sure. As far as the cause, we'll just have to wait for the investigation report."

"Mind if I look around?"

"Just stay out of the way."

I give him a mock salute as I saunter over to the Packard. It's a fairly new model with Nevada plates. I open the front doors and check for the registration, but there's nothing there. I check the back seat as well. I notice some stains which are without doubt fairly fresh blood but nothing else. I enjoy watching a good fire as much as the next guy, but I have too much to do to hang around here. I wave good-bye to O'Reilly as I head back to my car.

Time: 45 minutes

## CLUE 434

The warehouse remains quiet, and there's not much of interest in the newspaper today. I feel strangely sleepy; I wish I had the weekend off. I start to day-dream, a dangerous occupation for a gumshoe. I struggle to stay awake, and spend a lot of time considering whether or not I should go into five-seventy Alabama. If it's only kids in there, well and good. But I have no way of knowing *what's* in that building. A few of Pimples Wade's pals could be dug in for a long stay—and they could be trigger-happy, and chances are they're a good deal more awake than I am.

Time: 1 hour